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OF



THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

(The Biographical Magazine.)

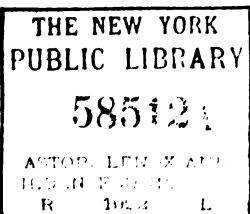
VOL. VII.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not on figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."—*Festus*.

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# LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

EDWARD GIBBON.

THE life of the great author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is vividly portrayed in the pages of his autobiography. His vanity and affected indifference, his egotism, his scepticism, his want of lofty enthusiasm, his quaintness and coxcombry, and the coldness and calmness of his temperament are all apparent on the perusal of this singular book. But while we become aware of the man's frailties, we gain no slight insight into the author's powers—the dawning and development of his genius, and the secret of his success. Gibbon lived in an age of literary men. He was well acquainted with all the great authors of France and England. He was the cotemporary of Buffon, Voltaire, and Rousseau, of Hume and Johnson, of Fox and Burke, and, to quote his own words, "there were few persons in the literary or political world to whom he was a stranger." Our knowledge respecting the greatest of all historians is therefore not entirely limited to his own confessions.

The ancestry of an illustrious author is of little importance to the world, and although the historian was somewhat vain of his birth, it will be quite sufficient to say that his father was a gentleman of property and a member of parliament. EDWARD GIBBON was born at Putney, 27th April, 1737. Five brothers and one sister died in infancy, and the boy's childhood was passed in comparative solitude. His constitution was extremely feeble, and he had no experience of a mother's tenderness and love, for Mrs. Gibbon and her husband were fond of amusement and dissipation; and had it not been for the thoughtful care of his aunt Catherine Porten, the child would, in all probability, have died long ere he attained the age of manhood.

But this loving and noble-hearted woman acted the mother's part. She watched over the child with the tenderest solicitude, and spent many a night by his bedside trying to relieve his sufferings. A boy so delicate was permitted to have very much his own way, and to

follow his own pursuits. In his ninth year, "in a lucid interval of comparative health," he was sent to a large school at Kingston-upon-Thames, where "at the expense of many tears and some blood he purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax." But his studies were often interrupted by the state of his health, and after two years he was recalled home on the occasion of his mother's death. This event proved such a shock to Edward's father that he retired from business, and having bought an estate, took up his residence at Beriton, in Hampshire.

In 1748, Gibbon's fond aunt was left comparatively destitute by the failure of her father, and she was reduced to the necessity of keeping a boarding-house for Westminster school. Thither the future historian was sent. It appears that he did not gain much advantage from his studies there, since they were frequently interrupted by debility, or by severe attacks of illness. He was at length sent to Bath under the care of a servant, then for a time to Winchester, where, however, he derived no benefit from medical skill, so that the Bath waters were again resorted to. He returned to Westminster for a short time, but was unable to struggle with the hardships of a public school. But about the age of fifteen, the disorders to which he had been subject gradually disappeared, and strength and vigour of constitution took the place of pain and lassitude. He was now placed at Esher, in Surrey, under the care of the Rev. Philip Francis, the well-known translator of Horace. It was soon discovered that the master preferred the society and amusements of London to the labour of tuition, and Mr. Gibbon came to the strange resolution of sending his son to Oxford, where he was matriculated as a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, before he had attained his sixteenth year. Three years of apparent idleness had passed away, but the boy had meanwhile been engaged in his own education, and he informs us that his indiscriminate appetite for



reading "subsided by degrees in the historic line." The discovery of the continuation of Eohard's "Roman History" awakened his interest in the subject which was destined to occupy his lifetime. Greedily did young Gibbon devour all the works he could procure relative to the Byzantine period of Roman History, Howel's History of the World, Ockley's inimitable work upon the Saracens; and indeed every English work on that period of history was perused ere he went to Oxford, and he earnestly endeavoured to obtain information on the same subject from other sources. "Before I was sixteen," he says, "I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks; and the same ardour urged me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's *Albifaragus*. Such vague and multifarious reading could not teach me to think, to write, or to act; and the only principle that darted a ray of light into the indigested chaos, was an early and rational application to the order of time and place." With such tastes and with a mind undisciplined indeed, but eager in the pursuit of knowledge, Edward Gibbon entered upon his academical career. Behold him in a velvet cap and silk gown, the owner of three elegant and well-furnished rooms, with an ample supply of money at his disposal, and the free use of a noble library. At an age when most boys are living under the watchful eyes of parents or schoolmasters, Gibbon was allowed as much freedom, as if he had reached man's estate. Professedly a student, and under the jurisdiction of masters, he was in reality free to wander whithersoever it pleased him, free to work or to be idle, to attend to the college routine, or to absent himself from the class. Sometimes he would elope from Oxford and visit Bath or London; his absence passed unnoticed; he returned to his amusements or to his self-chosen studies, but no authority of any kind opposed his youthful inclinations. Will it surprise any one to learn that the fourteen months spent at Magdalen College "proved the most idle and unprofitable of his whole life?" Gibbon's indignation at the abuses which were then prevalent at Oxford, appears well founded; and we cannot help imagining with regret, how different his future course might

have proved if, during that period of susceptibility and impression, some great and good man, like Arnold of Rugby, had directed his thoughts and watched over his studies. About that time Dr. Middleton's "Free Inquiry" was exciting some interest in the theological world; the curious and inquisitive boy was induced to peruse it, as well as the answers which it called forth. Instead of making him a sceptic, as might have been imagined, it gave a new direction to his thoughts and studies, and he was led by degrees to believe in all the mysteries of the Church of Rome. The boy was brave or vain enough to avow his convictions, and to renounce the Church in which he had been brought up. On informing his father of the step which he had taken, he was so angry that he immediately divulged the secret, and the future infidel was dismissed from the college for his adherence to a time-worn superstition. We do not find that he received a word of admonition, or that any effort was made to remove the perplexities with which he was troubled. He prides himself, in his autobiography, on this sacrifice of interest to conscience, and shelters his want of judgment beneath the names of Chillingworth and Bayle, who had both been drawn aside by the sophistries of the Roman Catholic Church. To overcome the belief in which his son had taken refuge, Mr. Gibbon placed him for a short time, we are not told how long, under the roof of Mallet, the author of a life of Bacon, and of several poems and plays; his principles were deistical: and if the boy were really desirous to know the truth, he could of course gain no assistance from such a friend.

At length it was determined that he should be sent to Switzerland, and educated at Lausanne, by M. Pavilliard, a Protestant and a Calvinist. From a state of freedom he was degraded to the condition of a schoolboy; his expenses were managed for him by the pastor, and he received only a small monthly allowance of pocket-money; everything was strange to him; he could neither speak nor understand French, and "during some weeks was incapable, not only of enjoying the pleasures of conversation, but even of asking or answering a question in the common intercourse of life." But to struggle with difficulties, and to overcome them, is the common

heritage of genius, and the discipline which Edward Gibbon underwent proved of infinite advantage to him in the future. His means did not enable him to associate on equal terms with his own countrymen at Lausanne, and thus, at this critical period of his life, he was thrown upon his own resources. By practice and perseverance, however, it was not long before he gained a thorough mastery over the French language, and with this knowledge his circumstances were altered. He was received into the best families of Lausanne, and endeavoured, but without success, to gain some proficiency in the accomplishments of a gentleman. He took no delight in bodily exercise, and his choicest pleasures were associated with literature and study. His assiduity at this time was very great, and it was, we imagine, chiefly owing to the fact of his thoughts diverging into a fresh channel, that he was willing, before long, to renounce his temporary creed, and to suspend his religious inquiries altogether.

Gibbon is another striking example of what well-directed and systematic efforts may accomplish. He was conscious of genius, but not on that account did he relax from an almost unremitting toil which he had voluntarily imposed upon himself, and it will be useful and stimulating to future students, if we detail somewhat fully the course and measure of his studies at Lausanne. It was during the last three years of his residence there, that his application became most apparent, and the following account of the work which he accomplished in a few months, will serve as an illustration of his lifelong activity. "In the space of eight months, from the beginning of April, I learnt the principles of drawing; made myself complete master of the French and Latin languages, with which I was very superficially acquainted before, and wrote and translated a great deal in both; read Cicero's *Epistles* 'Ad Familiares,' his *Brutus*, all his 'Orations,' his *Dialogues* 'De Amicitia,' and 'De Senectute'; Terence, twice; and Pliny's 'Epistles,' in French, Gianzone's 'History of Naples,' and L'Abbé Bannier's 'Mythology,' and M. de Bochat's 'Mémoires sur la Suisse,' and wrote a very ample relation of my tour. I likewise began to study Greek, and went through the Grammar. I began to

make very large collections of what I read. But what I esteem most of all, from the perusal and meditation of 'De Crousaz's Logic' I not only understood the principles of that science, but formed my mind to a habit of thinking and reasoning I had no idea of before."

He adopted a method in translating from French or Latin, which he recommends to the attention of students. Choosing some classic writer of acknowledged purity and elegance of style, he would translate select passages into French, and then after awhile, when all memory of the original paragraphs was obliterated, retranslate them into the original language. He followed the same plan with one of the French classics, and found the effort extremely beneficial. The study of the Latin authors proved a labour of love; having thoroughly studied and imbibed the spirit of Cicero, he appears to have read and pondered nearly all the Latin classics, in the brief space of twenty-seven months, and some of them he even found leisure to peruse two or three times. "I never suffered," he writes, "a difficult or corrupt passage to escape, till I had viewed it in every light of which it was susceptible . . . and in the ardour of my inquiries, I embraced a large circle of historical and critical erudition." He had happily found a friend who sympathised with him in these pursuits, and in the company of Mr. Deyverdun, "enjoyed the benefit of a free conversation on the topics of their common studies." From the Latin language and literature he advanced to the Greek, which for awhile he prosecuted with equal ardour; but it was not until a later period of his life that he became thoroughly conversant with Grecian literature. For some time, at the request of his father, Gibbon pursued the study of mathematics, but he felt no interest in the science; and as soon as he understood the principles, gladly abandoned it for ever. To add to these varied labours, which for a young man who had not yet attained the age of twenty might be deemed sufficient, Gibbon made himself acquainted with Grotius and Puffendorf, with Locke and Bayle; but his chief delight was in the frequent perusal of Montesquieu, "whose energy of style, and boldness of hypothesis, were powerful to awaken and stimulate the genius of the age."

It was not until the third summer of his stay in Switzerland, that he was permitted to make the tour of that country, and even then he was absent only a month, visiting in the company of Pavilliard all the principal towns, and the most eminent persons then living in the cantons. Before he returned to England he was also introduced to Voltaire, whom he styles "the most extraordinary man of the age."

The writer of an autobiography must find it difficult to detail freely those passages in his history, which are in reality perused with the greatest pleasure. The public acts of a great man are by no means so interesting to us as the domestic incidents of his daily life; we are glad to learn anything about his habits, his peculiarities, the motives by which he was actuated, and the amusements in which he indulged. But he must be indeed an egotist who can enter into all these minutæ respecting himself, and there are several topics on which he cannot be expected to dwell. Most men are at some period of their lives more strongly moved by love than by any other passion. But it is a passion which, if they feel deeply, they are accustomed to indulge in secret. Even the cold temperament of a Gibbon was not altogether free from this emotion, and once in his life he confesses himself smitten. A strange love affair it must have been, and the stilted and formal way in which he narrates this episode in his history is very characteristic of the man. Mademoiselle Curchod was the daughter of an obscure country pastor, who found leisure in the retirement of a mountain village to bestow upon her a liberal education. The report of her wit and beauty excited the interest of Gibbon, and he managed to gain admittance to her society. The result must be told in his own words: "I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and

passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life." Our readers will remember that Mademoiselle Curchod ultimately became the wife of Necker, and the mother of De Staël.

After a residence of nearly five years at Lausanne, Gibbon's father expressed a wish to see his son once more, and he returned to England in the spring of 1758. The only person whom he wished to see there was his good aunt Porten, his father had become estranged from him, and had married again during his absence from England. But the interview which he had dreaded proved agreeable, and "an easy and equanimity" marked the future intercourse between father and son. Mrs. Gibbon was a kind and amiable step-mother, and her warm-heartedness soon expelled the uncomfortable feeling with which Edward had at first regarded her.

Some months were now passed away, not very pleasantly in London; he then returned to Beriton, and lived a considerable time under his father's roof, passing his days in study and meditation. His spare money was spent on books, and he gradually became the possessor of a noble library, the choicest of all treasures to a literary devotee. With reference to this subject, he says:—"I may allow myself to observe, that I am not conscious of having ever bought a book from a motive of ostentation; that every volume, before it was deposited on the shelf, was either read or sufficiently examined, and that I soon adopted the tolerating maxim of the Elder Pliny, '*nullum esse librum tam malum ex non ex aliqua parte prodesset.*'" We do not remember to have heard or read of any man who knew better how to avail himself of the materials which he employed, how to gather up, from the mighty storehouse to which he resorted, all that was really valuable, and to reject the chaff with which it was connected. Indeed, the methodical system of study which he

ursued, and his patient, plodding, unlaunted research, may afford lessons of his greatest importance to all students. Gibbon possessed genius, imagination, power, and an apparently innate taste for historical investigations; but he would never have attained that high rank to which he is so justly entitled in the literature of his country, if to these great advantages he had not united the indispensable qualification of an untiring industry.

Gibbon's first published work was an "Essay on the Study of Literature," a subject to which, with all his abilities, he has failed to do justice. His ambition surpassed his strength; although thoroughly conversant with Latin, and perhaps also with French literature, he knew next to nothing of the poets and philosophers of Greece; Italy, Germany, and Spain were regions unexplored; and his acquaintance with English literature was never, at any period of his life, either profound or discriminative. The Essay was composed in French, and excited considerable interest on the Continent. And now, amid the first excitement of literary ambition, a new scene opened before him. A national militia was about to be formed, and the elder Gibbon, as well as his son, received commissions as major and colonel in the Hampshire regiment; and thus, contrary to his expectations, he was condemned during two years and a half to "a wandering life of military servitude." He regrets the loss of so much valuable time, but owns that the duty to which he was called was productive of some benefit. It made him, he tells us, an Englishman and a soldier; and he studied the science of military tactics, which was not without its use in after years. Before the militia was disbanded, and during intervals of leisure, Gibbon found time to acquire an accurate knowledge of the Greek language, which enabled him to relish the beauties of the *Iliad*. At the commencement of the year 1763, he revisited the Continent, spent four months in Paris, nearly a year at Lausanne, and rather more than that period in a journey through Italy. His first sight of the eternal city awakened a degree of emotion of which he was not often susceptible; and it was while musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol that he conceived the first idea of his great work. In the summer

of 1765 we find him once more at Beriton, where he appears to have lived, with little variation in his pursuits, till his father's death, which occurred nearly six years afterwards.

The winter months were spent in London, where Gibbon had now gained a large circle of acquaintance, consisting of those gentlemen with whom he had been associated in the militia, or of travellers he had met with abroad, and as a member of the "Roman Club," which he helped to establish, he became intimate with several of the English aristocracy. There were moments when Gibbon felt bitterly the want of a profession, and of that independence which he might have secured for himself by the study of the law, or by some mercantile pursuit. Few, indeed, are the men who can afford to be left to their own resources; voluntary labour is seldom continuous; "the weight of too much liberty" prevents the concentration of their powers, and, since there is no positive necessity for exertion, time is too often frittered away upon trifles. But the future historian of Rome, although not compelled to labour for a subsistence, had chalked out for himself a path in which success was impossible without the daily and systematic application to which most men are doomed by the pressure of circumstances. No sooner had he returned to England than he commenced an historical work, encouraged by the advice and assistance of his friend Deyverdun. It embraced a period of two hundred years, "from the association of the three peasants of the Alps to the plenitude and prosperity of the Helvetic body in the sixteenth century." The preparatory study requisite for the composition of this work occupied two years. When he had completed the first book, which was written in French, it was read to a literary society of foreigners, and their opinion, which, since the author was unknown, was freely expressed, proved so unsatisfactory that Gibbon threw aside the work, and never afterwards attempted to continue it. Hume, however, spoke of it highly; and while he justly condemned the use of a foreign language, he entreated the author to continue the history. Gibbon's next literary adventure was the publication, in connection with his Swiss friend, of a journal, entitled "*Mémoires Littéraires de la Grande Bretagne*," which was continued

two years, and which, according to Gibbon's own account, had more merit than reputation. At the beginning of the year 1770, he published his critical observations on the sixth book of the *Æneid*, in reply to an hypothesis which had been lately broached by Bishop Warburton. But his most assiduous studies were in connection with Roman history, and the work which was destined to render him famous was already in embryo. With the precision of a theologian, Gibbon informs us under separate heads of the way in which he employed his time at this period. As illustrative of his mental activity these statements are not without interest, and it is pleasant to trace as far as possible the steps by which he was led to embrace a subject so grand and imposing as the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

About this time his father died, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and Gibbon attained "the first of earthly blessings, independence." He "submitted," he informs us, "to the order of nature; and his grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that he had discharged all the duties of filial piety." Two years, however, elapsed before he managed to dispose of the farm and estate at Beriton, and to take up his residence in London, where he spent the greater portion of each year during the remainder of his stay in England. He became a member of the "Literary Club," and associated with most persons of eminence in the political and literary world. And here we cannot refrain from transcribing a passage from Colman's "Random Records," which is to be found among the notes of Mr. Milman's edition of the "Memoirs." It is a comparison between Gibbon and Johnson as they appeared in society, and bears every mark of having been painted to the life:—"On the day I first sat down with Johnson, in his rusty brown suit, and his black worsted stockings, Gibbon was placed opposite to me in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword. Each had his measured phraseology; and Johnson's famous parallel between Dryden and Pope might be loosely parodied in reference to himself and Gibbon. Johnson's style was grand, and Gibbon's elegant; the stateliness of the former was sometimes pedantic, and the polish of the latter was occasionally finical. Johnson

marched to kettle-drums and trumpets; Gibbon moved to flutes and hautboys. Johnson hewed passages through the Alps, while Gibbon levelled walks through parks and gardens. Mauled as I had been by Johnson, Gibbon poured balm upon my bruises, by condescending once or twice in the evening to talk with me; the great historian was light and playful, suiting his matter to the capacity of the boy; but it was done *more suo*; still his mannerism prevailed, still he tapped his snuff-box, still he smirked and smiled, and rounded his periods with the same air of good breeding as if he were conversing with men. His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole, nearly in the centre of his visage."

No sooner was Gibbon settled in his London house than he commenced the composition of his history, for which he had qualified himself by several years of preparation. It was some time before he could arrange his materials or decide upon the true era of the "Decline and Fall." He experienced considerable difficulty in the choice of language, and found it perplexing "to hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation." His love of effect influenced his choice on this occasion. It is seldom well for a man to be much concerned about the style in which he writes. Only let him possess a thorough knowledge of his subject, only let him aim at simplicity and perspicuity, and he will find that he can obtain without effort a freedom and flexibility in composition, which will enable him to rise to the highest strain of eloquence—if, indeed, his theme require it, and he can appreciate his theme—or, on the other hand, he will learn the possibility of writing with a *Don Quixote* simplicity, when a lowly and commonplace subject demands it. But Gibbon aims at splendour, and dazzles us by the brilliancy of his carefully constructed periods; and though we are astonished and excited by the glare, we feel at the same time a desire for repose, such a desire as the traveller in Africa must experience, when overpowered by the heat of a tropical sun he sighs for the pleasant shade of the palm tree, and the refreshing verdure of an oasis in the desert. Indeed, it cannot be denied that there is some truth in the assertion of Burke, who considered Gibbon's style "vicious and affected, and deformed by

too much literary tinsel and frippery."

Through the friendship and influence of Lord Eliot, who had married his first cousin, Gibbon was elected for the borough of Liskeard, and took his seat in the House of Commons, at the commencement of the conflict between Great Britain and America. It was an illustrious era in our parliamentary history, and Gibbon listened to the oratory of Fox and Burke, of Lord North and Sheridan. But the gift of eloquence had been denied to him, and he was content during eight sessions to record his opinions by a silent vote.

The first volume of the "History" was published about the commencement of the year 1786. A thousand copies only were printed, but in a few days the impression was exhausted, and a second and third edition were speedily called for. Hume and Robertson both wrote in terms of high eulogium, and the latter, although by profession a minister of the Gospel, only ventured to say, at the close of a letter to the publisher, that he had not yet read the two concluding chapters, but that he was sorry to hear that Gibbon had "taken such a tone in them as would give great offence, and hurt the sale of the book." But Dr. Robertson's religious principles were very undecided, and it has indeed been suspected that he was not altogether free from scepticism himself. Gibbon now revisited Paris, having received an invitation from Necker, who was in the height of his popularity as Minister of Finance. At his house the historian met with most of the illustrious Frenchmen of the day; and it was perhaps a secret pleasure to him to see his early love once more under such strangely altered circumstances: for he informs us, and we believe truly, that he had no envy in his composition. The pursuit for awhile of other and by no means kindred studies—for Gibbon entered on a course of anatomy and chemistry—delayed the publication of the second volume. There were other causes, too, which prevented a speedy continuation of the history. He dived into "the mud," as he terms it, of the Arian controversy; he published a vindication of his first volume, which had caused considerable excitement in the religious world; he composed in French, at the request of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, a state paper, in order to

assert the justice of the British arms: and his official post, as one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, must have somewhat interrupted his studies. But on the dissolution of Parliament Gibbon lost his seat, and an interval of leisure enabled him to publish the second and third volumes of the "Decline and Fall." At the next general election the historian was chosen, at the recommendation of Lord North, for the borough of Lymington. As a member of the Board of Trade he received for three years an annual income of more than 700*l*. But in the month of April, 1780, Edmund Burke brought forward his celebrated Reform Bill; the Board of Trade was destroyed by a majority of eight, and Gibbon was deprived of a comfortable salary. A year was now devoted to a renewed study of the Greek poets and historians, and a "laborious winter" was passed over the codes and pandects of Justinian, and in a perusal of their modern interpreters.

His oldest and most intimate friend, Deyverdun, had now settled at Lausanne, and Gibbon pictured to himself a life of repose and literary leisure, in a spot beloved from old associations, and in a country where the manners and language of the people possessed for him a peculiar charm. No sooner was the idea conceived than the plan was effected, and Gibbon bade farewell to London, and took up his abode in Switzerland, under the same roof as his friend. No poet could have fixed upon a residence more charming. The view of a cultivated and picturesque country in the foreground of the lake of Geneva, and of Alpine summits covered with eternal snow, formed a scene of singular sublimity and beauty. But we do not imagine that it was from any hearty, genuine love of nature that Gibbon took up his abode in that delightful spot; not from such a source did he seek for inspiration and strength, and he gained no more from the glories which were around him than he gained from that higher fountain of inspiration to which, as far as we can judge, he never in any case resorted. In the perusal of his autobiography we are continually amused by the formal and laboured manner in which Gibbon relates the most simple facts, or explains the motives which actuate his conduct. His first winter at Lausanne was given, he informs us, "to a general

embrace, without any nice discrimination, of persons and characters," and then, under three heads, he details the advantages which he derived from his change of residence. In the first place, his personal freedom had been impaired by a seat in the House of Commons and at the Board of Trade. In the next, he tells us how in London he was lost in a crowd, but that at Lausanne his position in society was more important; that instead of being a solitary bachelor, he enjoyed unrestrained intercourse with his friend, and that their "daily table was always provided for one or two extraordinary guests;" and finally, that instead of a small house "between a street and a stable-yard," he had now the command of a spacious mansion, and of a library which fully compensated for those literary advantages which a London life affords. Time passed away in regular and systematic study, which was, however, seldom protracted beyond the morning hours; the evenings were devoted to conversation or to cards, and the occasional visits of an illustrious Englishman sometimes broke in upon the tranquillity of his life. The labour of twenty years was at length brought to a conclusion, and Gibbon's own account of the evening in which he completed his history is too remarkable to be omitted:—"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

After remaining four years at Lausanne, Gibbon resolved to revisit England and his friend Lord Sheffield, but it was not, he tells us, without some reluctance and terror, that he undertook

"this formidable adventure." Little did Gibbon imagine what a change would be produced in the course of half a century, and how lightly the merchant's clerk, and the city shopman would think of that trip which he regarded with such timidity. During his stay in his native country he prepared his three last volumes for publication, and on the fifty-first anniversary of his birthday they were issued from the press. A cheerful literary dinner was given at the house of Mr. Cadell, and Gibbon was vain enough to be extremely flattered by the poetical laudation of Hayley. On returning to Switzerland, Gibbon found his friend Deyverdun dying; and after awhile he was left alone, the master, indeed, of a beautiful house, and of a noble library; but without any of those dear and intimate relationships which lessen the sorrows and multiply the joys of life. He talked of adopting a young female relation, and would doubtless have done so, had not her friends opposed his wish. "Some expedient," he writes in a letter to Lord Sheffield, "even the most desperate, must be embraced to secure the domestic society of a male or female companion." Gibbon was now attacked with the gout, and his affliction made him feel more poignantly the solitude of his position.

The French revolution brought a swarm of emigrants to Lausanne, and he deplores the "inundation of strangers," although with some of them he had been personally acquainted. Gibbon hated the principles of the first French revolutionists and the extravagant acts of their successors, and he appeared inclined to run into the contrary extreme, and to decry innovation altogether. He even asserted, with all apparent seriousness, that at that moment he would not destroy the Inquisition at Lisbon.

The few remaining incidents in the life of the historian may be very briefly related. The autobiography ceases soon after his return to Lausanne, and it is from his letters, and from the brief but interesting particulars related by Lord Sheffield, that we gain the particulars of his closing life. The state of the war appears to have made Gibbon fearful lest he should be compelled to escape to England; but the period of suspense and alarm happily passed away. About this time he proposed writing the "Lives, or rather the Characters, of the most Eminent Persons in Arts and Arms, in

Church and State, who have flourished in Britain from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present age," a scheme vast and magnificent, and one which, in some respects, Gibbon might have happily accomplished; but he would have dwelt too much in generalities, he would have satisfied himself with describing and illustrating those outward acts which show to greatest advantage upon the page of history. He could not have appreciated the lofty and disinterested motives which actuated the conduct of some of England's greatest worthies; he would have felt no sympathy for that noble heroism which springs solely from a sense of duty without any regard to the world's smiles and frowns; and his own appreciation of moral excellence was far too limited for a work which, in addition to the intellectual power that Gibbon undoubtedly possessed, required a genial sympathetic nature, capable of expanding itself in every direction, of gathering up all that was beautiful and good, and of presenting it before us, so that it might become a "joy for ever," and satisfy not only the intellect but the heart.

In the year 1793 the death of Lady Sheffield induced Gibbon to visit England once more, in the hope that his society might prove a solace to the afflicted husband. He esteemed the presence of a friend the only comfort at such a moment, for he was utterly ignorant of any higher source of consolation; and in writing to Lord Sheffield the only hope which he can suggest is, that "if there be a future life her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity." In such ignorance and gloom was the great historian advancing rapidly towards the close of his career. Too truly, alas! may Cowper's beautiful comparison between the simple but devout cottager, and the witty and learned Frenchman, be applied to Edward Gibbon.

Oh, happy peasant! Oh, unhappy bard!  
 His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;  
 He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come,  
 She, never heard of half a mile from home;  
 He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,  
 She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

Gibbon arrived in England in the month of June, and spent the remainder of the summer with his friend. In October he went to Bath to visit his stepmother, and from thence to Lord Spencer's, at Althorp. For a long time previously he had betrayed a great

aversion to exercise, and had suffered from indisposition. A painful complaint, which had been gradually increasing, compelled him to submit to an operation in London. The effect was it seems beneficial, for he managed to visit Lord Auckland at Eden Farm, which is some distance from the metropolis, and again to return thither in order to dine with Lord Loughborough, at whose house he met with Burke, Pitt, and Wyndham. About the middle of December he was conscious of several unfavourable symptoms, and was again compelled to place himself under the hands of a surgeon. He did not apprehend that the result would prove fatal, but deemed that a radical cure might be effected, and imagined that he should be able to return to Lausanne. The day before he died he talked of the probable duration of his life, and said that he thought he might survive for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years; but during the night he was seized with a violent attack, and expired after a few hours' illness, on the 16th January, 1794.

We cannot close this short biographical sketch without making a few remarks upon the great work which has gained for Gibbon an European reputation, and which bids fair to increase in popularity, in proportion to the growth of historic study. History is the biography of nations, it links us in a chain of brotherhood with the men who have gone before us, it instructs us by example, by precept, by admonition. While we live again in the past, we gather suggestions for our own course, we see what rocks are to be shunned, what innovations are to be feared, and to what principles we should most firmly adhere. We see how often license has been mistaken for liberty, and how it is only by slow steps, and by the exercise of private virtue in her citizens that a nation can obtain anything better than the semblance of freedom; and the deeds of infamy which have been enacted under the veil of religion, or in the fierce spirit of an intractable bigotry, may teach us lessons of charity, forbearance, and gratitude. The knowledge of what men have done proves to us that there is nothing which may not be accomplished in the future. The heroism which has called forth great deeds and nerved to high and lofty enterprise, becomes "bequeathed by sire to son" through the glowing pages of history. Before we can



understand the age in which our own lot is cast, we must imbibe thoroughly the spirit of the past, and he will be the greatest legislator who can appreciate most perfectly, from bygone ages, all that is available in the present; and whose system is founded upon no enchanting and fallacious theory, but on the noble vantage ground of precedent, of authority, and of broad and general deductions. It is no light task to select and arrange from out the huge chaos of disconnected materials which the stream of Time has brought down to us, those facts and those principles which may prove of real value to ourselves, and which may give us in enduring shape the "form and pressure" of past ages. Indeed the historian requires so many and such varied qualifications that we should be inclined to rank him second only to the poet in the domain of literature. He must be largely gifted with imagination, that he may look before and after, that he may be enabled to go, as it were, out of himself, and live for awhile two lives—a denizen of the past, feeling as it felt, sympathising with its prejudices, with its aims, and with its sufferings; a citizen of the present, far-sighted, liberal, and hopeful, his views bounding with its warm life-blood, his spirit thrilled with its most genial aspirations. To the imagination of the poet he must unite the calm research and the impartial decisions of the philosopher. He must be pre-eminently a large-souled man, unfettered by party feeling, or the narrow one-sidedness of a sect, and large-hearted withal, loving his race, if possible, all the more for the insight he has gained into their sins, their follies, or their virtues, and despairing not of the future, even when the thick clouds of the past hang most heavily around him. It is obvious, too, that he should be a firm believer in a Divine Providence, for if he sees not "God in history," he will meet with innumerable problems which he cannot solve, and become involved in a labyrinth from which he will in vain endeavour to extricate himself. If he have no faith in God, he will have no faith in humanity, and a sneering, barren scepticism, and a moral philosophy which lacks truth and life, and is utterly "stale and unprofitable," will detract from the interest, and mar the unity of his work. The historian, again, should be a man of learning, and in some degree of science: he should be

a linguist, well acquainted with the philosophy of language; an antiquary, patient and unwearied, deeming nothing too minute for his attention; an ethnologist and a geographer.

It were easy to enlarge upon the powers with which the historian should be endowed, but enough has been said to show how few men in any age have been duly fitted for so lofty a position, and that perhaps not one has appeared in whom all the requisite qualifications have been harmoniously combined. Our biography of Gibbon, short as it necessarily is, will have intimated the point in which lay his most striking deficiency. He was a sceptic and a scoffer, sometimes openly so, but for the most part covertly, contenting himself with half-truths, with mean inuendoes, or with groundless imputations. He never boldly and bravely confesses himself an adversary to the Christian faith; he never proves, or attempts to prove, any falsity in the arguments upon which it is grounded: but with the malice of a hidden foe he conceals the most rancorous enmity under the mask of friendship. This spirit of hostility to the holy verities of our religion breathes through all the pages of Gibbon's celebrated work, and this it is which so grievously detracts from its merit. Perhaps, indeed, the evil tendency of his history lies not so much in what he has said, as in what he has left unsaid, for neglect is often more injurious than opposition. Unconsciously, however, like many of his brother infidels, he has been aiding the cause of truth with the very weapons which he has directed against it, and the most popular of American commentators has declared that, in his exposition of the Revelation of St. John, no book has been of more effective service to him than the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

There are many sceptics with whom we feel a profound sympathy, men who long ardently for truth, who "stretch lame hands of faith" towards that religion which they will ultimately embrace, but who are so perplexed by difficulties, so encompassed with doubts, that they walk on in darkness and have no light. Sincere, humble, and patient, the path which they are treading, rough and sterile though it prove, will lead them at length into a region of light and beauty. "Religion stretches out her hands to them, and salutes them with a

gentle name, even at the time they would seem to resist her; for she discerns in them a thirst for righteousness and peace, which she only is capable of satisfying. And she waits for the happy moment, when, recognising the striking harmony between the Christian revelations and the imperfect revelations they have received from the voice within, these Christians by anticipation, these Christians by desire and want, shall become such in fact and profession." But the scepticism of Gibbon is of altogether another kind; so thoroughly was he an egotist, so impelled was he by vanity, that the good seed had it fallen on such a soil would have been utterly choked. There was in him an obliquity of moral vision, and we do not meet with a single intimation either in his autobiography or letters, which would lead us to suppose that he ever honestly desired to ascertain the truth, or that he ever examined with due care and seriousness the external and internal evidences of Christianity.

Leaving this topic, on which, however, we have not dwelt longer than its importance merited, and without alluding to some minor points in which Gibbon's "History" appears somewhat defective, little more remains to be done, save to echo the praise which has been universally allotted to the work by judges far more qualified than ourselves.

The artistic skill with which he has selected and grouped his materials, the felicity with which he has seized the salient points in a survey of many centuries, his profound, unwearied, and accurate research, which those who have in any measure gone over the same ground can alone appreciate; his vivid imagination, his eagle glance across unknown and far-spreading territories; the power with which, like a mighty master of his art, he exercises his imperial sway over those dark and gloomy ages, evoking the spirits of the departed, and depicting them with so graphic and vigorous a pencil, that we might almost imagine the historian had himself seen and conversed with the men who figure in his splendid drama; all these great and varied qualifications will ensure for Gibbon a high and enduring place among our historians. He lives in our memories as a magnificent illustration of mental power and mental superiority, but they are happier who live not only in our memories, but in our hearts, whose names have become household words which we pronounce with affection and tenderness, and who, while adding to our intellectual wealth, have enriched us still more by their example and their moral worth.

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

J. D.

## ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS, CARDINAL-DUKE DE RICHELIEU.

If we were to take the opinions of Guy Patin and the other lampooners, who with such laudable activity poured forth floods of pamphlets two centuries ago, we might almost be led to suppose that young ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS, like Luther, was born of an incubus. How fondly those old Paris *frondeurs* collected, embellished, circulated every little bit of scandal about despotism and absolute government! How industriously they endeavoured to revive all the reminiscences of the *Satire Ménippée*, and fire away anti-cardinalist jokes for want of deadlier missiles! Sober truth compels us to say, that our hero was nothing else than the younger son of a

Poitevin gentleman, whose impoverished exchequer did not allow him to support, in anything like style, the honours of his genealogical tree. Born on the 6th of September, 1585, he received a tolerable education preparatory to his entering the army. One of his brothers had already been comfortably provided for by the Church, and a bishop's mitre at Luçon was the first prize (not such a bad one either), which the Poitevin *gentilhomme* secured towards the worldly welfare of his family. Whilst the prelate thus sailed easily down the stream of life, the soldier would have to fight his way to distinction sword in hand, starting with the usual chances

of a *cadet de famille*. History does not inform us whether young Armand's inclination was in accordance with the parental will, but certainly his subsequent conduct at the siege of La Rochelle proves that he was more at home on the field of battle than in the arena of theological discussion. The bishop of Luçon had not yet been consecrated, when, under the impression of some religious scruples, he was induced to renounce a position so many would have earnestly coveted, and to withdraw himself entirely from the world. He entered a Carthusian monastery. This circumstance was likely to prove a serious matter in the straitened circumstances of the Du Plessis family; fortunately, or rather, unfortunately, for the edification of the Christian Church, our soldier in *posse*, thought himself called upon to retain at any cost the position his brother had parted with; so, throwing back his sword into the scabbard, he adopted the crozier as the prop of his rising fortunes. None of the transactions connected with this episcopal promotion will bear close examination. Richelieu was only twenty years old when it took place, and a great many difficulties were raised by the Pope, not without strong reasons. Henry IV. had to interfere; the French ambassador at Rome exhausted all his diplomatic resources; as a final climax, Richelieu himself started for the eternal city, fully determined to conquer. His Holiness yielded at last, and the ceremony of consecration took place on April 17th, 1608. On his return from Rome, the young bishop of Luçon immediately repaired to his diocese. His new flock had for a very long time lived without any episcopal surveillance; in those days, as well as at present, prelates were not remarkably strict as to the duty of residence, and they found it more profitable to come and dance attendance at the Louvre or the Tuileries, than to preach the Gospel in a village church; with few exceptions, the motto of the episcopal body might have been *croasse d'or, évêque de bois*. Arriving in a part of France, where the majority of the people belonged to the Protestant religion, Richelieu resolved to discharge his duties with vigour and prudence. He would settle differences, soften irritations, and display uniformly the spirit of forbearance, when brought into contact with his Huguenot diocessans

"Gentlemen," he said, in a sort of oratorical programme to that effect, "as I am come to live with you, and to make my habitual abode in this place, there is nothing that can be more agreeable to me than to see your faces, and to know from your own declaration that you feel pleasure at my presence; I thank you for the good wishes you express; I shall do my best to deserve them by every kindness in my power; for the strongest wish I have is that I may be useful to all and each of you. There are some in this company who are separated from us, as I am aware, on matters of faith; may we, notwithstanding, be all united together in the bond of charity! I shall do all in my power towards that object; it will be as useful to them as to us, besides pleasing the king, whom every one of us is bound to obey. Time will prove more fully than anything I can say the affection I bear to you; I shall therefore leave deeds to show that your welfare will be the end of my endeavours." If this short harangue evidences the spirit of Christian charity, we must remember how the new bishop of Luçon stood circumstanced when he delivered it. He addressed himself, of course, to his *bona fide* flock—the Roman Catholic portion of the community; but he was in the midst of a thoroughly Protestant district, and the harshest term he *could* use *then* was charity. At a later period of his life, uncontrolled power taught him to erase that word from his vocabulary. If Richelieu manifested kindly dispositions towards the Huguenot separatists, he affected, likewise, a strong sympathy for the common people, who, overwhelmed by taxes, and bearing the dreadful consequences of a protracted succession of civil wars, could hardly eke out a miserable livelihood. He solicited and obtained for them some slight relief. But then, here, too, we can discover a strong contrast in the principles which the despotic statesman adopted subsequently as the foundation of all true government. "All politicians," he wrote, in his celebrated "Testament Politique," "are agreed that, if the people's circumstances were too easy, it would be impossible to keep them within the bounds of duty. We must compare them to mules, which, being accustomed to burdens, are more injured by long repose than by work."

What with the Huguenots, and what

with the lame conditions to which "the mules" were reduced, the see of Luçon does not appear to have been a very lucrative benefice; Richelieu, the powerful genius who ruled so long over the destinies of France, and whose very name struck terror into the heart of Austria,—Richelieu began by driving bargains for some cheap church-furniture, and doing duty in second-best surplices. A number of letters written by him at this period have been published; \* they are full of little chit-chat on domestic grievances—letters which show that the bishop lived then in a laudable state of apostolical simplicity. His favourite correspondent was a Madame de Bourges, who resided in Paris, and who seems to have been in the habit of procuring for the young prelate the necessaries he required from time to time. "I shall find no lack of occupation here," he writes to her in April, 1609, "I assure you; everything is in such a ruinous condition, that it will require hard labour to set matters right again. I am very badly off for lodgings, as there is not one chimney but smokes. You may imagine that I am not anxious for a severe winter; patience, however, is the best remedy. I can give you my word that my bishopric is the ugliest, the muddiest, the most disagreeable in the kingdom; but I leave you to guess what is the condition of the bishop. I have neither garden nor avenue, nor any place at all where I may take a walk; I am, in fact, a prisoner in my own house. I break off this discourse to tell you that we could not find amongst my clothes a tunic and a dalmatica of white taffeta, which were to be forwarded with the white damask ornaments you ordered for me; this makes me think that they must have been forgotten."

Many of the letters to Madame de Bourges are in exactly the same style; trifling topics are discussed, sometimes in a genuine vein of comic humour, always with a kind of philosophic insouciance. Then our bishop, after having sedulously done what he could amidst the Huguenots and the "mules" of the diocese, feels that he ought to refresh himself by a short journey to Paris, and a visit to those who, at the Louvre, dispense honours, riches, and power. There

is the bishop of Evreux, Du Perron; his controversial works have procured him almost the authority of an oracle; his sermons are drawing large crowds at Notre Dame; he has become a lionised prelate, and a man of unbounded influence. "Why," quoth Richelieu, "should I not walk in his footsteps?" But in order to do so, he must have an hôtel in Paris. An hôtel! Yes, for the sake of decorum, of appearances. For a bishop, furnished lodgings would hardly be the thing. Madame de Bourges, that excellent housekeeper, is once more consulted. "You will oblige me much by your good advice; I am rather hesitating, especially about a house. On one hand, I am afraid that much furniture will be required; on the other, as my temper, similar to yours, is a little inclined towards vain-glory, I should like both to be more comfortable, and also to make some figure; now this might be more conveniently managed, if I had a house of my own. A poor nobleman is a pitiable thing, yet there's no helping that."

And, accordingly, off to Paris he went. There, in the motley crowd of courtiers who pressed around the throne of Henry IV., side by side with such illustrious men as Sully, Bassompierre, Villeroy, Duplessis-Mornay, he might see a host of long moustachioed, famished-looking shams whom Agrippa d'Aubigné has painted to the life in the "Baron de Fêneste." They, too, were "a little inclined towards vain-glory," they belonged to the "*pauvre noblesse*," and were seeking the means of retrieving their shattered fortunes. The Protestant satirist represents them walking about the Louvre with immense spurs jingling at their heels, to make people believe that they could afford to keep a horse;—wearing coats trimmed with lace and ribbons, but unable to boast of the indispensable shirt;—chewing a post-prandial toothpick, though they had eaten nothing for the last four-and-twenty hours. Worthy companions to consort with, and from whom to learn how to succeed in life! Richelieu endeavoured to gain reputation by his sermons. He preached several times before the Queen; but, apparently, to no purpose. Nay, if we believe Priolo, the bishop of Luçon was *infelix concionator*. Altogether, the result of these Paris journeys does not seem to have been very encouraging. He returned to his diocese, and soon

\* M. Avenel's "Lettres, Instructions Diplomatiques, et Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal de Richelieu."

found out that, without taking the trouble of a long journey from Poitou to the metropolis, he could have secured close at hand the advice, the encouragement, and the assistance which he required.

There lived at that time in the west of France a man whose religious zeal and whose talent as a preacher were creating the greatest sensation. François Leclerc du Tremblay, a Capuchin friar, better known under the name of Father Joseph, had, when twenty-two years old, renounced the most brilliant prospects to embrace the monastic life. Neither the earnest entreaties of his mother, nor the allurements of the world could avail. He donned the cowl, but by his transcendent powers soon raised himself to the highest posts in his community. He uncompromisingly denounced from the pulpit the lax ideas which the civil wars had introduced into the Church, and which especially infected the convents; moved by his sermons, the nuns of Fontevault had even requested him to draw up a plan for the reformation of the monasteries belonging to their order. This Father Joseph did successfully, but in order to consolidate the work he had been enabled to begin, he wished to secure the appointment, as abess, of Antoinette d'Orleans, sister of the Duke de Longueville, and some difficulties, it would seem, stood in the way of this nomination. The bishop of Luçon was then residing in the Priory des Roches, near Fontevault; Father Joseph called upon him for his advice. These two clever men soon understood each other's character, and although Du Tremblay was eight years older than Richelieu, he constantly affected to receive his instructions with the greatest respect. When they both went to court for the purpose of reporting about the settlement of the Fontevault business, Father Joseph spoke of Richelieu to Marie de Medici as of a superior prelate, who could render her the greatest services.

We have seen the bishop endeavouring to steer his course steadily amongst difficulties of a temporal nature; he was not by any means so fortunate in disposing of cases connected with the anxieties of the soul, and the appeals of conscience. He was ignorant of spiritual things; and the few letters reprinted, that relate to such subjects, are as commonplace and tame as can

well be imagined. Fancy his reverence sitting down to his desk with a "complete religious letter-writer" before him, and instead of giving to the distressed the outpourings of his heart, sending to them pages from a manual published "*cum privilegio*." If we would study the veritable Richelieu, and see him himself again, we must turn to the despatches in which he lectures a vicar-general, or a parish priest. Let the following (penned in 1610) suffice, by way of specimen:—"Sir, I have received the letter you wrote to me on the subject of the differences which have arisen between M. de la Coussaye and yourself. I cannot but blame you for them, because my desire is that those who have the management of affairs in my diocese, should live in peace together. I inform M. de la Coussaye of this, and I warn you likewise, so that you may make it your object to preserve union. You are both my vicars-general, and as such, your only aim ought to be to please me in all things, which will certainly be the case, provided you act for the glory of God. Your letter makes it clear that you were out of temper, when you took up the pen; for my part I love my friends so well that I wish to be acquainted only with their good tempers, and in my opinion, they ought not to show any other. . . . Thank God, I know how to behave myself, and I know still better how they should behave, who are placed under me! . . . I wish you to tell me of the irregularities which you may notice in my diocese, but you must do so more gently. . . ."

The circumstances in which Richelieu was placed at that time compelled him to display much deference to some people respecting whom he entertained in after life a very different opinion. For instance, while he is only the insignificant bishop of Luçon, wearing questionable surplices, and dwelling in a house with smoky chimneys, he can write to Sully in the most submissive manner. A letter dated "September 21, 1612," begins thus: "Sir, If I had as many ways of being of service to you, as I have occasion to be importunate, I would prove my affections and my zeal with as much pleasure as I feel pain now, in taking up the pen to beg for undeserved marks of your benevolence. I would never have ventured to do so, had I not been aware that those who may be called truly great, more by

their qualities than by the offices they fill, are very glad of an opportunity of assisting their inferiors; for they prove thus, that if their power commends them, their kindness places them higher still, etc., etc." Compare the obsequious tone which characterises the above letter with the opinion which he pronounces upon Sully in the "*Histoire de la Mère et du Fils*." We should, however, remember that even as late as 1626, contemporary historians and annalists took very little notice of Richelieu. When they speak of him it is quite *par hasard*, and often in the most disparaging manner. Baptiste Le Grain's allusion to the bishop is not only laconic, but bordering upon contempt. Savaron, relating the opening of the States-general in 1614, merely says that Richelieu, in delivering up the *cahiers* of the clergy, spoke for a long hour. Then, when he describes the negotiations which took place between the King and the Queen-mother—negotiations in which Richelieu played so conspicuous a part—he omits his name altogether, alluding only to Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, and to Father de Bérulle. Paul Phélypeaux de Pontchartrain, who had been employed since 1610, as Secretary of State, in the most important transactions, and who must have been well acquainted with Richelieu, has the following sentence, under the date of December, 1616: "About that time, several rumours were spread abroad . . . all the old ministers were to withdraw, and to wait for two or three men whose sole merit and experience consisted in their ministering to the passions of the Marshal (Concini), and of his wife." Appreciations such as these are scarcely credible, except upon the supposition that the writers who penned them were blinded either by party-spirit or by jealousy.

The murder of Henry IV. produced in Europe the effect of a thunderbolt. At the time when that event was permitted to happen, France had reached a state of prosperity which seemed doubly glorious after the horrors of the civil wars. Party animosity was gradually subsiding, and Catholics and Protestants were living together in the bonds of mutual forbearance. But, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged that the edict of Nantes was grounded upon a wrong basis; the Protestants were considered, not as a Church, but as a political com-

munity; whilst the edict was onerous to the Crown, it could hardly satisfy the Huguenots; and it was quite evident that as soon as the hand of death removed the monarch who had brought about the compact, the structure he had reared would speedily fall to the ground. The persons most anxious to play a part in the game of politics observed each other closely, and Richelieu's absence from his diocese became a matter of constant occurrence. How M. de la Coussaye and the other vicar-general settled their feuds in the absence of their superior is not known, but most probably the bishop began to think that the administration of a kingdom was a more profitable game than the power which belongs to him who bears the pastoral crozier. We have already alluded to the speech which Richelieu pronounced (1614) before the States-general. It is a long composition, written in the affected style of the age, and rather remarkable for the view the orator takes of politics and state-craft. But why should we be obliged to say that, when he assumed the government of the country, his conduct was a practical retraction of the principles unfolded in his discourse? The bishop of Luçon, alas!—that *infelix concionator*, as Priolo calls him—was a great deal more at home in secular than in religious addresses. He succeeded so thoroughly in flattering the ambition of Marie de Medici, that she appointed him almoner to her household. Now, mark the result: in order to obtain this post, what had Richelieu laid out? A string of well-balanced sentences, a dozen lies or so, (we call them *lies*, because they were axioms he never meant to act upon), and a quire of foolscap. He gets his almonership, and a few days after, *per missionem superiorum*, or of Marshal d'Ancre, he sells it to the bishop of Langres. A smart way of pocketing a hundred per cent., and of proving that our *pauvre noblesse* had their wits about them. With the results of the bargain Richelieu could keep up a better establishment than the one which Madame de Bourges helped him to maintain, and he patiently awaited the course of events. In the meanwhile, he was very assiduous in his attentions to the powers that were; the Under-secretary of State Barbin, Concini, and Leonora Galigai, became the objects of his constant worship. The storm of factions

was agitating the Court; amidst a crowd of petty intriguers and of men whose talents were not equal to their ambition, Concini felt the advantage of securing the cool judgment and the steady determination of Richelieu.

And, truly, France had been reduced to a pitiable condition. From the height of prosperity it had sunk into the most precarious state. Indolent, headstrong, and wavering, the Queen-mother Marie de Medici retained for her advisers the men least capable of offering her a firm support in the season of adversity. Villeroy, Jeannin, Sillery, possessed ability, no doubt; but only as instruments in the master's hands. They could not take the initiative; guide them, they would act intelligently; leave them to themselves, and they were lost. The nobles, who still entertained the hope of regaining their former power, had at first hoped for the support of the States-general. Deceived in this expectation, they had withdrawn altogether from the Court, and, strengthened by crowds of adventurers still anxious for plunder and thirsting for blood, they raised the standard of civil war. Such was the general desolation that the King had an army to attend his progress, when he went to Bordeaux, on the occasion of his own marriage with Ann of Austria, and to settle the union between his sister Elizabeth and the son of Philip III. In the meanwhile, Father Joseph had undertaken to negotiate with the confederate princes, who were then assembled at Saint-Maixent; in the name of the Queen-mother, Marshal Brissac and the Duke de Villeroy began a series of conferences, which the ambition of the rebels protracted as much as possible. At length, in the first days of May, 1616, a peace was signed at Loudun, the terms of which implied so much weakness on the part of the Government, that, although the princes had obtained every pledge, every favour they required, it was evident they did not intend to be satisfied at so cheap a rate. "The princes," says Richelieu in his *Memoirs*, "received from the King great gifts and rewards, instead of the punishment they deserved; consequently they did not abandon to his Majesty the faith they had sold him so dear; or, if they did, it was not for long." In fact, the pretensions of the nobles rose as high as the throne; they talked of nothing less than

shutting up the Queen in a convent, and giving the crown to the Prince de Condé. The danger became imminent; France had an after-taste of the League, or an anticipation of the Fronde. Things demanded an act of vigour and determination. Whilst Villeroy, Jeannin, and Sillery were hesitating, and forming a thousand resolutions, which they did not know how to carry out, Richelieu, Barbin, and a few others prevailed upon the Queen to sanction the arrest of the princes. She did so, but the plan was so clumsily managed that Condé alone was secured. It is not at all unlikely that the escape of the rest, which a little prudence would have prevented, hastened the advent of Richelieu to the ministry. He had himself vainly attempted to negotiate with the Duke de Nevers; hostilities were already beginning in several places, and a civil war was opening, of which no one could foresee the result. On November 30, 1616, Armand Jean du Plessis de Richelieu received his commission as Secretary of State, with the right of precedence over all his colleagues. He had already, for some time, been employed upon missions and negotiations of no slight moment, and he had even been appointed to proceed to Spain in the capacity of an ambassador. This was a post he would much like to have filled, but the fresh propositions which the Queen made to him through Concini were still more to his taste, and he accordingly took his place at the council table as the leader of a few obscure, but zealous men. It was a ministry inspired by the most vigorous patriotism; one obstacle, however, stood in the way of their usefulness—they had met, so to speak, under the patronage of Marshal d'Ancre, and this circumstance rendered them unpopular.

Richelieu had not long assumed the presidency of the Cabinet, when a thorough revolution took place in the management of public affairs; it became evident that an experienced hand was at the helm, and that decision and firmness were to be the principles that should prevail. An impartial historian must conceal none of the difficulties which Richelieu had to surmount during this his first ministry. In the first place, although he was nominally the president of his colleagues, yet his influence was not, by any means, unchecked. The Under-secretary Barbin,

for instance, had almost equal power; and it is clear that a man of less energy than Richelieu could not have kept the Cabinet together for a month. The want of money proved a more serious obstacle; the exchequer was empty; and Richelieu had often to advance funds in order to defray the necessary expenses which occurred in the course of business. The armies were badly equipped, badly paid, and either utterly dispirited, or in a complete state of insubordination. There were, besides, no sources of information that could be relied upon; not one single document or copy of a despatch existed at the seat of Government; state-papers had never been deemed worth preservation, and the ministers were absolutely compelled to labour in the dark. But difficulties are the test of genius: one of Napoleon's generals said to him one day, "Sire, if the thing is impossible, it shall be done." Richelieu acted according to this motto. He began by inviting, in the most energetic manner, the princes and the other rebel leaders to return to their duty; taking, at the same time, all the necessary means of compelling them to do so. Whilst fresh levies were being raised, and the army remodelled, ambassadors were despatched to England, to Germany, to the Netherlands, for the purpose of depriving the rebels of the assistance they expected from those foreign courts. His request, however, did not determine the princes to lay down their arms. Consequently, all things being now ready, a warrant of high-treason is issued against them: three different armies take the field, and attack them in Champagne, Berry, and Ile de France at the same time. In two months the Princes, completely beaten and driven from the important posts which they occupied, are obliged to surrender unconditionally in the hands of the King.

When the *coup d'état* of April 24, 1617, in bringing De Luynes to power once more, but for a short time only, consolidated the resources of the nobility, Richelieu was the only one amongst the members of the late Cabinet, who did not at once fall into absolute disgrace. Probably his position as an ecclesiastic secured to him some measure of respect; but this was not all. He had managed to gain by timely flattery the good-will of the new favourite, and the very alteration that

took place in his position as a politician only brought him more prominently forward. When he was banished at Mirebeau, he contrived to interest both parties on his behalf. To the Court he adduced his withdrawal from public business as a proof of the most absolute submission; to the Queen-mother he described it as the result of his unremitting zeal for her service, and as a new persecution on the part of her own enemies. He thus contrived to weather the storm; and when the excitement produced by the *coup d'état* had subsided, he looked round to see what could be done. We cannot enter here into the particulars connected with the disgrace of the Queen-mother. Suffice it to say, that Richelieu served her to the utmost of his power, and rendered her party so formidable, that it proved a serious obstacle to the ambitious views of the new favourite. The extraordinary talents of the bishop of Luçon rendered him a dangerous personage; he was first ordered to return to his priory at Coussay, then to Luçon, the headquarters of his diocese, and finally, he was banished to Avignon. There he seemed to make up his mind to lead a life of retirement, and employed himself in writing theological works. But in the meanwhile he observed attentively the course of events, and when Marie de Medici had managed to escape from Blois, he succeeded in drawing over to her side the whole of the Anjou nobility, the Dukes de Longueville, De Bouillon, D'Epemon. The issue of this campaign is well known; a battle was fought at Pont de Cé, near Angers, where the Queen's troops were defeated. A treaty, however, was shortly after concluded, which proved to the advantage of Richelieu. The Queen received permission to return to Court, with the full enjoyment of all the privileges and honours due to her rank, and the King pledged himself to solicit a cardinal's hat for Richelieu, whose niece, Made-moiselle de Pont Courlay, married the Marquis de Combalet, nephew of De Luynes.

After the death of De Luynes, in 1621, Richelieu did not immediately return to power, but he saw that his day was coming; and when his reign began again, it lasted without interruption till the fatal moment when death struck him down, as it were, at the foot of the scaffold to which he had



sent Cinq-Mars and De Thou. Louis XIII. had always, from the very first, felt an unconquerable aversion for the bishop of Luçon, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Marie de Medici obtained the prelate's appointment to the office of privy-councillor. He secured it, however; and although no definite duties were assigned to him, it was not long before he cast all his colleagues into the shade. The first important result accomplished by the new ministry was the marriage of Henrietta, the beautiful daughter of the late King, with the Prince of Wales. This match had already been contemplated by La Vieuville, under the Luynes administration. It was an object of the highest moment, as it strengthened France against the influence of Austria—Austria, the Carthage of Richelieu, the enemy which he must destroy at any cost. The Pope, then reduced to act as a mere tool in the hands of the Spaniards, was occupying on their behalf the Valteline, and thus protecting their communications with the German empire through the passes of the Alps. Instead of gaining the neutrality of Switzerland by a series of negotiations which would have wasted time, Richelieu sends (1624) the Marquis de Cœuvres against the papal troops at the head of a Swiss army, and we have the singular spectacle of a Romish prelate defeating the successor of St. Peter with weapons both spiritual and temporal; we say spiritual, because Richelieu had obtained from the theological board at the Sorbonne a sort of salvo for his conscience. Many have professed astonishment at the system of policy thus adopted by Richelieu. It has seemed inconsistent in a cardinal to start in his ministerial career by making an alliance with two heretic nations, England and the Netherlands, and by waging war against the Pope; but we must not forget that the preservation of France, as a first-rate political power, was the great end the cardinal had in view: to this he sacrificed every other consideration, and without any scruple respecting the means employed, pushed forward to the goal. He once said to La Vieuville, "I never undertake anything without having well considered it; but when I have made up my mind, I go on resolutely, overthrowing every obstacle, mowing down every impediment, and then I cover everything under my red gown." To

form an accurate idea of the system of policy pursued by Richelieu, it is only necessary to read Gabriel Naudé's "Apologie pour les Coups d'Etat." It is there explained in a few pages, and the despotic cardinal might, if he had thought fit, have produced from that volume chapter and verse to justify the decapitation of Marillac and the death of Puylaurens.

The next year the energetic minister made a trial of his strength upon the Huguenots; but at that period France had no navy, and the Protestants of La Rochelle, supported by the English Government, would have easily triumphed over the troops of Louis XIII., if an attack had been directed against that well-fortified town. The bishop of Luçon determined to wait for awhile; and notwithstanding all the squibs and pasquils which were levelled at him, he treated with the Protestant party. This short delay was employed by him in necessary preparations, and in securing the means of effective action afterwards. He began by obtaining from Montmorency the cession of the Admiralty; he suppressed the post of constable, and all the other high offices connected with the Crown; an assembly of the notables called together under Richelieu's own influence, voted considerable reductions in the salaries of the State dignitaries; the fortresses not situated on the frontiers were completely destroyed. These summary reforms evidently were chiefly designed to reduce the power of the nobles. For the achievement of his object Richelieu spared neither time nor means. The mania of duelling during the seventeenth century, has reached a most extraordinary pitch; so much so, that in the course of twenty years, 8,000 letters of free pardon were signed by the King on behalf of *gentils hommes* who had either sent or received challenges. This barbarous custom was stopped at once. Count de Chapell and the Duke de Bouleville had fought a duel on the Place Royale; they were both beheaded. John Barclay, in the complimentary epistle to Louis XIII. which forms the preface of his *Argenis* says: "*Nec acrior accepti vindea fuisse quam deinde salutis singulorum: imple more sublato, qui jubebat Gallon tuos levibus inter se vicem committere, parum jugulum suum dare, aut petere alienum.*" Richelieu has a claim to the full benefit of this congratulation; but we cannot

believe that humanity was the chief motive which actuated him in his legislative enactments against duelling. He took advantage of an opportunity to deal a blow at the nobility, who, he well knew, would quarrel and challenge one another in spite of the strictest edicts.

It was not to be expected that the bishop of Luçon would meet with no opposition in the course of his administration. A conspiracy excited by the Duchess de Chevreuse and some other ladies (the fair sex have always been politicians in France) was organised in support of Gaston, Duke of Orleans. They wanted that indolent Prince to wrest from Richelieu's iron hand a sceptre which no one else could safely wield; they had even gone so far as to arrange for him a matrimonial alliance with a foreign Princess. The minister loses not a minute; but he will first try what gentle means can do, and he presents with a marshal's *bâton* D'Ornano, Gaston's governor. This act of kindness was mistaken for fear, and the conspirators became bolder than ever. Then a perfect *razzia* took place; every legal form was preserved by prosecutors who were entirely and unreservedly devoted to Richelieu. Chalais, the ring-leader, is beheaded. Gaston, in the meanwhile, quietly gets out of the way, purchases his own safety by the most sycophantic apologies, and whilst the executioner is busy with his friends, he marries Mademoiselle de Montpensier. D'Ornano dies poisoned (1626) within the walls of the Bastille.

The terrible manner in which Richelieu treated the turbulent remains of Gallicanism produced for a short time the desired effect; and, free from every obstacle, he could now devote his whole attention to his favourite purpose, the destruction of the Protestants, *political party*, in France. The great mistake Henry IV. ever committed was the introduction in the city of Nantes, of the clauses which degraded the status of the Huguenots as a political body. As they existed at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIII. they formed an *imperium in imperio*, and ambitious men knew well how to make of this element of weakness not only did they possess their own safety, their assemblies, and military leaders, but the Duke de Montpensier entertained the hope of organising France a Calvinist republic on

the model offered by the United Provinces of Holland. The confusion of temporal and the spiritual principles of matters of Government has ever been productive of the greatest mischief, as it seems clear that if the French Protestants had not yielded to the perfidious advice of Rohan and Lesdiguières if they had been satisfied with the enjoyment of religious liberty, they would not, at all events, have supplied their adversaries with a pretext to begin the work of destruction which the ill-advised Louis XIV. carried out. An apology for beginning the war was not long wanting. The Duke of Buckingham, who had been foolish and impudent enough to boast openly of being the favoured lover of Anne of Austria, was informed that if he attempted to land in France, orders were issued for his immediate arrest. Highly irritated at this insult, he determined to be revenged, and at the Duke de Rohan's request, he sailed with a few thousand men to support the Protestant Rochellese in another civil war. Such an expedition might have been crowned with success if the English Government had persevered in countenancing the Huguenots; but Charles I. found sufficient work to occupy him at home, without interfering in foreign politics; and, despite the most obstinate resistance, the citizens of La Rochelle, abandoned to their own resources, were compelled (1628) to surrender. The war continued for a short time in the south of France; but at last the Duke de Rohan, one of the chief Protestant leaders, laid down his arms; his submission, which brought about that of the whole party, was purchased for a hundred thousand crowns. The taking of La Rochelle was one of the most important events in the history of Richelieu; it was a fatal blow not only to the political strength of the Huguenots, but also to the ambition of the nobles. One of those who had accompanied the Royal army had said, "We shall not be such fools as to take La Rochelle;" and in expressing himself thus, he gave utterance to the feelings of the whole party; for they had in the capital of French Protestantism a powerful auxiliary with whom they combined when they wanted to annoy the Government by the threat of a civil war. La Rochelle surrendered, however; and the best proof that all this transaction was a political, not a religious one, is to

be seen in the terms imposed by Richelieu. They were hard, no doubt; but they included neither the demolition of the Protestant churches, nor any infringement of the rights of religious worship. We may say, in short, that under the administration of Richelieu, and of his successor, Mazarin, the French Protestants were in a very favourable condition.

Richelieu's policy was developed with such energy that success crowned all his endeavours. As to the means employed he was never very scrupulous; and his subordinates, with the exception of Father Joseph, Chavigny, and a few others, were undoubtedly the greatest ruffians of their time. What an interesting sight for any one who could have been admitted for a moment within the walls of that council chamber where the *cadet* of the house of Richelieu, now a cardinal, a peer of the realm, and the real king of France, was preparing from his arm-chair by the fireside the unity of the state and the glory of Louis XIV. To see the *éminence rouge* discussing with Father Joseph—the *éminence grise*—a plan of attack against John de Wert, or the execution of some imprudent young nobleman, compromised in a new freak of the Duke d'Orleans. Above the door of that chamber might have been written, by way of a motto, the aphorism which Gabriel Naudé himself proposes: *Salus populi suprema lex esto*. But let us notice that Robespierre, Danton, and the Terrorists of '93 adopted no other maxim. There is a point where red-republicans and red-cassocked despots meet, and when both borrow their statecraft from the atrocious recipes supplied by the "*Apologie pour les coups d'état*."

The Protestants being now subdued at home, Richelieu defeated the Catholics abroad; penetrating into Italy, he secured to the Duke de Nevers the possession of Mantua and of the Montferrate (1630), and destroyed for ever the Spanish influence in a peninsula where they had enjoyed an absolute sway since the days of Charles V.

The events of the war had brought the Court to the south of France. Anne of Austria, Marie de Medici, all the ministers were there, accompanied by a suite of noblemen, who, not frightened at the fate of D'Ornano and Chalais, were again watching a favourable opportunity to effect the disgrace of Richelieu. These reiterated attempts are not

so surprising as that the conspirators should have allowed themselves to be led astray by Gaston, Duke of Orleans—a man who, in the hour of danger, would not hesitate to betray his bosom friend, if his own safety could be purchased at such a price. And yet they fell into the snare. The King was dangerously ill at Lyons; they thought the opportunity too good to be lost; and indeed managed so well, that when the Court had returned to Paris, the cardinal's disgrace seemed inevitable. But he determined to make a final effort, and, securing an interview of a quarter of an hour with Louis XIII. at Versailles, he frightened the monarch, and left the palace as powerful as ever. "This *coup d'état*," says M. Michelet,\* "is a perfect comedy; the cardinals packed off in the morning, and it was the turn of the Royalists to make their exit at sunset." Marshal Marillac had to pay for the rest: seized in the middle of his army, he was tried on the charge of collusion, before a court composed of his private enemies, and in the cardinal's very palace, at Ruel. Of course, under such circumstances, it was in vain to expect mercy; the unfortunate warrior was beheaded. In the meanwhile, what had become of Gaston? Banished with his mother to Brussels, he felt at last some shame at not taking any personal part in the struggle against his enemy. Besides, the Duke de Montmorency, governor of Languedoc, had informed him that his presence in the disaffected province would undoubtedly excite a general rebellion. Assisted by the Duke of Lorraine, whose daughter he had married, Gaston raised an army of *brigands*, as they have been justly termed. Unfortunately, in order to reach Languedoc, it was necessary that this select band should cross France from north to south. Badly paid, badly fed, they took to pillage by way of compensation, and thus materially impaired the cause they had engaged to serve. A battle was fought (1632) at Castelnaudary; the King's troops were victorious, and Montmorency shared the fate of Marillac, whilst Gaston d'Orleans "swore by the faith of a gentleman that he would ever be my lord the cardinal's best friend."

The destruction of the house of Austria was the great object of Richelieu's

foreign diplomacy. The thirty years' war, now raging in all its fury, had increased a hundredfold the Emperor's power. Tilly, Wallenstein, Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, Schiller's heroes, were discussing, sword in hand, on many battle-fields, the destinies of the House of Austria. Richelieu's genius and activity checked the talent of the great Imperialist generals, and opposed to them a warrior who, in his short career, abundantly proved that a clever system of tactics does not always ensure success. Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Lutzen, fought at the same time the battles of Richelieu and those of the Protestant cause. After the death of the King of Sweden, the position of France became for awhile extremely difficult. The Imperialists assumed the offensive; they had entered France by Burgundy and by Picardy; if Bernard of Saxe-Weimar had not gained the two battles of Rheinfeld and Brisach it is impossible to conjecture what would have been the issue. In the year 1640, however, Richelieu adopted a more expeditious plan; he occupied the Spaniards at home by lending his support to the rebels of Catalonia and of Portugal; while, to retaliate, the Government of Madrid espoused the Duke of Orleans' cause, and prepared the catastrophe which was to impart such a tragic feature to the last moments of the great cardinal. M. Alfred de Vigny's admirable romance\* has thrown over the insignificant figure of Cinq-Mars a lustre which it certainly does not deserve, but the history of this mad-cap conspiracy, whilst it proves to us the cold and selfish character of Louis XIII, is an instructive lecture on the folly of those who trust to the smiles of kings and princes. Richelieu lived long enough to see the French standard hoisted on the walls of Perpignan, and when death at last summoned him away, in the year 1642, he left a successor, Giulio Mazarini, who was one day to complete with almost greater skill than his patron, the work begun by Armand Jean du Plessis.

In estimating the character of Richelieu's government, it must be admitted that the unity of France was worth purchasing at the expense of some measures of extraordinary severity; but it is equally true that Richelieu's great

motive was the lust of power, and, whatever may have been the results of his administration, the only object he had set his heart upon was to reign without a rival. Another important fact for which the cardinal has also obtained great credit, is the destruction of the power so long wielded by the aristocracy; but the wars of La Fronde, under the regency of Anne of Austria, are a proof that the many-headed hydra had not been altogether destroyed. Besides, when we think of the thorough despotism which Richelieu inaugurated in its stead, we cannot understand the consistency of republican writers and socialist historians, who would exalt the cardinal almost as if he had been invested with a Divine commission. England it was, who precisely at the same time was entering under the auspices of the long Parliament on the real road to civil and political liberty.

It will scarcely be credited that Cardinal de Richelieu, amidst all the requirements of politics, found time to cultivate literature. History informs us that Bonaparte was prouder of belonging to the Institute than of wearing the epaulettes of General-in-chief; from the same cause Richelieu was jealous of Corneille's laurels. The success which the fine tragedy "Le Cid" obtained "frightened him as much," Fontenelle says, "as if the Spanish army had been under the walls of Paris." He composed two plays, "Mirame," a tragi-comedy, and "La Grande Pastorale," both very indifferent performances. Richelieu, nevertheless, was a true friend to intellectual culture; he founded the French Academy, enlarged the Sorbonne and the Royal Printing Office; built the College du Plessis, and established the botanical garden, known by the name of Jardin du Roi. The only writings of his, which will really be found valuable, are his "Testament Politique," and his "Memoires." Allusion has already been made to his sermons, and to his controversial writings; a man who mistook "Terentianus Maurus," for the title of a play, and translated it "The Moor of Terence," could not be deeply read in classical antiquity. But such matters are trifles in the history of him who conquered the Valteline, the duchy of Savoy and La Rochelle, and whose genius prepared the peace of Westphalia, and the treaty of the Pyrenees. The bishop of Luçon was not the only remarkable

Cinq-Mars, ou, une Conspiration sous Louis XIII.

man in the Richelieu family. One of his descendants earned an unenviable reputation as the greatest *roué* of the last century; whilst another, who died

thirty years ago, played a conspicuous and most honourable part in the history of the Restoration.

G. M.

## JOHN WESLEY.

A CERTAIN style of character may not unfrequently be traced in the same family for several generations, and through collateral branches. Of this the family of the Wesleys affords a remarkable illustration. Independence of sentiment, invincible energy, rugged conscientiousness, and a moral hardihood that set consequences at defiance in maintaining the true and pursuing the right, are in this case the hereditary type.

Bartholomew Wesley, the great-grandfather of the Founders of Methodism, lost his living for conscience sake, on the passing of the Act of Uniformity. John, his son, a man of parts and scholarship, in particular an excellent Hebraist, also scrupled to conform, and was, therefore, forbidden to preach. Thinking, however, that he held a commission from God, which needed not the bishop's endorsement, he persisted in exercising his ministry. The zealous bigots of the time hunted him from place to place, till worn down by hardships and anxiety, he sank into a premature grave. Samuel Wesley, the next in the succession, disgusted at the extravagancies of a Dissenting academy, at an early age returned to the ranks of Episcopacy. The conformity of the son was, however, quite as conscientious, and almost as perilous, as the nonconformity of the father. For by his apostasy, as they deemed it, Samuel Wesley offended his connexions, and threw himself penniless on the world. And throughout life he retained enough of the hereditary spirit to mar his advancement, and detain him in poverty. He was a man of wit and erudition, and a voluminous author; but his caustic satire provoked the Dissenters, while his rugged independence precluded him from the rewards of partisanship. The poor livings of Epworth and Wroote, whose united incomes, eked out by frugality and management, barely delivered him from fears of a gaol, were the sole rewards of his talents and services.

Such was the noble stock from which, on the father's side, the Founder of Methodism derived his descent; and it needs no subtle analysis to detect in his character the ancestral vein.

Samuel Wesley married Susannah, daughter of Dr. Annesley, a minister of note among the Dissenters. Mrs. Wesley was a remarkable woman. Her intellect was vigorous, and had been employed on subjects usually appropriated by the other sex. She had a knowledge of Hebrew and the classical languages. In Theology she had read extensively, and thought earnestly, article by article verifying for herself the orthodox creed. She had mastered the controversial questions that then divided the Church. Like her husband, in very early life—before she was thirteen, it is said—she had weighed carefully the points in dispute between the Episcopalians and Dissenters, and from conscientious conviction had deserted the ranks of the latter. So early a judgment may be deemed immature, but at all events it evidences precocious intellect, and a strong, decisive character. To mental qualities of such high order Mrs. Wesley united a moral character of the finest mould. She possessed masculine energy; her conscientiousness was unbending, and her piety intelligent and devout. She submitted to a year's separation from her husband rather than say Amen against her conscience to his prayers for King William. She officiated for Mr. Wesley in her own house during his absence at convocation. Such was the high opinion her sons entertained both of her mental and moral qualities, that while at college winning the highest distinctions, and subsequently while doing a great work in the eyes of the nation, they consulted their mother's judgment with a deference equally honourable to themselves and to her.

Mrs. Wesley took wholly on herself the early training of her numerous

family. Her domestic management bore the impress of her character. Some of the details were eccentric, perhaps, not judicious. But such details are comparatively of small account. It is the tone and spirit of household rule that tells for good or evil in the character of the child. It matters little what is the etiquette of manners,—what the by-laws of the nursery,—whether the child begins the alphabet at two years old or five. But it *does* matter, and that immensely, whether rules are a dead letter or inexorable law; whether unqualified submission be exacted, or mutiny and disobedience tolerated; whether or no the whole influence of the administration bear against the bad and in favour of the good,—fostering all that is generous, and amiable, and devout, and checking and denouncing the opposite. Judged by such tests, the household economy of Mrs. Wesley was worthy of all praise. It was pervaded throughout by her own energetic spirit. It threw around her children a pure and bracing atmosphere. She encouraged them to think for themselves, and fearlessly to express their sentiments. She trained them to habits of punctuality, promptitude, and method. She exacted of them courtesy to inferiors, and unqualified deference to herself. She cultivated in them a quick moral sensitiveness, and a hardy moral courage. She taught them to hate and despise a lie. Above all, she sought to lead forth the homage and trust of their young hearts to “the great and blessed God,” and to inspire them with a sovereign regard to His will as the law of life. And they saw in *her* all that she expected of *them*; her own example was at once the clearest exhibition and the strongest enforcement of her requirements.

Undoubtedly the highest praise of any administration, national or domestic, is that it has been successful. Such praise, then, is due to Mrs. Wesley's. Her children *did*, for the most part, realise her ideal of character. They retained through life the impress of her early moulding. They turned out men and women of robust intellect, manly energy, conscientiousness, and piety. Of some the career was unfortunate; but none brought sorrow on her gray hairs by mental imbecility or moral turpitude. Samuel, the eldest son, was a scholar and a poet, possessed of

caustic wit and vigorous sense; and, had he inherited less of the ancestral spirit, had his Muse known how to shift her sails so as to catch the varying gusts of political favour, he might have risen to emolument and fame. What John became it will be the object of these pages to show. Charles, the youngest son, was the faithful coadjutor of his brother during the most laborious and perilous part of his career. He was, moreover, the Psalmist of Methodism. His hymns are cherished in the hearts of thousands; and, though occasionally more vigorous than graceful, and here and there betrayed by fervid feeling into extravagance, they rank high as a whole among uninspired effusions of the same class. The daughters were all possessed of superior intelligence, displaying, in particular, traces of the poetical vein which ran through the family. Two of them were unfortunate in marriage; and their lives of patient suffering were graced by a brave yet gentle piety, which, under benignant influences, would have borne the fairest fruit.

JOHN WESLEY was the second son of this remarkable family, and was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. His early years were spent under his mother's admirable training. An almost miraculous escape from fire, which he had in his sixth year, drew towards him her especial attention. She records in her diary her obligation “to be more particularly careful of the soul of a child, which God had so mercifully provided for.” Under her culture those sterling elements of character which he had doubtless inherited, by God's blessing on the virtue of his parents, were disciplined and matured. The innately bad was checked, the innately good was fostered. The raw material, comprising much of beauty and power and goodness, was wrought up by wise and delicate hands. The almost invincible power of early habit was superadded to the generous impulses of nature. His conscience—originally sensitive—came to exact and receive a prompt and courageous obedience; his natural force of character was developed into habits of promptitude, decision, and perseverance, which became a species of necessity to him; while he acquired a reverence for God and a conviction of the obligations of religion, which were, without doubt, of immense influence in deciding the bent of his after career.

Never, indeed, was the die of home discipline more deeply impressed, and more firmly retained, than in the case of John Wesley. To estimate his character as a man, we have only to study those qualities which his mother desiderated, and which it was the tendency of her domestic rule to develop. The one answers to the other, as truly as the image to the seal. The promptitude, the method, the energy, the conscientiousness, the devoutness, the zeal of the Founder of Methodism were but a realisation of Mrs. Wesley's ideal of character; and, indeed, to a great extent, a repetition of her own example.

In his eleventh year John Wesley was placed at the Charter House, where he was honourably noticed for his "quietness, regularity, and application." At the age of seventeen he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford.

At Oxford, his career as a scholar was highly honourable. His natural abilities, and early habits of method and diligence, soon acquired for him a University celebrity. His classical attainments, the taste and elegance of his compositions, and his acute logical skill were especially admired. He attained in rapid succession the most flattering University distinctions. In 1726, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln. In the November of the same year, he was installed Greek Lecturer and Moderator of the Classes. A few months afterwards he proceeded Master of Arts. As Moderator of the Classes, it was his office to preside at the disputations which were held in Lincoln College six times a week. This sharpened yet more his dexterity in the art of reasoning. Of the range of his studies and his diligence in their pursuit, some idea may be formed from a scheme which he drew up about this time. "Mondays and Tuesdays were allotted for the Classics; Wednesdays, to Logic and Ethics; Thursdays, to Hebrew and Arabic; Fridays, to Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy; Saturdays, to Oratory and Poetry, but chiefly to composition in these arts; and the Sabbath to Divinity. It appears by his diary also, that he gave great attention to the Mathematics."\*

It was during this period mainly that Wesley's intellectual character was formed. A glance at the style of in-

tellect such culture would tend to develop may not be superfluous. In the first place, his extensive classical reading, and devotion to what are called the liberal studies, would give correctness and refinement to his taste, copiousness and flexibility to his diction. To these he was indebted for a style, which, though purposely stripped of ornament, was always transparent, chaste, and terse; and an elocution, which, if it never aspired to the higher class of oratory, was always fluent, apt and forcible, commending itself to the humblest intellect, without offending the most fastidious. His classical and Oriental erudition furthermore enabled him to bring a very respectable amount of critical skill to the exposition of Scripture, and to foil with its own weapons the learned heterodoxy by which the truth was assailed. However violently the Founder of Methodism might be vituperated as an enthusiast or a schismatic, to despise him on the score of ignorance or incapacity was mere affectation. He held a *status* as a scholar, which opponents even were compelled to respect.

The culture derived from the weekly disputations of the Logic classes was also of signal advantage to him. To it—working as it did on a good natural stock of practical sagacity—he was mainly indebted for the promptitude and correctness of his judgments, the clear and irresistible way in which he could set forth a doctrine or marshal an argument, and the lynx-eyed facility with which he would detect the fallacy of an opponent. Combined as this faculty was in his case with inflexible honesty of purpose, and great decision of character, it was of the highest service to him in the practical conduct of life. It was the compass by which he steered his onward path without anxiety or hesitation, through the midst of complication and difficulty. When different plans presented themselves for his adoption, or different routes were open to his choice, he threw the question into a series of syllogisms, balanced alternatives in the scales of his unerring logic, made his decision with promptitude, and adhered to it with pertinacity. Looking at the intellect of Wesley abstractedly, we may say that there was needed for its absolute completeness a larger amount of the philosophical element—that width of view which takes

\* Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

in the whole of a subject, with all its modifications and bearings—which acts as a counterpoise to the strictly logical faculty, guarding the premises of an argument from assumption, its advance from haste or oversight, and its conclusion from limitation. But, looking at the relation of that intellect to the part Wesley had to play in life—remembering that he had to deal with the practical rather than the theoretic—to walk this lower world as a teacher amongst men, and men, too, of the commonest type; not to soar with difficulty and out of ordinary ken in the thin ether of metaphysical speculation—to preach under hedgerows and in haunts of vice and stolid ignorance, not to lecture in the schools—to set forth indispensable truths in their immediate application to life and character, not to discourse of their abstract relations—to draw up a creed which might serve as a chart to all inquirers, and a beacon to all wanderers, not to elaborate a system of theology—to manage the innumerable details of a large and scattered Church, not to draw up theories of government for other men to execute; we may fairly conclude that in this, as in other cases, Providence had fitted the agent for his work, and had led him through that kind of preparatory discipline most in consonance with his after career.

But there is another reason for which Wesley's Oxford residence is even more memorable than for its influence on his intellectual character. During this period he passed through a great spiritual revolution. There are two spiritual changes, more or less definitely undergone by those who have become possessed of Christian faith. There is conversion—theologically so called. Of this change, the prime characteristic is the renewing of the heart. It is the crisis when the whole current of the affections is turned towards God. Love to Him becomes the predominant disposition, and the master-spring. Henceforth, under its impulses, obedience is spontaneous and delightful. The "yoke" of subjection is "easy;" service is perfect freedom. The whole nature leaps forth—not constrained from without by penalty, or even the authority of conscience, but prompted from within by irrepressible affection—to expend itself in a life of eager and joyful devotedness. Of this critical revolution—the agent is the Spirit of God—the conditions, a

self-renouncing and exclusive trust in Christ,—the concomitants, forgiveness, reconciliation, and a happy, confiding sense of God's Fatherhood.

But, prior, and in many respects, preparatory to this change, there is another, if, indeed, it be not more correct to speak of both as successive stages of the same great transition. The prime feature of this prior stage is the vivid realising of spiritual facts and verities. The soul wakes up from the illusions of sense and time to the solemnities of the unseen and eternal. It grasps, as appalling realities, the existence and on-looking of God, the stringency and sanctions of His laws, the probationary character of life, the approach of judgment and irreversible doom. The shows and frivolities of the present state sink into nothingness. One question absorbs every other, How shall I secure the favour of God and a happy immortality? To answer this satisfactorily becomes henceforth the business of life. The whole force of the soul is flung upon it. Along with this awakening arise a sense of deficiency and guilt, upbraidings of conscience, and fears of death.

The interval between these two stages is sometimes very brief. Along with the disclosure of sin and danger comes the proposal of deliverance. The soul apprehends both simultaneously, or almost so, and closes without hesitation with the conditions of forgiveness and rescue. The transition is like the swift breaking of the tropical dawn. In other cases there is long uncertain twilight. The imminence of the peril is felt, but the way of escape very dimly seen. The stage of awakening is passed, but it is long before the stage of confiding love and assured safety is reached. And, meanwhile, there is error, and struggle, and defeat, and wretchedness, and not seldom, despair. The pilgrim travels long and deviously with his burden at his back before he descries the Cross; now he rolls in the slough of despond; and now stands shivering beneath the flaming and toppling rock—Sinai. Wesley's spiritual history belongs to the latter class.

It was early in his Oxford residence that he passed the first stage of this great transition. He was preparing to take deacon's orders when the awakening came. Feeling the solemnity of his projected position, he forsook a little the pleasant walks of classical litera-



ture, and applied himself to a course of reading more consonant with it. He was soon arrested by the urgent and imperative claims of religion on all—but especially on the Christian minister. Without delay his determination was formed. From this time the cultivation of religion became the master purpose of his life. And now the training of the Epworth parsonage stood him in stead. The strong conscientiousness, the decision and self-control, which his mother had reared so carefully, now bore inestimable fruit. They enabled him to set his face towards the goal, and never to halt, never to look back, till he had reached it. They impelled him to a prompt and effectual determination, where other men have wavered long—strong to purpose, impotent to fulfil. He felt the claims of religion on his conscience, and conscience was already the regnant power of his spirit; he possessed both the disposition and the moral energy to carry into execution its behests.

Wesley now set himself to struggle after holiness of life. He drew his ideal from such books as "The Christian Pattern" of Thomas-a-Kempis, and Jeremy Taylor's "Rules of Holy Living and Dying." He modified his course of study, devoting a larger amount of time and thought to Theology and Practical Divinity. A more earnest and serious tone pervaded his letters to his parents. He practised rigorous self-denial, fasting often, retrenching all superfluous expenditure, going more sparingly into company, and living rigorously according to rule. On his election to his Fellowship, and his consequent removal to Lincoln College, he resolutely cut off all such of his acquaintance as would not be helpful to him in his new habits of life. He communicated twice a week, and devoted himself to self-examination and prayer.

A few young men, intent on the same objects as himself, soon gathered round him. A small society was formed, of which he was tacitly recognised as the head. It was in November, 1720, that they first began to "spend some evenings in a week together, in reading chiefly the Greek Testament." Soon, however, the active and governing mind of Wesley organised a more extensive plan of operations. Their meetings became more strictly devotional. They communicated together, practised a rigid

abstemiousness, and drew up a string of questions for self-examination, of which the great fault is that it erects a standard of human perfection without signifying the means of its attainment. They sought to benefit the young students of the University, to restrain them from dissipation, and lead them to a religious course of life. They visited the gaols daily. They took charge of a parish workhouse, training the children, and reading with the sick and old. They supported a school. They visited poor families, ministering both to their spiritual and bodily wants. That they might have funds for such various charities, they denied themselves the superfluities, and almost the comforts of life.

Of course such extraordinary conduct did not pass long unmarked. The state of morals and piety in the University of Oxford was at this time very low. The rigidly orthodox looked with an evil eye on such irregular proceedings, while the profane and vicious raged against a sobriety by which they felt themselves condemned. Wesley and his associates were soon attacked on all sides. Even the heads of houses were reported to have held a conclave, for the purpose of quashing "the holy club;" as the godless wits of the University had nicknamed the society. Other soubriquets were Sacramentarians and "Methodists." As there was little opprobrium, and some truth, in the last-named appellation, it adhered. And it is worthy of remark that this by-word of the Oxford wits is now honourably borne by some two millions of religionists in different parts of the world!

Under this storm of opposition, Wesley with quiet energy persevered in his labours of faith and charity. Many a note of encouragement reached him from home. The courage of the Wesleys had ever been a sturdy plant, striking the firmer root, the more vehement the storm. "This day," writes his noble-hearted father, "I received yours, and this evening in the course of our reading, I thought I found an answer that would be more proper than any I myself could dictate; though, as it will not be easily translated, I send it in the original. Πολλή μοι κίνησις ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν· πεπληρωμαι τῇ παρακλησει· υπερπερισσεύομαι τῇ χαρᾷ. (2 Cor. vii. 4.) I hear my son John has the honour of being styled the 'father of the holy club;' if it be so, I am sure I must be the grandfather of

it; and I need not say, that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of *His Holiness*." Even Samuel, though he thought his brothers carried some points to excess, had too much of the ancestral spirit to counsel a craven yielding to the storm. "I cannot say," he writes, "I thought you always in everything right; but I must now say, rather than you and Charles should give over your whole course, especially what relates to the castle, I would choose to follow either of you, nay, both of you, to your graves. 'Stand thou stedfast as a beaten anvil; for it is the part of a good champion to be flayed alive, and to conquer.'"

One question here very obviously suggests itself. Did Wesley, by these means, by his self-conflicts, and asceticism, and life of laborious benevolence, attain the object of his search? Did he reach the standard of purity he proposed to himself? Did he even secure peace of conscience, and satisfactory relations with his God? If he may be allowed to speak for himself, he did not. He felt in himself a disposition alien from God, which, with all his struggles, he could not overcome. However completely he might restrain the outbreak of evil in his life—in what of himself was visible to others—he could not suppress the upspringing of evil in his inner nature, perceptible to his own conscience, and to the heart-scrutiny of his Maker. He could not throw his whole heart into the discharge of devotional duty; there was often callousness and distaste. He could not attain a fixed, calm persuasion of Divine favour. He could not silence the accusations of conscience, nor overcome his fears of death. He was perplexed and dismayed. In a letter to his mother, written about this time, after enumerating his many aids and opportunities of religious improvement, he inquires: "What shall I do to make all these blessings effectual? to gain from them the mind which was also in Christ Jesus? Shall I break off my pursuit of all learning, but what immediately tends to practice? I once desired to make a fair show in languages and philosophy; but it is past. There is a more excellent way; and if I cannot attain to any progress in the one without throwing up all thoughts of the other, why, fare it well! Yet a little while,

and we shall all be equal in knowledge, if we are in virtue. You say, you have renounced the world. And what have I been doing all this time? What have I done ever since I was born? Why, I have been plunging myself into it more and more. It is enough. Awake, thou that sleepest. Is there not one Lord, one Spirit, one hope of our calling? one way of attaining that hope? Then I am to renounce the world as well as you. But how? What is the surest and shortest way? Is it not to be humble? Surely this is a large step in the way. But the question recurs, How am I to do this? To own the necessity of it is not to be humble. In many things you have interceded for me, and prevailed. Who knows but in this, too, you may be successful?" The testimony of this letter is unequivocal.

In fact Wesley had fallen into the great error of transposing the conditions and the results of the Christian scheme of recovery—an error very general with those who have reached the same stage of spiritual development. He sought to attain a state of purity *prior* to such an application of the atonement as should give him a persuasion of Divine favour and settled inward peace. Indeed, though, perhaps, in theory he would have repudiated such a sentiment, he obviously *acted* on the supposition that such purity is, to some extent, *conditional* to the reception of the benefits of the Christian sacrifice. The reverse of this he afterwards found to be really true. Holiness only becomes *possible* to man after the reception of these benefits. Human nature is so utterly prostrate, so impotent of will, so alien in affection, that for the fulfilment of Divine law supernatural help is indispensable, and this supernatural help—"the renewing of the Holy Ghost"—is one of the benefits flowing from the Cross, and is received simultaneously with the other benefits—pardon, reconciliation, peace—which are derived from the same affecting source. The condition on which the atonement is applied is not holiness, but an admission of its absence—an earnest sense of sin and moral impotency, and a self-despairing appeal to Christ that resembles the tenacious cling of the wrecked mariner to the rock amidst the waves. Then, and not till then, favour and peace are received; and along with them a principle of loving

obedience, by the expansion and impulses of which, under the agency of the Spirit of God, sinful propensity is driven out, and the standard of holy requirement attained.

Of this system of truth, of which Wesley was destined to become so clear and eloquent an expounder, his apprehensions were at present obscure. It appeared to him distorted and confused, as did the landscape to the half-opened vision of the Galilean, "who saw men as trees walking." And long and painful was the discipline through which he had to pass, before the clearer light came, and the scenery of Christian truth broke upon him in distinct shape, and correct and harmonious adjustment. But from the first commencement of the struggle Wesley was sincere. His single purpose was to discover the will of God, and do it. There was no invincible prejudice to shut out the light, —no unworthy motive to distort his perceptions. And such a character is never lost in the mazes of perplexity and error. The frank, teachable, and earnest spirit is ever led, though by dark and sorrowful paths, into the glad brightness of the truth.

The Oxford Society had been in existence about five years; death and desertion had thinned its numbers; and the Wesleys—John and Charles—were left almost alone; when they received an invitation to accompany a band of emigrants to the new colony of Georgia, partly as missionaries to the heathen, partly as chaplains to the colonists. After some demur they consented to go. John Wesley had a short time previously, in opposition to the urgent wishes of his family, refused to accept his father's curacy at Epworth. He dreaded lest the comparative ease and comfort to a curate's life should prove unfavourable to that spiritual struggle, which was now the all-absorbing point of interest. But the mission to Georgia was a different affair. There, removed from the seductions of European refinement, he would have every aid for the practice of those ascetic notions which he now entertained. There, from high vantage-ground, he would combat with the flesh, and subjugate his ungovernable appetites and mutinous affections. He would further have to deal with unsophisticated natures, not corrupted by modern luxury, nor hardened into in-

difference by stubborn rejection of the truth. He might, therefore, hope for greater success than amongst the reprobates of the University. Thus he argued, and the conclusion to him seemed obvious, that the finger of Providence directed him to Georgia. And so it did; but for far other purposes than those he anticipated.

Accompanied by his brother Charles, and one or two Oxford friends, early in 1736, he set sail. His brother's location was Frederica, his own Savannah. The project of evangelising the natives was soon dropped, and his attention given exclusively to the spiritual wants of the settlers. For awhile all was well, the purity of his life procured him respect, and the fervour of his zeal excited a sympathetic seriousness. Several of his parishioners manifested spiritual concern, and were formed into a small society, which assembled weekly, for the purpose of mutual instruction and exhortation. The constructive faculty was largely developed in Wesley's mind; he could not get on without organisation.

But before long the aspect of things began to change. Wesley was a rigid Churchman, and strove to enforce the rubric of the Church to the strictest letter. He insisted on baptism by immersion. He repelled without compromise all unworthy communicants. He denounced from the pulpit prevalent sins in so plain and searching a way that his incensed congregation charged him with personalities. At length an event occurred which kindled into a flame the long-smothered hostility.

Wesley had conceived a strong affection for a Miss Sophia Hopkey, niece to the chief magistrate at Savannah. Indeed, the young lady herself appears to have been the first mover in the affair. Partly instigated by her friends, who thought marriage the most likely means of reclaiming Wesley from his extravagances, and partly not unwilling of her own accord, she plotted with considerable tact against the heart of the unsuspecting chaplain. She professed penitence, resorted to him for advice, put herself under his tuition, conformed to his whimsical notions, and tended him assiduously during a dangerous attack of fever. Circumstances, however, transpired, which awakened Wesley's suspicions; and his friends, who saw through the affair, warned him of treachery. He deferred to their judg-

ment, and suddenly broke off the connection. A bitter feeling of resentment was kindled in the mind of the young lady. Her character soon came out in its true light, and appeared to Wesley so reprehensible, that he repelled her from the communion.

The whole colony was now astir; the long-gathering storm broke at last. A warrant was issued against the inflexible chaplain by the family of the lady for defamation of character; a grand jury was summoned: but the investigation of the affair was deferred from week to week. Weary at length of this unrighteous procrastination, and assailed on all sides by the calumnies of his enemies, Wesley openly avowed his intention of leaving the colony. A show of resistance was made, but none actually attempted; and on the 2nd of December, 1737 (he writes in his journal), "I shook off the dust of my feet, and left Georgia, after having preached the Gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able), one year and nearly nine months." His brother Charles, who had excited hostility equally bitter, had returned to England some months previously.

It is a very significant fact that this mission to Georgia should have so signally failed. For the greater part of two years Wesley toiled on that barren soil, reaping only bitterness and vexation. Contrast with this the successes of his subsequent labours. For any twelvemonths of toil during his after career he could count his converts by hundreds. Yet his style was as clear and piercing, his zeal as fervent, his exertions as laborious and self-denying among the colonists of Savannah, as among the colliers of Kingswood, or the rabble of Moorfields.

This difference of result was owing to a change in the *substance* of his preaching, not in the *mode*. While in Georgia he did not comprehend those elements of Christianity in which lie its life and power. He had not discovered "the secret of its strength." Thus he did not recognise its provision of supernatural help. He sought a spiritual regeneration by dint of moral energy, by earnest and vigilant battling with the evil of his nature; and he taught his hearers to do the same. He neither understood nor taught those announcements of Christianity, which proffer to our lapsed and prostrate humanity the

renewing energy of the Divine Spirit; and that as the starting-point, not the consummation of spiritual attainment. He pointed his hearers to the goal, he urged them to the race, he enforced his exhortations by his own example:—but he did not perceive that both he and they were crippled and incapacitated, and needed a miraculous act of healing before they could advance a step. Nor did he thoroughly appreciate the appeal of Christianity to the affections—another of the elements of its power. He treated it rather as a repromulgation of Divine law, than as an affecting display of Divine love. He strove to stimulate the consciences of his hearers into activity, directly; he did not understand that Christianity gets at the conscience *mediately*—through the heart;—that it leads a man to shun sin, by exciting him to hate it. His preaching hitherto had been the hurricane and the earthquake, and the fire, not the still small voice. He was as yet rather a stern, ascetic prophet, than a yearning, weeping ambassador of the Gospel of Peace.

But the second crisis of his spiritual history was now approaching. He had been accompanied to Georgia by some pious Germans, members of the Moravian Church. They were, in the fullest sense of the word, converted men. Wesley was struck by some marked differences between them and himself. They had attained that complete self-mastery which he was seeking. No provocation could chafe their temper, no abasement rouse their pride. They were wholly freed from fear of death. In the midst of a perilous storm, both men and women calmly congregated and sang psalms. And withal there was, in the general tone of their piety, a happy confidence to which Wesley was a stranger. During his stay in the colony he lived in daily intercourse with these Moravians, and found the whole tenour of their lives of the same character. On his return he at once sought out such of the same fraternity as were then in London.

He had become increasingly dissatisfied with his own condition. During the homeward voyage he had closely scrutinized himself. He reviewed the history of his spiritual life. He charged himself in unsparing terms with a vitally defective Christianity. Notwithstanding his sacrifices and struggles, what was he nearer to, the goal now

than when he left his native shores? Almost driven to despair he prayed earnestly for counsel and peace. Many affecting entries in his journal record his perplexity and agitation. In this unhappy state he sought out the London Moravians. One of these, Peter Boehler, was fortunately a man of superior capacity, and soon comprehended Wesley's perplexities. He saw that Wesley was seeking God's favour as to some extent consequent on his own obedience and service; and that, in so far as he was doing so, he was reversing the just order of the process. Not thus would his soul's agitations subside. The ground of reliance must be wholly shifted from these poor performances of his own, to the great and perfect work of his Redeemer; from what had been done *by* him to what had been done *for* him. The notion of desert and compensation still clinging in Wesley's mind—though perhaps unconsciously to himself—to his own earnest struggles and painful self-devotement, must be utterly abnegated. In so far as it yet lingered, precisely to such extent it adulterated his faith. He must be abased into the position of a simple recipient, humbly accepting forgiveness and restoration as a free bestowment for the sake of another's merits. All this the Moravian saw. "My brother, my brother," he exclaimed, after some days' earnest conversation, "this philosophy of yours must be purged out (*excoquenda est*)."

Wesley was at last convinced. Gradually that cardinal truth of Christianity, justification by faith, broke vividly on his understanding. Theoretically, indeed, he had avowed it all along, for it stands conspicuously in the Homilies and Articles of his Church. But now, for the first time, he grasped it as a great reality. He saw it, in its beautiful adjustment in the Christian scheme, and in its essential harmony with the true philosophy of human nature. Henceforth, it was not merely a dogma, handed down to him in his creed, but a truth engraven by the finger of God in his heart. It was verified by every fact of his spiritual life for the last ten years. During the whole of that time he had been toiling and struggling to attain holiness of heart and peace of conscience, and he had failed utterly. Possessed of every natural advantage, of quick moral sensitiveness and hardy moral courage, of decision and energy—

so that, had success been possible, he must have succeeded,—still he had miserably failed. He was spent and exhausted, when, in his extremity, this great doctrine broke upon him, proffering him as a gift what he was vainly striving to work out for himself. He closed with the proposal, feeling its adaptation; and from that moment his fears were allayed, his agitations calmed, and his moral nature energised; he received at once peace and power. May 24th, 1738, is fixed by Wesley as the date of his conversion: but it is plain, from his own diaries, that the crisis extended over several weeks.

Immediately on his return from Georgia, Wesley had commenced preaching. When, under the instruction of Peter Boehler, he discovered his own deficient faith, he hesitated whether to continue urging on others what he did not possess himself. "By all means," was the reply of the Moravian. "Preach faith *till* you have it; and then, *because* you have it, you *will* preach faith." After the transition just described his ardour increased. Crowds flocked to hear him, attracted by the fervid eloquence of the preacher, and the novelty of the doctrine. But the clergy took offence, and one by one the churches in London were closed against him. He then visited Oxford and Bristol, and generally with the same results. The common people heard him gladly; the clergy looked on him with an evil eye; and the genteeler part of the laity were shocked by the pressure of the crowds, and offended by his plain and searching appeals. Excluded from the churches, he at length, after some demur at so irregular a proceeding, followed the example of Whitefield, and took his stand in the open air. Multitudes upon multitudes gathered in Moorfields or on Kennington Common, or in the dark and savage colliery districts around Bristol; and heard, some with mocking, some with wonder, and many with pierced and broken hearts, of Him who came "to seek and save the lost." For Wesley had now discovered wherein lay the power of the truth. He no longer spent in vain the shafts of his eloquence. Many a stout heart quailed as he reasoned of temperance and judgment, and strange tears coursed down many a hard, stern face, as he told the story of the Cross.

At this time Wesley had no plan of

operations. He was too deeply impressed with the benighted condition of the nation, to limit his labours within the narrow boundaries of a parish. He was too zealous a Churchman to cherish a thought of dissenting. His only purpose was the vague one of disseminating, wherever opportunity presented, the truths which had just kindled new life in his own soul, and which now scarcely existed, save as a dead letter in the formularies of the Established Church. Fixing his eye steadily on this aim—as the Pole-star of his life—he advanced step by step, shaping his course by circumstances, and only careful of the direction. When the Moravians, with whom he had at first fraternised, introduced a pernicious species of mystic Antinomianism, he separated his own followers into a distinct religious society. This was in 1740, and Methodism, properly so called, dates its rise from this year. When the clergy not only refused to countenance his labours, but preached against him, denounced him as a heretic, and repelled his converts from the communion, he called to his assistance a clergy of his own ordaining. The measure was, however, sorely against his will, and developed slowly, as circumstances necessitated. When his adherents became too numerous for his own immediate supervision, he divided them into small companies, each company meeting weekly under the leadership of some man of known piety and experience. Thus originated the system of what are called, “bands” and “classes.” When societies had sprung up in all parts of the kingdom, the distribution of the country into “circuits” was adopted; and in order that the unity of the work might not be broken, an “annual conference” of ministers was decreed.

Thus the whole economy of Methodism grew up successively, the product of events. The archetype never existed beforehand in Wesley's mind. With him the first point was, the revival of religion in the land; and all measures were adopted in subserviency to this. He was altogether free from the vulgar ambition of founding a sect and wielding an ecclesiastical authority, with which he has been maligned. On the contrary, he adhered with prejudiced pertinacity to the establishment of his country. Every step of departure from that church of his early associa-

tions cost him an acute pang. He persisted in regarding his followers as a spiritual union of Christians *within* the body of the national establishment, not as a secession *from* it. To the last he refused to allow any but regularly-ordained clergymen to administer the Sacrament; and only in extreme cases would he allow his own services to be conducted in church hours. Whatever adaptation the organisation of Methodism may have for the conservation of its members and aggressive action, is the result, not of any preconceived plan on the part of its Founder, but rather of his thorough simplicity and honesty of purpose. His absorbing aims were the glory of God, the good of man; from these he never turned aside; no lower ambition, no meaner passion found admission to his breast; and this it was which gave clearness to his judgment and adaptation to his plans.

From this period Wesley's biography is less the narrative of a life than the history of a sect. And upon this it is not our intention to enter. For upwards of fifty years with inexhaustible activity he traversed the United Kingdom, preaching and exhorting, making new converts, or stimulating old ones, founding societies or maintaining discipline over those already in existence. London was his home, and the base of operations; but by far the greater part of every year was spent in these apostolical tours. It is computed that he travelled on an average 4,500 miles yearly, chiefly on horseback. And his occupations were incessant. “Leisure and I,” said he, “have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.” From four in the morning, when it was his practice to rise, until night closed in, every hour had its allotted task. He generally delivered two, frequently three or four sermons in a day; and many of these were loud and exhausting harangues to vast multitudes gathered in the public thoroughfares, or in the open fields.

His success was unparalleled since the days of the Apostles. In the outset of his career he met with furious opposition. More than once a raging mob, instigated by the clergyman, and connived at by the magistrate, seized upon his person, and would have taken his life, but for the almost miraculous interposition of God. But long before

his death he was received everywhere with respect, often with enthusiasm. Flourishing societies arose where persecution had been most vehement. Some of his last tours were a kind of ovation. The people flocked to their doors and windows to gaze upon his long white hair, and fine placid countenance. The preaching places were thronged, and he numbered his out-door congregations by tens of thousands. He lived to see a great spiritual revolution in this country and on the continent of America, in which he himself, under God, had been the prime mover. At the time of his death his societies in the British dominions numbered 76,968; in the United States, 57,621.

Of these fifty years of unintermitting toil, his "Journal" is the faithful record. Apart from its peculiar interest to the sect he founded, this Journal has an intrinsic value. Wesley was possessed of insatiable curiosity and shrewd practical sense. And his "Diary" is the *omnium gatherum* for the observations of the one and the comments of the other. Hence, blended with the barren chronicle of his stages, is many a curious fact and incident, many a shrewd remark, and many a racy bit of criticism. There is, indeed, observable a tendency to superstition. But this resulted from the peculiar vividness of Wesley's spiritual perceptions. To him the presence and operation of God were such impressive realities, that he felt less repugnance than other men to account for a rare phenomenon or wild narration, by admitting a direct Divine agency. Without doubt he carried this to excess.

Notwithstanding his incessant labours, and the burden of an immense correspondence, Wesley was a voluminous author. Indeed, he was a prodigy of activity and industry. He edited for many years the "Arminian Magazine," one of the earliest religious periodicals. He issued, in a series extending to fifty volumes, called the "Christian Library," the most valuable works on Theology and Practical Religion then in existence. He published several volumes of Sermons, and a "Commentary on the New Testament." He abridged, for popular use, the grammars of five languages. He compiled a "History of England," and a general "Ecclesiastical History," in four volumes each; and a "Compendium of Natural Philosophy," in five

volumes. He wrote many pamphlets, some on political topics, some in vindication of his doctrines and conduct, some in reproof or exhortation to his societies. When the celebrated Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, published a heterodox book on "Original Sin," Wesley wrote an elaborate work in reply. Of his original works we may fairly say, as a Scotchman once adroitly said of his preaching, "that if they are not masterly productions, they are such as only a master mind could have produced." And his compilations may be regarded as standing in the van of modern attempts to cheapen and popularise useful literature.

Wesley retained his elasticity of mind and vigour of body far beyond the usual term of life. To this, without doubt, his strict temperance, his regular habits, and incessant activity greatly contributed. In him old age was very beautiful. "No one who saw him, even casually, can have forgotten his venerable appearance. His face was remarkably fine; his complexion fresh to the last week of his life; his eye quick, and keen, and active. When you met him in the street of a crowded city, he attracted notice not only by his band and cassock, and his long hair, white and bright as silver, but by his pace and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost."\* "So fine an old man," writes Alexander Knox, "I never saw; the happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent;' and, wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth embittered his discourse; no applausive retrospect to past times marked his present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud; and it was

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impossible to observe him without wishing fervently, 'May my latter end be like his!'"

On attaining his eighty-eighth year Wesley thus writes in his Journal: "This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For above eighty-six years I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated; but last August, I found almost a sudden change; my eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me; my strength, likewise, now quite forsook me, and probably will not return in this world; but I feel no pain from head to foot; only, it seems, nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

The weary springs of life stand still at last."

After this the decay was rapid. To the last, however, he continued his usual work, preaching, for instance, up to the week before his death. At length the inevitable event drew near. The closing scene was a worthy conclusion to such a life—a scene of calm and solemn triumph. Again and again he expressed his reliance on that great Sacrifice, whose sole sufficiency it had been the delight of his life to proclaim. When so feeble, that he made several unsuccessful attempts before he could speak at all, he raised at length his dying arm, and, gathering all his strength, cried out, "The best of all is, God is with us." On Wednesday, March 2nd, 1791, this tried and faithful servant passed calmly to his reward.

## LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Among the persons who appeared conspicuously in the first French Revolution was Louis Philippe Joseph, Duc d'Orleans, who, as a Prince of the Royal blood, gained great temporary popularity by taking the side of the Jacobins against the Court. He is known in the history of the Revolution under the title of Philippe Egalité, having formally renounced all external dignities beyond the simple one of citizenship. Early in life he married the only daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, with whom he received an immense fortune, and who, besides being beautiful in person, is described as being in the highest degree amiable and virtuous. From this marriage sprang a family of five children, one of whom, a daughter, died in infancy. The eldest, named Louis PHILIPPE, was born in Paris, on the 6th of October, 1773. He was known in his boyhood as the Duc de Valois; afterwards succeeded to the title of the Duc de Chartres; and, in process of time, after a succession of revolutionary changes, became in 1830, by national favour and election, the lately well-known King of the French.

Citizen Egalité, though a somewhat loose and dissipated character, was a kind and judicious father to his children, and, in particular, took care to have them thoroughly educated. As soon as he was

old enough to feel an interest in political affairs, Louis Philippe was naturally led to pay attention to them, following, of course, the opinion and sentiments of his father. He was barely seventeen years of age when he was introduced to the Jacobin Club, and began to take a part in their proceedings. In a journal which he kept at this period, he thus records the event of his admission: "Nov. 2 (1790).—I was yesterday admitted a member of the Jacobins, and much applauded. I returned thanks for the kind reception which they were so good as to give me, and I assured them that I should never deviate from the sacred duties of a good patriot and a good citizen." At the same time we find him assiduously attending the hospitals, and acquiring a knowledge of surgery sufficient to enable him to be of service to the patients. Besides politics and surgery, the young Prince seems to have had his thoughts directed to authorship. One evening, at the Jacobins, M. de Noailles presented a work on the Revolution, by a Mr. Joseph Towers, in answer to Burke's "Reflections," and proposed that the Duke of Chartres should be appointed to translate it. "This proposition," says the Duke, "was adopted with great applause, and I foolishly consented, but expressing my fears that I should not fulfil their ex-



pectations. . . . At night my father told me that he did not approve of it, and I must excuse myself to the Jacobins on Sunday." We learn that the translation was nevertheless executed, and afterwards appeared under the name of M. Pieyre, Louis Philippe's private tutor, by whom it was arranged and corrected for the press.

Some years before this period the Duke had been appointed to the honorary position of colonel in a regiment of dragoons. When, in the progress of the Revolution, all offices of this kind had been abolished, it became necessary for him to take command of this regiment in his own person; and accordingly, in June 1791, he left Paris, accompanied by M. Pieyre, and proceeded to Vendôme, where the regiment was on duty. During his stay here he gallantly saved the lives of two unhappy priests who were near being murdered by a mob in the course of a popular tumult. On another occasion he was the means of saving a man from drowning, at the risk of his own life. For this daring and noble act the municipality of Vendôme decreed him a civic crown; which he received amidst the applause of a numerous assembly of spectators. "I was very much ashamed," says he, with unaffected modesty; "but I nevertheless expressed my gratitude as well as I could."

About the middle of August, in the same year, 1791, he quitted the garrison of Vendôme with his regiment, and went to Valenciennes, in the north of France, where he remained until April, 1792. In that month war was declared against Austria, which for some time past had been preparing for a hostile invasion of the kingdom, with a view to restore Louis XVI. to his original powers of sovereignty, and to check the Revolution. The services of the Duke were now required for the defence of his country, and were rendered with the heartiest resolution and good-will. At the battles of Valmy and Jemappes he distinguished himself by his courage, coolness, and capacity for command; and in the latter action very materially assisted the general, Dumouriez, in gaining his splendid victory. At this point, however, his military career for the present terminated; the course of revolutionary events being such as to render it unsafe for him to remain longer in the country.

After the memorable 10th of August, when the French monarchy was finally overthrown, the King and his family were placed in confinement in the Temple, and a decree of banishment was passed against all other members of the Bourbon race. This act of proscription was indeed subsequently revoked, but the circumstance was too alarming to be disregarded by the Orleans family. The Duke of Chartres besought his father to take advantage of the decree, and withdraw from France to some retreat in a foreign land. Citizen Egalité, however, made it a point of duty to stand by his country, even at the risk of having to sit, as a member of the National Convention, as a judge on the trial of the King. Everybody knows that he was one of the majority who voted for the death of Louis. But when Louis had been beheaded the Duke of Orleans was in danger. Before many months were passed he was seized, imprisoned, and eventually brought before the revolutionary tribunal, on a vague and chimerical accusation of conspiring against the nation; and after a semblance of a trial, condemned to death on a series of charges of which he was notoriously innocent. He bore himself with a kind of contemptuous dignity before his judges, and met his fate courageously.

Seven months prior to this tragedy, the Duke of Chartres, in company with General Dumouriez, anticipating the excesses of the reign of terror which was commencing, galloped across the frontier into the Belgian Netherlands, then an appanage of the House of Austria. The Duke was courteously received by the Austrian authorities, and earnestly invited to enter into their service; but declining to take up arms against his country, he set off on a journey towards Switzerland, intending to live there for the present in retirement. His sister Adelaide, along with Madame de Genlis, had fled to the same country; and the Duke meeting them at Schaffhausen, they proceeded together to Zurich. Arriving in this town, they intended for some time to reside there; but to this arrangement there were difficulties which had not been anticipated. The French Royalist emigrants in Zurich were unfriendly to the House of Orleans, and the magistrates of the canton were afraid that, by giving refuge to the Prince, they might embroil themselves with

France. On learning this the exiles left the place, and, crossing the mountains, proceeded to the town of Zug, where they procured accommodation in a small house on the borders of the adjoining lake. Their rest, however, in this seclusion was of no long duration. Their rank and character being discovered, they were soon obliged to seek another place of refuge. It happened at this crisis that, by the intercession of an influential friend in Switzerland, admission into a neighbouring convent was procured for the Princess Adelaide and her instructress. Being by this arrangement relieved from anxiety on account of his sister, the Duke of Chartres now commenced a series of wanderings in different countries in Europe, which did not terminate till after several years. Deprived of rank and fortune, an outlaw and an exile, he was presently compelled to depend solely on his personal energies, and the excellent education he had received, for the common means of living.

The first place he visited was Basle, where he sold all his horses except one, and with that, in company of a faithful retainer named Baudoin, he proceeded on his travels. It chanced, unluckily, that Baudoin was ill and could not walk: the Duke, therefore, mounted him on the horse which he had reserved for his own use, and in this style, leading the animal in his hand, he issued from the gates of Basle. An excursion of several months through some of the most interesting parts of Switzerland reduced the Duke's resources, and obliged him to part with his steed. He and his servant pursued their journey on foot, often wearied, and at last nearly penniless. On one occasion, after a toilsome walk, when they reached the hospitium of St. Gothard in the Alps, they were churlishly refused accommodation, and were obliged to seek shelter beneath the shed of an adjoining inn. For some time the Duke contended bravely with the privations incident to these mountain regions, but at length he was reduced to the greatest straits, and it actually became necessary that he should work for his maintenance. While he was reflecting on the best means of employing his talents for this purpose, a letter reached him from a Swiss friend, stating that he could obtain for him a situation as teacher in the academy of Reichenau—a village

at the junction of the Upper Rhines, in the south-eastern part of Switzerland. In the Duke's circumstances, such an offer was not to be refused; so he forthwith set forward on a journey to the place, to try his skill in pedagogy. He arrived in the humble style of a pedestrian, with a stick in his hand, and a bundle on his back, bearing with him a letter of introduction to M. Jost, the head master of the establishment. The officers of the institution found him sufficiently qualified for the duties of the appointment, and though only twenty years of age he was unanimously admitted. Here, under the feigned name of Chabaud-Latour, and not recognised by any one save the principal, he taught geography, history, the French and English languages, and mathematics, for the space of eight months; giving the highest satisfaction to his employers and his pupils, and earning the esteem and friendship of many of the inhabitants of the place. From this situation he removed to the house of M. Montesquieu, the Swiss friend before alluded to, who offered him an asylum as soon as his enemies had lost all trace of his whereabouts. Here he remained, under the name of Corby, until the end of 1794, when he deemed it prudent to quit Switzerland.

The Duke of Orleans—as he was now entitled to be called—resolved to go to America, and proceeded to Hamburg for the purpose of embarking, in 1796. But here his expectation of funds failed him; so, being provided with a letter of credit for a small sum on a Copenhagen banker, he determined to visit the north of Europe. The banker obtained passports for him as a Swiss traveller, by means of which he was enabled to wander about in safety. He travelled through Norway and Sweden, seeing everything worthy of curiosity in the way, visited the famous Maelström near the Loffoden Islands, journeyed on foot with the Laplanders along the mountains, and in August had gone as far north as within thirteen degrees of the Pole. After staying a few days in the region of the North Cape, he returned through Lapland to Torneo, at the extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia. From Torneo he went to Abo, and traversed Finland; but, lest he should come within the grasp of the Empress Catherine, did not venture to enter Russia.

After completing the examination of these northern kingdoms, he proceeded to Denmark, where he stayed awhile under an assumed name. The French Government had again, by this time, lost all traces of him, though the agents of the Directory were instructed to leave no means unemployed for discovering his retreat. At last a communication was opened between the Directory and his mother, the Duchess of Orleans; she being given to understand, that if she would address herself to her eldest son, and induce him to withdraw to the United States of America, her property, which had been sequestrated, should be restored to her, and that her two other sons should be released from prison, and permitted to follow their brother. To this proposition the Duchess assented; and, on writing to her son, found him willing to comply. An interview took place between the Duke and a French official at the house of a Hamburg merchant, who was friendly to the Orleans family, and there the terms of his expatriation being arranged, Louis Philippe engaged to embark without delay. Passing himself off for a Dane, he took a passage in a trading vessel bound for Philadelphia. The ship set sail on the 24th September, 1796, and after a favourable passage of twenty-seven days, arrived at its destination.

The Duke had not been long in the United States before he was joined by his two brothers, the Dukes of Montpensier and Beaujolais, and they all took up their residence together in Philadelphia, where they spent the winter, mixing in the society of the place, and forming many agreeable acquaintances. Philadelphia was then the seat of Government, and General Washington was at the head of the administration. To him the three illustrious strangers were presented, and they were invited to visit him at Mount Vernon. There he furnished them with an itinerary of a journey to the western country, along with letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made arrangements for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying, in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes and other articles of convenience. At night they rested at wayside public-houses, in farmers' cabins, and sometimes in the wigwags of different tribes of Indians.

They proceeded as far northwards as the Falls of Niagara, and after some further ramblings, returned across the country from Wilkesbarre on the Susquehanna to Philadelphia. The journey occupied them upwards of four months, during which time they travelled about a thousand leagues, always upon the same horses, except for the last hundred leagues, which they performed partly on foot, partly by water, and in other parts by hired horses or public conveyances.

During their second stay in Philadelphia, the city was visited by yellow fever—a fatal pestilence to which they remained for awhile exposed, from the lack of funds to remove elsewhere. A timely remittance at length arriving from their mother, they straightway undertook another excursion, selecting this time the eastern part of the States, and finally reaching New York. Here they learned that a new French law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France; and that their mother had been lately compelled to go to Spain. They wished to return to Europe and follow her to that country; but owing to the war between Spain and England, could not easily do so. They decided on repairing to New Orleans, hoping there to find a conveyance to Havannah, whence they thought it would be possible to reach the mother country. It is not necessary here to track these illustrious wanderers through all the vicissitudes of their journey. They reached New Orleans on the 17th of February, 1798; and there embarked on board an American vessel. Upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate under French colours; but from this accident, which at first looked rather serious, nothing unpleasant followed. As soon as the captain of the cruiser discovered that the three young passengers were Princes of the House of Orleans, he took them on board his own vessel, treated them with all possible distinction, and eventually landed them at Havannah. Their residence in Cuba, however, was of no long duration. The Spanish authorities behaved towards them with decided disrespect, and ordered them to return to New Orleans. They nevertheless disregarded this command, and proceeded to the Bahama Islands, where, meeting with the Duke of Kent, who was then staying there, they were graciously received, and duly

protected as long as they desired to remain. The Duke declined to give them a passage in a British frigate to England; but nowise discouraged, they took passage in a small vessel back to New York, whence, by an English packet, they subsequently arrived at Falmouth.

On reaching England in February 1800, they proceeded to London, and shortly afterwards took up their residence on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham. Here they had at length an opportunity of enjoying both security and repose; the best society in England was open to them; and by their unaffected manners and simplicity of character, they gained the general esteem of all ranks and classes. After a stay of some months they made an effort, under the sanction and with the aid of the English Government, to pass over into Spain to join their mother; but owing to the convulsed state of the country at that period, they returned again to England, to their old abode at Twickenham. To usefully employ his time the Duke of Orleans addressed himself to the study of political economy and the English constitution; at times making excursions with his brothers to the seats of members of the nobility, and to various interesting parts of the country; and thus acquiring most of the tastes and habits of an Englishman. His life upon the whole was a highly pleasant one, and hardly, if at all, embittered by the feeling or sense of exile. The only matter of imminent concern to him, in these days, was the infirm health of his brother the Duc de Montpensier. With an original weakly constitution, deranged by long imprisonment, this amiable young Prince had, since his arrival in England, gradually but constantly declined in bodily strength; and notwithstanding every effort made to save him, died on the 18th of May, 1807. He had not long been dead before the health of his brother, Count Beaujolais, began in like manner to fail. The physicians ordered him to visit a warmer climate, and Louis Philippe accompanied him to Malta. The change produced no improvement, and the young Prince died there in 1808.

Much distressed, and almost heart-broken by these losses, the Duke of Orleans passed over from Malta to Messina in Sicily; and afterwards, on the invitation of King Ferdinand of

Naples, visited the Royal family at Palermo. His accomplishments and misfortunes did not fail to make a due impression on the Neapolitan family; while, on the other hand, he was equally delighted with the manner in which he was received by them. To one member of that family, the Princess Amelia, he became tenderly attached; and after some little lover-like dalliance, their marriage took place in 1809.

At Palermo—excepting a visit to Spain, in the hope of obtaining a military command—the Duke remained, enjoying a pleasant and quiet life, until 1814, when his repose was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by the intelligence that Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Bourbons were restored to the throne of France. Thus enabled to return to the country of his birth, he left Sicily for Paris, which he reached on the 18th of May, when he was almost immediately restored to all the honours and possessions to which he was deemed entitled. It is true, he did not then hold them long; for the return of Napoleon in 1815 unsettled everything, and necessitated different arrangements. The Duke sent his family to England, and by order of Louis XVIII., took command of the army destined for service in the north. But this appointment he presently gave up to the Duke of Treviso, and followed his family to England, where, as before, he fixed his residence at Twickenham. On the return of Louis XVIII., after the memorable Hundred Days, an ordinance was issued, authorising all the princes of the blood to take their seats in the Chamber of Peers; and the Duke therefore returned to France in the following September. As a member of the Chamber he distinguished himself by liberal political sentiments, which rendered him unpopular with the administration; and as he could not approve of the course of government, he relinquished his legislative functions, and returned again to England. He went back to France in 1817, but, not resuming his seat among the Peers, lived for some years a private and retired life.

During this period he paid much attention to the education of his family, and was a liberal encourager of the fine arts and literature. In his superb palace in Paris, and at his pleasant country-seat at Neuilly, the principal artists and men of letters of the age

were cordially and frequently entertained. No event of any public importance occurs in his history until the Revolution of the three days of July, in 1830. The unconstitutional acts of Charles X. had roused the spirit of the French people to resistance, and on the 28th of July all Paris was in arms against the monarchy. Barricades were raised everywhere in the streets, and the fighting continued for three days, at the end of which the people were victorious, and Charles was compelled to abdicate. During the struggle the King retired to St. Cloud, and a provisional government was instituted, of which Lafayette, Laftte, and Thiers were members; and by them and others the Duke of Orleans was invited to become lieutenant-general of the kingdom, until a settled and permanent government could be formed. A day or two afterwards, however, he was requested to accept the crown; the Chamber of Deputies waiting on him in a body, and presenting him with the conditions which had been previously agreed upon. On the 9th of August he was solemnly inaugurated; the President of the Chamber of Deputies reading a declaration to the effect that the throne was vacant, and that it being indispensably needful to provide for the occupation of the same, the Chambers of Deputies and Peers now unanimously invited his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans to become King. On which the lieutenant-general declared his acceptance of the dignified position offered him in these terms: "I have read with great attention the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies, and the act of adhesion of the Chamber of Peers. I have weighed and meditated every expression therein. I accept, without restriction or reservation, the clauses and engagements contained in that declaration, and the title of King of the French which it confers on me, and I am ready to make oath to observe the same." Then rising, taking off his glove, and uncovering his head, he pronounced the form of oath presented to him:—"In the presence of God I swear faithfully to observe the national charter, with the modifications set forth in the declaration; to govern only by the laws; to cause good and exact justice to be administered to every one according to his right; and to act in everything with the sole view to the

interest, the welfare, and the glory of the French people." The change of dynasty thus effected was generally acceptable to the kingdom. The only opposition manifested was in the remote and benighted region of La Vendée but this was speedily suppressed by the active proceedings of General Lamarque.

The Government of Louis Philipp was for some years popular with the nation; and from the peaceable relations which he maintained with foreign powers he acquired a high reputation for wisdom and practical adroitness. During the early part of his reign the resources of France were rapidly developed. Public writers in England and elsewhere were loud in their praise of the "citizen King," and prophesied all sorts of flattering prospects for the French kingdom. And there is no doubt at all but that Louis Philipp was a clever and sagacious ruler; and that, for a time at least, he had thorough appreciation and understanding of his position. "Nature had made him," says Lamartine, "a man of probity and moderation; exile and experience had made him a politician. The difficulty which in early life he had found in playing his part as Prince amongst democrats, and as democrat amongst Princes, had made him supple to circumstances, patient of events, and temporising with fortune. . . . Studious, reflective, enlightened, profoundly versed in all matters which concerned the internal regulation of empires, a diplomatist equal to Mazarin or Talleyrand, possessed of easy fluency of expression which resembled eloquence as far as conversation can resemble dissertation, a model as a husband and father to a nation which loves to see domestic virtue upon the throne, gentle, humane, pacific, born brave, but with horror of bloodshed, it may be said the nature had furnished him with all the qualities, one only excepted, which make a King beloved. That exception was greatness. In the place of this he has only that secondary quality, which men of mediocrity admire and great men disdain—cleverness."\* It may be stated further, that this cleverness was principally applied to the establishment of his personal power, and the consolidation of the fortunes of his family. It would seem that the building up of the

\* History of the Revolution of 1848.

Orleans' dynasty was the one great object of his life and government. He took France as the theatre on which the House of Orleans was to play the drama of aggrandisement. Towards the flattering consummation his whole home and foreign policy was directed; and as this could never be openly avowed, he was driven to the meanest tricks of craftiness to disguise his real intentions. In regard to his relations with foreign Courts, it at length became notorious that the ostensible agents of his Government seldom represented his actual wishes, but that other persons secretly, and not officially, accredited, held commissions from the King, oftentimes directly opposed to the instructions given to recognised ambassadors.

The result of all this was an utter want of faith in his Majesty's integrity. "Opinion," says Lamartine, "silently or openly declared by the entire masses, began to pronounce that Louis Philippe had betrayed the Revolution; that he was adopting one by one the notions of the ancient monarchy, and of the right divine of kings, instead of conforming to the democratic spirit of the elective monarchy of 1830." His diplomatic dodgery, as well as his tendency to family aggrandisement, were sufficiently illustrated by the memorable case of the Spanish marriages. As a means of preserving something like a balance of dynastic power in the West of Europe, it was desirable to avoid a too intimate alliance between France and Spain. Accordingly, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit at Eu, where she was met and entertained by Louis Philippe for diplomatic purposes, it was arranged between Her Majesty and Lord Aberdeen on the one part, and the King of the French and M. Guizot on the other, that the union of Louis Philippe's youngest son, M. de Montpensier, with the Infanta of Spain, then in contemplation, should not take place until after her elder sister's marriage, nor even until there appeared at least a prospect of a direct heir to the Spanish throne. But, as it subsequently turned out, the French King's word was not his bond: at the same time that Isabella II. was married to her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, her sister the Infanta was espoused by M. de Montpensier. The Orleans family and the Spanish Bourbon branch were thus adroitly intertwined, with the probable likelihood of supply-

ing heirs to the throne of an important kingdom. The English Court was signally outwitted, and all negotiations having reference to the end agreed upon went absolutely for nothing. By Guizot and others the Spanish match appears to have been regarded as about the acutest piece of statesmanship which had been effected for France during a course of many years; though, as a former writer has pertinently remarked, the magnitude and splendour of the object may have dazzled and bewildered their perceptions of rectitude and honour in respect to it.

As was to be expected, an alliance made simply to promote the interests of a dynasty interrupted the concord which had previously subsisted between France and England. When the French people saw that the union of the two countries had been suddenly disturbed for the mere sake of family aggrandisement, they became instantly convinced that their King's so much-lauded "pacific policy," was but a political hypocrisy. "From that day forward," says Lamartine, "the sovereign, rendered unpopular with the republicans on account of the throne which he filled, and with the legitimatists by his usurpation, became obnoxious to the peace party, which had hitherto rallied round his Government; since by means of the Spanish marriage he had hung over the nation the menace and possibility of war."

The country, indeed, continued calm on the surface, but below the surface there was a powerful and wide-spread agitation. People began to ask themselves how it was that a great Government like theirs could find nothing to employ itself about save a succession of Court intrigues. Manifold necessary reforms had been waiting for many years, and in regard to none of them had there been any actual progress. In a large and populous country, where the actual electors amounted to only about 80,000, most of them notoriously subject to corrupting influences, could not something be done in the way of electoral reform? Moreover, was it not the business of a Government to try to equalise the national expenditure and receipts, instead of, as had long been the practice, contracting loan after loan to make up the annual deficit, and thus immeasurably increasing, without the prospect of ever paying, an enormous public debt? And all this too in the

time of a profound peace, and of a growing revenue! Means also, it was thought, might be resorted to for extending the commerce of France with foreign nations, now so contemptibly contracted, considering the resources of natural wealth, industry, and skill which were at hand. Aspirations of this sort, moderately put forward, were frequently pressed upon the Government; but Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, apparently regarding them as mere factious ebullitions, treated them with obstinate indifference. The smallest concession of reform would probably at that time have satisfied all enlightened and moderately-disposed persons in the kingdom; but as it began to be apparent that no reform was intended, the affections and respect of all classes of citizens became alienated from a standstill and obstructive dynasty.

In such a state stood matters at the close of 1847, when the King, as it happened for the last time, convoked the Chambers of Peers and Deputies. The public journals almost unanimously gave expression to the general discontent. The leaders of the opposition had in the meantime concerted together a plan for agitating Paris and the provinces under the form of political banquets. On the opening of the session, the King, in his speech to the Chambers, characterised the men associated with these banquets as being hostile to himself, and blind to the consequences of their conduct. While, however, he and his ministry declared such celebrations to be illegal, they were disinclined to oppose or hinder them from taking place, by force; determining rather to establish their illegality by a commissary of police, and to bring those who participated in them to judgment at the law tribunals. The leaders of the opposition were willing to contest what they considered one of their most important political rights on this ground; and accordingly decided to hold a banquet on the 20th February, 1848, for which arrangements had been made in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris. But on the evening preceding the day appointed, the ministry, alarmed at an invitation given by the republican party to the National Guards, suddenly retracted their concession, and declared now, that if the demonstration were attempted, they would employ force to put it down.

To be prepared for this alternative, the Government summoned a large number of troops, amounting, it is said, to 55,000 men, and stationed them in conspicuous positions in and around Paris. These preparations hindered the holding of the banquet, but at the same time increased the anger and agitation of the people. The night of the 20th, however, passed quietly; nor did appearances on the following morning prognosticate a day of fate. Curious crowds, indeed, began to move along the Boulevards, gathering numbers as they went, and other crowds streamed from the suburbs of the city; but they all appeared rather to be looking out for what was passing, than to be meditating any act. "The event," says an eye-witness, "seems to have been engendered by the curiosity which awaited it."

Everybody knows what the event was. Obstinate resistance to necessary changes, violent suppression of the right of free discussion, had aroused the rage and indignation of the people, and produced a revolution. Behold them marching on the Tuileries, notwithstanding the number of the soldiers in the capital. The National Guards refuse to act against their countrymen; and even the hired troops strike arms, and join them in "fraternity." Louis Philippe has to abdicate; and thus, once more, the monarchy of France is overthrown.

Who is this wending his way stealthily from the besieged palace, as though he had ignominiously bolted by the back door, and who, on coming into a neighbouring street jumps hastily into a cab, and is driven off amid the hootings of the populace? This is the discrowned hero of July, 1830, the once popular constitutional King, whose services, after a trial of eighteen years, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting! He goes, in the first instance, to St. Cloud, to wait while he writes to the minister of his household for certain papers and articles which his hurried departure had prevented him from taking from the Tuileries. He directs them to be sent on to the Chateau d'Eu,—the pleasant country retreat which he had prepared for his old age—and to which, after writing the letter, he immediately sets off. There, however, he nowise intends to stay: his design is, by circuitous roads to reach as soon as possible the sea-coast,

and thence to embark to England. Along with the Queen and some other members of his family, he passed through several places, and arrived at Evreux without meeting with any serious impediment. But as intelligence of the recent events in Paris had by that time reached the place, and thrown it into a state of extraordinary ferment, it was not considered safe to attempt a passage through the town. Nevertheless, under the guidance of M. Maréchal, the sub-prefect of Dreux, who accompanied the fugitives, they were conducted by cross roads to a country-house belonging to a friend of his, and there sheltered for the night. The owner of the house was absent, but the farmer and his wife, who had charge of it, received the travellers, without knowing who they were; and the King and Queen were shown into a room, where they warmed themselves at the fire, and partook of the rustic hospitality of their humble hosts, who supposed them to be friends of their master. Leaving them to take a little repose, M. Maréchal left the house on foot and proceeded to Evreux, where he sought out his friend, and informed him what distinguished persons were lodging in his house. Having ascertained the best route that could be taken so as to avoid the town, M. Maréchal and his friend joined the Royal family, to make arrangements for conducting them secretly to the coast. The farmer, who was now made acquainted with the rank and misfortunes of the guests he had sheltered beneath his roof, readily devoted himself to their service. Being acquainted with all the byeways in that part of the country, he undertook to drive the King along them, and harnessed his own horses to the carriage for the purpose. Another confidential man was intrusted to drive the Queen by a different route. The travellers set out at seven o'clock in the evening, and travelled all night; meeting each other at daybreak the next morning (the 26th of February), at the Cap d'Honfleur, and, without attracting notice, alighting together at the house of M. de Perthuis—a retired situation concealed by trees, at the distance of about half-an-hour's walk from the town. M. de Perthuis was not at home, but the gardener, an intelligent and trusty man, had been previously made acquainted with the trust that was about to be reposed in him. The good man

inspired his wife and children with the requisite discretion and devotedness. The window-blinds were kept constantly closed; and it was only during the night that smoke was suffered to issue from the chimneys. This confinement and restraint lasted nine days, during which time certain faithful adherents of the King were engaged in arranging means to secure his safe landing on the English coast. All this elaborate precaution was quite unnecessary; as the Provisional Government, inaugurated after his departure, had taken measures to permit of his escape unmolested. In the meantime a young officer of the French navy, who, though unaware of the King's retreat, was led by the rumours afloat to suspect that he was somewhere in the neighbourhood, resolved to make an effort to assist him. It happened that Captain Paul of the English navy, was in command of a steamer near at hand, and to him the young officer repaired, asking him whether he would consent to receive Louis Philippe on board, should he succeed in getting out to sea in a fishing boat. The captain returned for answer that he could not consistently do so with his present orders; but on his arrival at Southampton a few days afterwards, that gentleman communicated to the Admiralty the overtures that had been made to him, and suggested that a steamer, cruising along the coast of France, might be of the utmost service to the dethroned King and his family. This communication induced Lord Palmerston to dispatch instructions to the English Consuls resident in the north of France, which were eventually the means of securing his Majesty's escape.

The rest of the story may be given as related by Lamartine:—"The young French officer, who had interested himself on behalf of the Royal fugitives, having received a message from the English Consul at Havre, succeeded in discovering the King's place of concealment. He introduced the Vice-Consul to Louis Philippe, and it was arranged that the King should embark at Havre, on board one of the vessels employed in the conveyance of cattle and provisions from France to the English coast. For the space of five days adverse winds and a violently tempestuous sea retarded the departure of these vessels. All this time the King was counting the hours, and consuming himself with impatience



and anxiety. Several times he proceeded from his place of refuge to the port of Havre, and from the port back to his place of refuge; journeying on foot across the open fields, in the darkness of night, and during the most inclement weather. At length he resolved on a scheme more hazardous than any that had yet been contemplated. This was to embark at some distance from Rouen in the steamboat which runs from that place to Havre. This boat would reach Havre at night, a circumstance which, the King conceived, was calculated to afford him a fair chance of getting through the town unobserved. Passing for one of the travellers who had arrived from Paris by way of the Seine, he would go on board the steamboat, which would be in readiness at Havre to convey the passengers from the Seine boat direct to England. To carry out this scheme the King disguised himself, and assumed the name of *Theodore Lebrun*. The mayor, by a little pious connivance, favoured the embarkation. The English Vice-Consul offered his arm to the Queen, and the Royal couple having reached the deck, discovered, to their no small surprise, that they were on board the identical steamer they had themselves engaged a year previously for a marine excursion, during one of their happy sojourns at the Château d'Eu. Several of the sailors who were then on board the vessel now formed part of the crew. The man whose business it was to collect the fares of the passengers went round with a lantern, the light from which happened by chance to fall full on the countenance of Louis Philippe. The man instantly recognized the King, who—had other eyes discerned him—might have been betrayed. With great presence of mind the sailor turned his lantern, at the same time bowing with respectful discretion to his old master. Whispers ran from mouth to mouth among the crew, that the fugitives of Eu were on board the steamer; but not one for a moment conceived the thought of serving the Republic by a base betrayal of old age and misfortune. The crew pretended to observe nothing, whilst they were closely watching every one on board. When the steamer was moored to the quay of Havre, they ranged themselves, as if accidentally, in two lines, between which the Royal travellers passed, whilst, uncovering and bowing respectfully, the

men uttered in a suppressed tone of voice, 'May heaven preserve you!'

"The only difficulty now remaining was limited to the breadth of a quay, which had to be crossed, in passing from the Rouen boat to the English steamer. The King and Queen, preceded by General Rungis and General Dumas, crossed the quay, without attracting any notice, and soon were all on board. At the moment when the King was stepping down the ladder, a woman rushed forward with a lantern in her hand, exclaiming:—'It is he! it is the King!' An officer advanced, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining the fact by the evidence of his own eyes. 'It is too late,' said the captain of the steamer, and he immediately ordered the ladder to be withdrawn. This incident made a deep impression on the persons who accompanied the King. They were convinced that his preservation depended on that critical moment, when his safety might have been compromised by the exclamation of a woman, and the curiosity of a soldier. Yet no order for opposing the departure of the King had been issued by any one, and instructions perfectly adverse to any attempt against his safety or liberty were in the hands of the Government agents!" \*

All this was doubtless as it should be. The steamer departed, and during a stormy night conveyed the King to the little port of Newhaven, on the Sussex coast; where he was shortly informed that, through the hospitality of his son-in-law, the King of the Belgians, the palace of Claremont had been assigned for his abode.

At Claremont he lived in a quiet and retired way for the two remaining years of his life; and there at length he died, on the 26th of August, 1850.

The life of Louis Philippe is remarkable for the vicissitudes of fortune with which it is crowded from the beginning to the end. His personal history is accordingly of greater interest than the history of his Government. As a ruler he completely failed. Though nursed by the spirit of the revolution, he could not understand its teachings, and when called upon to direct its aspirations, he had no resource but to fall back upon the traditions of a repudiated dynasty. As an able public writer has observed:—"He had seen enough of military life

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he field to put on the soldier when it was required for effect. He had a member of the middle class, of nobility, and of the Royal class. He sailed about on adventures, and was respected as an émigré in England. He knew something of every where, he had found some means of fort in every condition; also, it would be much that was hollow and unreal; upon the whole, he may be said to have treated life as if it were a strata-gegem, which cunning cleverness might considerably improve. Opportunity had favoured him, and he not only learned to make the most of it, but also to eke it out with some theatrical pretensions. He had seen life in so many phases that he supposed himself to understand thoroughly; of course, not being cognizant of those defects in his own character which prevented him from thoroughly apprehending any one circumstance. His mind was active, but commonplace: he could only view events and events in their common aspect; and could scarcely suppose that a man who had seen less could be

wiser than he was. He supposed himself to have the advantage of every man; and as his farthest insight into most things consisted in a perception of the falsehood or hypocrisy that lay beneath the surface, such insight into falsehood seemed to him the final wisdom. The corresponding spirit of his conduct was to adopt on all occasions a policy of cajolery. His success was corresponding—it was superficial. He had every opportunity of a revolutionary career, but went through it all only to settle down at last into the common run of Prince. A constitutional throne was offered to him; but he reverted after all to the old fashions set by his predecessors. He was tried in every relation of life, and did not prove to be of any certain or signal use to his country: he was a repeated failure.\* Yet in adversity and exile he showed admirable spirit and endurance; and in his final retirement at Claremont he appeared with as much propriety as was ever witnessed in the conduct of a fallen potentate.

\* "Leader" Newspaper, Aug. 31, 1850.

## LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

the spirit of poetry, infused into the with the very breath of life, and shining from infancy to dawninghood, till its flame, too powerful for frail tenement in which it glows, roys—if versatile fancy, delicate ability, exquisite tenderness and grace—if these give their lessons any claim to rank with illustrious, then Lucretia and Margaret Davidson enjoy it. Yet a melancholy overclouds their short career, and dims with our admiration of them. are made sensible at every step that fleet adorned them, not in Barry wall's words—

To light them like a star,

as the wreathing flame which condescended whilst it heightened their loves. They were daughters of the New world, where Poetry breathes among forests and the mountains, and gives an everlasting voice to the majestic rocks.

LUCRETIA DAVIDSON, the elder of these

two sisters, was born in 1808, in the State of New York. Her father, Dr. Oliver Davidson, was a highly intellectual man; and her mother, notwithstanding many household cares and anxieties, and often much sickness, retained her imaginative and ardent feelings, and appreciated the marvellous mental gifts and dawning genius of her child. As soon as Lucretia could speak, it was discovered that her thoughts were of a deeper nature than those of the children around her; and when she could read she was continually busy with the little books she received as gifts from her father. Long before she could write, she gave her thoughts to paper in awkward Roman characters. In infancy she had her favourite birds and flowers; to these she would address odes, irregular indeed, and very imperfect, but all tinted by true poetic thought. Occasionally she indited a sonnet to her mother, and at such times a look of grave reflection rested on her face which would have been altogether out of place there,

had it not, by frequent and sudden expressions of the most brilliant animation, been rendered by contrast positively beautiful. When only ten years of age she wrote the following acrostic upon her own name :—

## THE MOON.

Lo, yonder rides the empress of the night !  
Unveiled she casts around her silver light.  
Cease not fair orb thy slow majestic march,  
Resume again thy seat in yon blue arch.  
E'en now as weary of the tedious way,  
Thy head on ocean's bosom thou dost lay ;  
In his blue waves thou hid'st thy shining face,  
And gloomy darkness takes its vacant place.

But it was not till she was about twelve years of age that her poems exhibited that simplicity and beauty, that morning freshness, which is their chief characteristic.

She was at this time conversant with all the English poets ; she had studied sacred and profane history, and some of the novels of the day were familiar to her ; yet it was only those which in any way depicted life that she enjoyed. Romances, in spite of her imaginative mind, she rejected as being too unreal.

Dramatic works delighted her, and when only eleven years of age, she thus expressed herself about Shakespeare :—

Heaven in compassion to man's erring heart,  
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice a part ;  
Lest we in wonder here should bow before thee,  
Break God's commandment, worship and adore thee !

There was no such thing as monotony in life for Lucretia. Those dull days which sometimes fall heavily even on childhood were unknown to her ; the glowing hues of her own earnest heart gave their bright colouring to all with which she came in contact ; and, whilst even the youthful around her were cumbered about many things, she thus speaks of the visitations of her Muse :—

Enchanted when thy voice I hear,  
I drop each earthly care ;  
I feel as wafted from the world  
To Fancy's realms of air.

Sometimes, even in the midst of her family, she had the power of absorbing herself in her own thoughts, and would occasionally even commit them to paper, standing at the table whilst thus engaged, and altogether heedless of the merry converse carried on around her ; but when she composed her longer and more complicated poems she retired to

her chamber ; and from her mother have a graphic description of her thus engaged ;—"I entered her room," she says, "she was sitting with light enough to discern the clock ; she was tracing ; her *Æolian harp* in the window, touched by a breeze sufficient to rouse the spirit of her harp ; her comb had fallen on the floor ; her long dark ringlets hung in profusion over her neck and shoulders ; her cheeks glowed with animation ; her lips were half unclosed, her fire eye was radiant with the light of thought and beaming with sensibility ; her hand rested on her left hand, while her pen in her right. She looked like the inhabitant of another sphere ; was so wholly absorbed that I could not observe my entrance ; I took her shoulder and read some lines to her *Æolian harp*."

The retiring modesty which was peculiar to her from infancy never changed into a painfully nervous reserve ; a word from a stranger would send a rosy flood of excitement into her cheeks, and the admiration won, again, will, by her very lovely face was pressing to her. Yet she greatly enjoyed a dance, and as she was only fifteen when she went to her first ball, she took the buoyant spirit of the children, the etiquette of the large assembly bounded with the gladness in which there was no heaviness in the mazes of the quadrille. Then she returned to her studies ; and though she had been the brilliant star of the evening, she was ignorant of it ; or if at the time she had been conscious of any admiration, she was soon overpowered with other feelings, as appear in some lines she wrote shortly after a festive party, to another star than her own sweet face, even the star of

There shone a gem in England's crown  
Bright as yon star ;  
Oppression marked it with a frown,  
He sent his darkest spirit down  
To quench the light that round it shone  
Blazing afar !

But Independence met the foe,  
And laid the swift-winged demon low.  
A second messenger was sent,

Dark as the night ;  
On his dire errand swift he went ;  
But Valour's bow was truly bent,  
Justice her keenest arrow lent,

And sped its flight :  
Then fell the impious wretch, and Dea  
Approached to take his withering breath

Valour then took with hasty hand  
The gem of light ;

to seek some other land,  
 To escape Oppression's hand,  
 How there was some other strand  
 More bright:  
 How swept the fields of air,  
 And a country rich and fair.

Its breast the star he placed,  
 The star of liberty;  
 And more bright the meteor blazed,  
 As planets stood amazed,  
 Gazed mortals, wondering, gazed,  
 Looking on fearfully:  
 How shines brightly to this day  
 The calm breast America!

It was written by a mere school-child! If an absence of art visible in her effusions at this is more than compensated for by genuine inspiration which permeates them. At a time when other girls were in the nursery, conning Goldsmith's or pouring over Magnall's questions, she had made acquaintance with the idea of liberty, and was praising it with valour. There is a care with regard to metre, a impulsiveness of feeling in her poems, but the stream of thought is beautiful simplicity; and if, in form and style, it sometimes oversteps the boundaries of correct writing, of these irregularities we are indebted to own that the name of the Genius.

The birth of an infant sister was at first a great source of delight to her. The influence of this love is evident in her lays. It infused into her a gentle tenderness, a quiet enthusiasm, earnest and truthful. Never was Lucretia happier when the baby MARGARET was committed to her care; and with her sitting on her knee, as she sat by her mother's bedside, she thus wrote:—

How can her anchor lend amidst the storm,  
 How can the tempest rear her angel form;  
 O Benevolence, whose words are peace,  
 How can the whirlwind softly whisper cease!

When she was about fifteen she was sent to the Troy seminary, where she occupied herself diligently to prepare herself for a profession, that her health was maintained by the exertion. To her excited mind the dread of failure at a time was most harassing. She grew pale and her smile faded, but she persevered to the last. Between the two and four now "morning," she says, in a letter to her mother, "till the dreaded day is over, I in the midst of all this anxiety playfully writes:—

One has a headache, one a cold,  
 One has her neck in flannel rolled;  
 Ask the complaint, and you are told  
 Next week's examination.  
 One frets, and scolds, and laughs, and cries;  
 Another hopes, desponds, and sighs;  
 Ask but the cause, and each replies  
 Next week's examination.  
 One bans her books, then grasps them tight,  
 And studies morning, noon, and night,  
 As though she took some strange delight  
 In these examinations:  
 The books are marked, defaced, and thumbed,  
 The brains with midnight tasks benumbed;  
 Still all in that account is summed,  
 Next week's examination.

Her fragile frame was scarcely equal to the excitement in which she was now continually enveloped. "To-morrow evening," she writes, "is the time fixed for my entrée upon the field of action, I hope I shall not disgrace myself." "I was so frightened," she says, in a letter to her mother, after the dreaded event was over; "but although my face glowed and my voice trembled, I did manage to get through, for I knew my lessons."

During the spring vacation she returned home, and was the same affectionate creature as ever, full of sweet fancies and gentle thoughts, but delicate as the frailest flower of spring. She was more reserved than ever, and of the admiration which forced itself upon her notice, in presents of bouquets from some gentlemen, and honeyed words of softest tone from others, she spoke gratefully but carelessly.

Once after some very marked attention she observed to her mother with a mingled look of gravity and mirth, that she must never be married, having devoted herself to the Muses, and then with that sort of innate perception which is the gift of genius, she wrote a short poem called "Woman's Love." A few lines will reveal its nature:—

Hers was a gentle passion,—quiet, deep,  
 As a woman's love *should* be;  
 All tenderness and silence,—only known  
 By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,  
 Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts;  
 A sigh scarce heard—a blush scarce visible—  
 Alone can give it utterance. Love is  
 A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,  
 When felt as woman only *can* feel!  
 Pure as the snow-fall when its latest shower  
 Sinks on spring flowers; deep as a cave-locked  
 fountain;  
 And changeless as the cypress green leaves,  
 And like them, sad.

But her anxious father, who was a physician, could no longer be deceived. The hectic flush deepened on her cheeks, the poetic fire gleamed more brightly in

her eyes, and beautiful as a poet's imagining was his fair young daughter. Dr. Davidson knew that consumption often wore a robe so beautiful, that it is difficult to believe it enfolds a victim marked for death.

An insensible melancholy now mingled with the spirit of her song, which was more felt than heard, like the summer rain which has fallen so noiselessly, that we only perceive where it has been by the moistened grass. Notwithstanding this sadness there was the same freshness in her writings. How sparkling are the following lines:—

I have seen the fair spring, I have heard her  
sweet song,  
As she passed in her lightness and freshness  
along;  
The blue main rolled deeper, the moss-croft  
looked bright,  
As she breathed o'er the regions of darkness  
and night!

And yet it was undoubtedly in a great measure youth, and youth invested with an extraordinary loveliness, which in its relationship to her writings caused many to read them with delight. Whilst we own that there is poetry in the hastily written sonnet, and fully appreciate the tenderness of feeling, that genuine sunlight which ever irradiates all on which it falls, we must confess, that if a plain-looking woman with the maturity of thirty years on her brow had been the author of some of Lucretia's compositions, we should have felt but little interest in them. It is the bud thus unexpectedly unfolding which causes us to stop and say, how beautiful! We remember a rose-tree at our childhood's home; it was early spring-time, when the playful breezes had not yet received their gifts of balm; it was the time of the new leaf, and crisply rolled bud; all at once a rose unfolded, it was alone, and we prized it; its appearance was unexpected, and we gave it a cordial welcome; summer was not there to breathe on it her warm caress, and we pitied the blossom, that by premature expansion had as it were unconsciously wooed danger, and whilst we pitied we loved it more. If the zephyrs playing around that flower could have moulded themselves into language they would have breathed Lucretia's name.

For the benefit of her health she was sent to another school at Albany. She went to the theatre, and expressed her feelings about the drama with all the

impetuosity of youthful delight. But disease was making sure though silent progress. She lost all appetite, debility increased, and with it an intense yearning for home. To her mother she at length returned, and the atmosphere of love seemed, for a time, to reanimate her sinking frame. Whilst at school she composed "Amir Khan," the longest of her poems. There is a healthful energy pervading the whole of this production, which proves that its author was but at the commencement of her course; there is irregularity but not monotony; and we feel as we read that the very melancholy there is not the shadow of evening, but the twilight of the morning. A placid beauty is discoverable in some passages which makes us forget that their author had only seen some fourteen summers:—

The lake is calm, the sun is low,  
The whippoorwill is chanting slow,  
And scarce a leaf through the forest is seen,  
To wave in the breeze its rich mantle of green;  
Fit emblem of a guileless mind,  
The glassy waters calmly lie,  
Unruffled by a breath of wind,  
Which o'er its shining breast may sigh!  
The shadow of the forest there  
Upon its bosom soft may rest;  
The eagle heights which tower in air  
May cast their dark shades o'er its breast!

And even as she wrote deeper hues than those which early life gives were stealing over her, and though none would say so, all felt that the shadows of the valley of death were gathering over her. From a father's watchful care and a mother's earnest love she gradually melted away, growing in her decline, if possible, more dutiful and affectionate.

Her love of the beautiful increased, and then, whilst trembling at its own excess, breathed itself forth in varied numbers of touching and melancholy song. There was a tenderness in her manner as she embraced her infant sister, strangely contrasting with the playful glee in which a few months before she had gambolled with her little plaything, and her sorrowful mother could interpret its meaning—"we must soon part." Personifying death in one of her poems at this time, she thus expresses herself:—

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth;  
But I sweep them all to their home in the grave,  
I stoop not to pity, I care not to save!

Her mind, as if conscious of its own short destiny on earth, rapidly developed.

lyph-like and beautiful girl in  
a trusting innocence of child-  
seemed mysteriously to obtain a  
dige of human nature; and we  
to find her Muse fraught with  
perience of a world-beaten man.

was sin's own son, and all that e'er  
above may hate or mortals fear;  
was a fascination in his eye  
those who felt might seek in vain to fly;  
was the blasting glance of mockery there;  
was a calm contemptuous biting sneer  
ar on his lip which made men fear;  
aring, shun him, as a bird will shun  
d bait, though glittering in the sun;  
ll the mask of friendship he could wear,  
dle,—the warm professions all were there;  
n who trusts to these alone beware,  
ing devil may be crouching there!"

was loth to leave this glad world,  
r faith was stedfast to the end,  
e faded as the star that "hides  
n heaven's own light." In her  
nguage we may say:—

is a being formed to love and bless,  
wish Nature's richest loveliness;  
have often seen in Fancy's eye,  
all too bright for dull mortality;  
en them in the visions of the night,  
nly seen them when enough of light  
m distinctness gave them to my gaze  
ns of other worlds or brighter days!

MARGARET's short life can be but a  
and brief record of love and  
and death. She was only two  
ld when her sister Lucretia died,  
e mourned her loss; for though  
was not altogether intelligible to  
fant mind, she perceived "the  
ft void, the missing smile," and  
ort time there was an expression  
ness on her baby lips which  
ed the attention of strangers.  
is soon passed away, and Mar-  
became noted for the elasticity  
oyancy of her step; indeed, she  
re very embodiment of glee in  
her's house. That she still kept  
ious thoughts, deep in her little  
tender memories of Lucretia, is  
t from the following circumstance:  
evening, when scarcely five years  
, Margaret bounded into the  
g-room, where her mother was  
sing with a lady. "Whither are  
ying now, Margaret?" said the  
"To heaven," replied the  
pointing upwards, "to meet my  
Lucretia, when I get my new  
' "Your new wings," said the  
when will you get them?" "Oh,  
son," exclaimed the child, "and  
shall fly." For a moment a star-  
adiance of holy thought, far be-

yond her infant years, beamed in her  
dark eyes; she seemed as if in commu-  
nion with more perfected natures than  
ours, and then again she became the  
playful child. Only her most trivial  
recreations were ever pursued with an  
earnestness seldom attaching itself to  
those thoughtless years. Before she  
was eleven she wrote some lines to her  
sister's memory.

Her education was carried on under  
a tender mother's care, for Margaret  
was so delicate that her parents feared  
to send her to school. During those  
happy mornings she generally reclined  
on the sofa in her mother's boudoir, or  
sat by her side at the fire, imbibing  
knowledge with an eagerness which  
would not be repressed; and during the  
afternoons she would wander on the  
banks of her own dear river, some-  
times playing with wild flowers, and  
unconsciously as she did so expressing  
herself in metre. Once, during a sudden  
thunderstorm, she ran in extreme terror  
to her mother, and throwing herself on  
that dear parent's bosom, gained cou-  
rage from that sanctuary to turn round  
and look on the tempest. In sudden  
inspiration she exclaimed:—

The lightning plays along the sky,  
The thunder rolls and bursts from high;  
Jehovah's voice amid the storm  
I hear—methinks I see His form;  
As, rising on the clouds of even,  
He spreads His glory over heaven!

There was no doubt that Margaret  
was following in Lucretia's steps. She  
had the same vivid fancy and poetical  
imagination. She revelled in fictitious  
narrative, often ingeniously wrought  
from passing events, and her childish  
tales, composed extemporaneously for  
the amusement of her young friends,  
called forth the admiration of those  
qualified to judge of their merit.

With the development of her mind  
her delicacy of health became propor-  
tionably apparent. As the brightness  
of intellect increasingly irradiated her  
face, there was blended with it that in-  
definable expression which carried con-  
viction to every discerning mind that  
a spirit like hers could not long remain  
on earth. Her parents had their dark  
forebodings of her fate, but they did not  
reveal their fears to each other, each  
dreading that, in utterance, they might  
attain a greater degree of certainty.  
She, too, by increasing weakness, was  
reminded of her sister's early summons

to the grave, and felt that she perhaps held life by as frail a tenure; and though, in accordance with the sanguine nature of youth, she hoped even against hope, her laughter mellowed into sadness, and her smile was so characterised by melancholy that it was sometimes as expressive of sorrow as her tears. Her affection for her mother was of that earnest nature which is woven of genius as well as love. Sometimes, when at this dear parent's side, Margaret forgot the graver thoughts with which she communed; and then her merry laughter, thrilling joyously through the room, would seem to rebuke her mother's fears.

Margaret was fond of history, yet she prized it more as affording food for poetry than as amusement. Of Addison she spoke with love, of Shakspeare with enthusiasm. She studied Blair, Paley, and other writers of equal note, and she made no inconsiderable progress in Greek and Latin. At a very early age she was influenced by religious thoughts, and felt that, though she might hide her faults from man, every secret motive lay open to her God. As she approached the fairy barrier which separates the child from the woman, her poems assumed a deeper character, and displayed that insight into human nature which, by a spirit like hers, is received as the gift, not of experience, but inspiration.

About this time a little change was recommended as beneficial for Margaret, and she accompanied her mother to New York, where she spent some months. She was all animation, the delight of young friends, composing dramas which were acted in the drawing-room, and pursuing poetry with that fervour of excitement which became dangerous to one so delicately constituted. Gradually the melancholy expression of her face became more visible than ever; yet her Muse was perhaps at this time in the plenitude of its power.

In one of her longer poems, Erstein is the encouraging lover, and thus addresses himself to Leonore:—

"Leonore," said Erstein, "Leonore, behold,  
How each cloud from the glance of the morning hath  
rolled;  
How the storm of the midnight has glided away,  
And no traces are left of its passage to-day,  
Save a pensive hue which is stealing o'er,  
And making all Nature more fair than before.  
The whispering gale that is floating past,  
Is all that remains of the howling blast;  
And the sparkling waves of yon tiny river  
Rush onward more swiftly and gaily than ever;

While the emerald turf on the graceful hill  
Outrivals in splendour the dew-dripping rill;  
And the trees round its base with their broad  
clings,

Like the diamond crown of a giant king.  
'Tis a beautiful type of our fate, Leonore,  
For our storm of misfortune has gilded o'er,  
And the joyous morning of hope and love  
Is dawning our radiant pathway above;  
And life shall flow on with its dancing stream,  
And murmur, and sparkle with music and gle  
And the glittering dew-drops alone shall last,  
To remind our souls of the storms that have p

Over her short prose tale of "Mela is breathed the fragrance of p thought; and though the style is geous, and betrays a lack of lite discipline, there is something plea in its very freedom. Many sweet pi she addressed to her mother, too sacr connected with home to be publis but now anxiety began to mi with her melancholy. There w tremulousness in her manner w seemed to say that hope had gr weary in her youthful heart; after Muse had been more than usually si she thus addressed herself to the so tenderly loved:—

But mother, now a shade hath passed  
Athwart my brightest visions here;  
A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapped  
The remnant of my brief career;  
No song, no echo can I win,  
The sparkling fount has died within!

And then days of weariness nights of pain were appointed to garet, for death was struggling life and love. Childlike and obed to the last the beautiful young suf lay on the couch of languishing, s ding those parting looks of tender on her mother which the heart conceive, but which the pen ca describe.

She died in her mother's embrace that dear bosom which had so c been her pillow, giving token, almo the last, by looks of unutterable lov that earnest affection which hac strongly characterised her through The small graveyard at the little lage of Saugatun is the resting-p of this lovely and gifted girl. But memory has not passed away, for—i Fame—Love keeps its vigil over slumbers, and there are homes America where the tear sparkles in eye when any mention is made Margaret Davidson.

This lovely bud so young, so fair,  
Called hence by early doom,  
Just came to show how sweet a flower  
In Paradise could bloom.

## MOHAMMED.

"THE appearance of Mohammed and the conquests of his disciples present an epoch in the history of Asia still more important and more definite than the subversion of the Roman Empire in Europe."

Such is the testimony of no less discerning a man than Hallam, concerning the effects produced on the state of mankind by the life and doctrines of Mohammed. With the reader's consent, then, we shall attempt to trace the extraordinary career, and to illustrate the no less extraordinary character and genius of this man, who, having commenced life as a factor, ended it as a prophet, priest, lawgiver, conqueror, and king.

MOHAMMED was born A.D. 569, in the little city of Mecca, in Arabia, situated forty miles to the east from the Red Sea, embosomed in a fertile valley a mile in breadth and two in length, amid barren and bleak mountains. From time immemorial—some say from Adam, others from Abraham and Ishmael—this spot had been considered sacred. Here was the temple of the Caaba, towards which pilgrims resorted from all parts of Arabia, and which for four months in the year, the months of pilgrimage, was held secure from hostile incursions and internal feuds. Foes were friends when they entered the holy enclosure of the Caaba. Tradition accounts for the origin of this sanctity. Adam and Eve, expelled from Paradise, after wandering separately over the earth for two hundred years, met at this spot. The fountain of Zem-Zem at the Caaba, also, was the identical spring opened miraculously for the refreshment of Hagar and Ishmael when thrust out by Sarah. The first shrine built here was built by the hands of Abraham and Ishmael—and Ishmael was recognised as the distinguished progenitor of the Arabians. Towards this shrine all future generations turned when in the act of prayer, and to it they made their pilgrimages.\*

The custody of the Caaba was always entrusted to the most honourable families of Mecca, and it so happened at this time that these were found among the ancestors of Mohammed. Haschem,

a distinguished member of the tribe of Koreish, the great-grandfather of the prophet, had been made custos and priest of the Caaba, and his son, Abd al Motalleb, succeeded him in office, and inherited his many virtues—for be it known that Haschem was a man of enterprise and probity, and had projected caravans to Yemen and Syria, to the great wealth and glory of his native city. Abd al Motalleb had many sons—Abu Taleb, Abu Lahab, Abbas, Hamsa, and Abdallah; the last of whom, having married Amina, a distant relative of the same honoured tribe, became the father of Mohammed. Amina was considered the most fortunate among women, for so great was the comeliness, so charming the grace, of Abdallah, that on the night of his nuptials two hundred virgins of the tribe of Koreish died of "broken hearts!"

Mohammed was ushered on the scene as a prophet, according to Arabian notions, ought to be. He was born without maternal pains. A heavenly light, so Abulfeda relates, illumined the whole region. Earth and sky were seized with trembling. The springs of Lake Sawa withdrew their waters; the Royal palace of Persia shook to its foundations; the sacred fire of Zoroaster, which had burned without interruption for a thousand years, suddenly went out; and all the idols in the world toppled to the ground! The demons of the Zodiac were cast, with Eblis their arch-leader, into the depths of the sea, and the new-born child, raising its eyes devoutly to heaven, briskly exclaimed, in very intelligible accents, "There is no God but Allah, and I am His prophet!" It makes no difference to the Arab mind that these tales came into vogue after Mohammed had become illustrious.

Good Abdallah died when the future prophet was in his second month, leaving him an inheritance of five camels, a few sheep, and a female slave. Amina, owing to failing health, was obliged to seek for a nurse to foster her babe, and found one in a Bedouin shepherdess in the hill country, of the tribe of the Beni Saad, by name Halema. This favoured woman was not long in discovering that she had no

\* Sale, Prelim. Disc. to Al Korân, Sect. 1. Abulfarag. p. 160.



ordinary child to nurture. On the journey to her mountain home, the mule which conveyed the infant informed her, in human speech, that he bore on his back the greatest of prophets. Sheep flocks saluted, bowing to him as they passed. As he lay in his cradle the moon stooped to do him obeisance. Halema's springs were never dry—her pastures were always green—her cattle increased beyond all precedent, and peace blessed her dwelling. The angel Gabriel visited the child while at play in the fields, opened his breast, took out his heart, and pressed from it the black drops of original sin, filling it with faith, knowledge, and the gift of prophecy, and then returned it to its proper place—which piece of adventurous surgery caused Halema much anxiety. On the same occasion was stamped between his shoulders the seal of prophecy, of the size of a pigeon's egg; which, however, blaspheming infidels have declared to have been nothing more distinguished than a common wart. In fine, Halema was fairly frightened at these prodigies, and to relieve herself from too familiar contact with the supernatural, she returned the prophet-child to his mother.

Amina dying when he was six years old, Mohammed was placed under the guardianship of his grandfather, Abd al Motaleb, at whose death he was transferred to the care of his uncle Abu Taleb, who had now become invested with the sacerdotal dignity of custos of the Caaba. Thus was Mohammed's youth spent in the precincts of the most sacred of temples, and under the immediate tuition of its priests. Of school-days and studies we read nothing; but of a certain kind of education, the education of exciting circumstances, much. This temple of the Caaba, with its solemnities, its pilgrim offerings, its ablutions, its holy legends, was one good seminary for the lad. True, it had degenerated into a heathen temple, and besotted superstition had overlaid the faith of Abraham; still were there not wanting potent influences to penetrate his sensitive mind with a religious awe, and his active imagination was nourished to a degree of vigour that was marvellous in reference to the spiritual world. Another school, which soon led to a third, was the market-place of Mecca. From the time of Haschem, Mecca had be-

come the meeting place of two great lines of merchant caravans—one from Yemen in the south, and one from Arabia Petræa and Syria in the north. Great was the wonderment of the youth when the caravans arrived, laden with the tales of the desert and of far lands, no less than with the treasures of north and south. There was a world, then, far beyond the mountains and beyond the desert, and a world of daring deed and fairy scene! His heart yearned after it! His imagination fed and thrived on those strange legends—those relations of fierce encounters with the flying Bedouin—those glowing descriptions of oceans of unmeasured sands, and of regions beyond—of meads and rivers, groves and flowers, frankincense and myrrh. Could he not see it! His twelfth year had arrived. Abu Taleb was mounting his favourite camel, that was to carry him across stony Arabia for the sacred land of Syria, when the lad's curiosity had reached its highest tension, and he cried out to his uncle, imploring that he should also be permitted to go. Abu Taleb consented; and now he entered upon his third school—the school of *travel*. Their route lay through the mountainous regions of Hedjar, teeming with enchantment, sorcery, and song. Every cave was the haunt, every hill was the stronghold, of some genii, good or evil. Mohammed listened believingly—things of this sort he seems never to have questioned—and trembled with marvel and fear.

Having been so carefully trained in the religion of the Sabeans, which was that of the Caaba, whose most frequent objects of adoration were the heavenly bodies,\* he was by education a polytheist. Of Christianity he had, in all probability, heard much, for the kingdom of Yemen was a Christian kingdom, and there were Christians then mixing with all the Arabian tribes. But the Christianity he heard of, or saw, was grossly corrupt—a mere caricature. It is said that he now came in contact with a Christian who exerted a powerful influence over him. Reaching Syria, the caravan came to Bozra, in the tribe of Manasseh, a town now inhabited by Nestorian Christians—a sect, by the way, which has existed in remarkable purity up to our own day. The Nestorians were strenuous foes to idol wor-

\* Vide Sale's Prelim. Disc. to Al Korân, Sect. 1.

all its forms—even the adoration of images, a practice already common amongst the sects of Arabia, being prohibited. One of their elders, as gone by the name of Sergius, took a deep interest in Mohammed, and frequent intimate converse with him and it is not too much to conclude the prophet's iconoclastic tendencies and their foundations laid in the past were then received. Ever afterwards increased a decided reverence for him, saying, "Joy be to the people of the angels of the kind God who spread their wings over them!" Mohammed was now a frequent companion of the caravan. His business and probity were remarked, and his services were sought by the merchants as a factor, or, as we should now call it, commission agent, in which capacity he always acted with shrewdness and success. When our factor was twenty-five years of age his fame as a broker and seller came to the ears of a rich, a wealthy widow, owner of a caravan. Her second husband had died amidst of successful business, and she now stood in need of a person competent to manage the affairs of the caravan: she was also of the tribe of Ishmael. Mohammed gladly received the appointment—an appointment which led to another and a more material one. Cadijah, no doubt, sensible woman she was, valued business talents; Arabian writers invest Mohammed with a celestial quality, as he was at this time, a comeliness supernal, and a manliness of bearing which arrested every eye. The widow's heart felt agitated, and she fell upon maturing a plan. "Why shouldst thou not marry, oh Mohammed?" her trusty slave Maisara to him said. "I have not the means," said the rovident factor. "Well, but if a rich dame should offer thee her hand, also, who is of good appearance and of high birth." "And who is she?" said the factor, who was wary in his bargains. "Cadijah!" "How is that possible?" "I will manage it." An interview took place, and Mohammed, like a true son of commerce, lost no time in striking a bargain, and making widow, caravan, and household, all his own. The nuptial feast arrived—a grand feast was provided for Cadijah—speeches, sparkling with talent and eloquence, were made by Abu Talib and by Waraka, a learned kinsman of the bride's—her nearer relatives,

under the effects of the freely flowing wine, became more reconciled to the match. Mohammed killed a camel to spread the table of the poor—female slaves sang and danced to sound of timbrel, and all was joy and gladness within and without. Abu Taleb paid down for his nephew bridesman a dowry of gold equal to twenty camels. Halema, the old shepherdess nurse, had a flock of forty sheep to take home to her valley to astonish her neighbours, and give milk and clothing to her household.

Years passed on, Mohammed travelling, buying, and selling, as usual. But by degrees it was observed that his taste for commerce abated, and that his bias for reverie and religious speculation increased. He said odd things, and had singular turns and looks. He appeared satisfied with what wealth he had, and was less adventurous and toilsome; his bargains became less productive; and the integrity and truth he once displayed in his transactions took the form of indifference to gain and a pervading benevolence towards his fellow-creatures. He evidently shows a new phase of life.

Two steps have now been gained by us towards reconnoitring with accuracy the career of Mohammed. We have seen him reared in close proximity to a temple; and that he had, by travel, frequent means of converse with foreign ideas and foreign forms of faith. But a third circumstance must not be lost sight of—it is one of special import towards a true analysis of his mental and prophetic development—of course, always remembering his peculiar excitability of temperament, and his imagination ever on the wing—viz., the character and conflicts of those religious systems which obtained at this time in Arabia and countries adjacent. George Sale has in nothing displayed his learning and acumen more effectually than in his analysis of the religious creeds of the East, just prior to the dawn of Mohammedanism.\* To this subject we shall be obliged, by-and-by, briefly to recur.

It may now be presumed, that already the idea of becoming a prophet had gained a firm footing in his mind. He looked upon himself as set apart for some great undertaking in the way of reforming the creed of his tribe. Equally certain is it that he was serious and earnest. At this stage he played no

part—he was no charlatan. Not having yet assumed the title of prophet he stood in less need of pretence and art. Whatever of the fantastic and whimsical appeared in him seemed yet free from artificiality. With much that was odd, men still deemed him a person of simplicity. He was affectionate, though taciturn, and occasionally subject to bursts of impassioned and mystic utterance. It was in the nature of things that, in that age and country, such a man should become a recluse, and then who could save him from becoming a fanatic? The deserts of Arabia had their anchorites; the rocks of Syria and Egypt had their eremites; who thought that in distant and silent meditations, and ascetic self-inflictions consisted the signs and means of superior godliness. Mohammed fell into the current of this dismal ceremonialism. He found a cavern on Mount Hara, about three leagues from Mecca, suitable, as he conceived from its damp atmosphere, general discomfort and silence, to subjugate the flesh and enkindle the flame of the spirit. Here he spent days and nights together in thought and devotion, to the great detriment of his caravan affairs, and to the great peril of his mental equilibrium. The natural sequence in mental malady ensued. Meditation in excess led to morbid aimless musing, this to reverie, reverie to ecstasy, ecstasy to frenzy and trance. This is the law of mind, as in the animal frame one degree of derangement leads on to another, that to another, and so on, and on, and on to death. We have in the man Mohammed Ibn Abdallah, and the circumstances, all that is requisite to hatch a prophet. Vehement and visionary by nature, exhausted by fast and vigil, then preternaturally excited by intense meditation on solemn themes, it was impossible but he must give way to abnormal emotions, religious madness, or frenzy.

The month of Ramadhan was the holy month of the Arabs—now the warrior became a pilgrim, and all became for the nonce religious. This month Mohammed was in the habit of passing in the cavern of Mount Hara. His trances were frequent. For six months together, according to one historian, his dreams in a constant stream bore on the subjects of his waking thoughts. He often lay on the ground as one dead—all sensibility having apparently been dislodged. (Swedenborg would probably explain

this by his theory of respiration—working of thought inwardly, to the exclusion of all intercourse with sensu objects.) None, not even Cadijah, was greatly distressed at his condition could ascertain the cause—he evaded all questions with reluctant and mysterious responses. True Moslems have since discovered that all this was preliminary working of the spirit prophecy, which at last broke out in full splendour and unconstrained relation.

We are no apologists for Mohammed but we do say that it is far from easy for the English mind, in this age of commonplace and routine, to form a candid and discriminating view of his position. He lived in an age when laws of society imposed no restraint upon extravagance—in a country where the untempered, high, and deep passions of the soul shot forth unbridled and impeded. Everything existed around him in force and excess—except, in prudence and learning. Wide solitude—burning suns—fierce, lawless conflicts—wild coruscations of love and hate—horror and death, and maddening—the emotional in man running untamed by the reasoning and reflective. We moderns in this northern clime can with difficulty calculate accurately respecting those ancient and Eastern times. Art and interest, smooth dissimulation and artificial rule, now dam the springs of violent and spontaneous action. The law of routine governs. The vast, the awful, the marvellous, of the past, are of other lands. Englishmen of the nineteenth century are the poorest critics of the egregious and accustomed, whether in the form of malignity, or of self-sacrificing benevolence, chivalric gallantry, or martial zeal. Perfection of civil government precludes popular commotions, and hard work—perhaps profitably—like stable horses, or the drilled of rank and file. So it comes to pass that we do with extremes, and run in the uniform safe channel of moderation. The Catholic fasts with us in Lent, but it is delicious dishes of fish. The Quakers protest against indulgence in raiment by serenely wrapping his frame in superfine drab. We measure man's orthodoxy by the cut of his coat and consign him to the uncovenanted mercies if he cannot without the fair lisp articulate our Shibboleth. I

we understand the time or pret of Mohammed? We cannot. here he lived, fasted off their id wore leathern girdles\* which against their bones. He also to surpass them all. They were and anchorites only—he was a

Not behind in fasts and vigils, d outrun them by direct inter-through dreams or otherwise, invisible world!

ad attained his fortieth year e received his full commission to e a religious reform.† The month adhan had come, and he was ed in his cavern on Mount Hara, the night of Al Kader (or the decree) he heard a voice calling name. He uncovered his head, eyes were immediately dazzled ood of overpowering splendour. into a swoon: when recovering, pening his eyes, he beheld an human form displaying a silken n which was something written. " said the angel. "I know not read,"‡ answered Mohammed.

in the name of the Lord, who ted all things, who created man lot of blood. Read, in the name most High, who teaches man the the pen; who sheds on his soul of knowledge, and teaches him fore he knew not." Mohammed felt an internal illumination, d the mysterious document right . "Oh, Mohammed!" said the thou of a verity art the prophet and I am His angel Gabriel."

ammed hastened to his wife in ning, dubious whether this had rue occurrence or a dream; but , feeling that her spouse was of any distinction, and seeing ow that commerce was not his once confirmed him that it was sit from Gabriel, and that he was nquestionably the prophet of "Joyful tidings dost thou said she. "By him in whose the soul of Cadijah, I will

henceforth regard thee as the prophet of our nation."\* She hastened to her cousin Waraka, who was a kind of oracle in her house, and a man of some learning, who immediately exclaimed, "By him in whose hand is the soul of Waraka, thou speakest true, oh Cadijah! The angel who has appeared to thy husband is the same who, in the days of old"—here Waraka's learning comes out—"was sent to Moses, the son of Amram. His annunciation is true. Thy husband is indeed a prophet."

Dean Prideaux, the learned author of the "Connection," puts this vision down as a piece of gross and knowing imposture, and concludes from this and his subsequent career—which subsequent career, indeed, goes far towards some such conclusion—that Mohammed was throughout a cunning deceiver. But the erudite and candid Sale is more discriminating, and argues the possibility of sincerity combined with illusion. Dr. Gustav Weil, in his "Mohammed der Prophet," says that he was, from the testimonies of Moslems themselves, subject to attacks of epilepsy of an extraordinary character. Cadijah once feared that he was possessed of evil spirits, and proposed the aid of a conjuror to exorcise them; but Mohammed would not hear of such a thing, nor would he allow strangers to hear of his paroxysms.

Cadijah and Waraka gave a testimony which sweetly agreed with Mohammed's bias. He was willing to believe them; and at once set to work to make converts. But such was the desperate character of his enterprise—to attempt the overthrow of the Caaba, the wealth and glory of the house of Haschem and of Mecca, and to denounce the popular religion—that he was obliged to use great caution. He adopted the right line of policy in beginning with his own household. Cadijah was safe, so was Waraka. The next convert was Zeid, his faithful and attached slave.

At the end of three years secret labours he had secured about forty converts, mostly youths and slaves. His uncle, Abu Lahab, bitterly opposed him. Another and a still more formidable and long-continuing enemy was Abu Sofian, the head of another branch of the tribe of Koreish, who envied the prosperity of

*Zona pellicea ad macerationem procuran-*

reformation of the old religion was all that he emulated is quite evident. Vide Sale's sc. to Al Korân, Sect. 2. Also Al Korân, † *passim*.

rân, Chap. VII. "God said, I will . . . n good to those who . . . follow the illiterate prophet."

h, the reader says, was a novel kind of the truth of the vision. She was not, at e-witness.

\* Probably meaning that he should hold similar rank among the Koreishites to that which Zoroaster or Mairi held among the Persians, or Moses among the Jews.

the house of Haschem. These influential men taunted and scoffed, excited the populace, and disturbed the meetings of the faithful. Mohammed became depressed and anxious; but to meet the extremity he was favoured with a new revelation. He was to "arise and preach." The sons of Haschem were invited to meet him on the hill Safa. Abu Lahab came, scoffed and defied. Mohammed denounced and cursed him, predicted that Jehennam was his doomed place, and plainly told him that his prating wife, Omm Jemil, would light the fire. The assembly broke up in confusion. Another meeting of his relatives was assembled in his own house. "Oh, children of Abd al Motaleb!" he exclaimed, "to you of all men has Allah vouchsafed these most precious gifts. In his name I offer you the blessings of this world, and of endless joys hereafter. Who will be my brother, my lieutenant, my vizier?" There was silence; some amazement; a few smiled in derision. At length his cousin Ali, the spirited son of Abu Taleb, now a mere stripling, but one day to play a foremost part in the cause of Islam, stood up, and offered his adherence. Mohammed, warmly embracing the youth, exclaimed with authority, "Behold my brother, my vizier, my vicegerent; let all listen to his words and obey him!"

This new accession to his ranks gave the prophet increased boldness. He preached openly; but to avoid personal insult and peril generally retired to the hills, and there amid the wide and varied scenes of nature, and under the vast expanse of heaven, appealing to the sun, moon, and planets that they were not gods, he argued, frowned, and stormed against the ridiculous and debasing idolatry of his countrymen. His retirements to the cave of Mount Hara continued to be frequent, for the purpose, as he said, of receiving revelations from the angel Gabriel, who at times descended to hold converse with him there. These formed at last the Koran, the Bible of Mohammedans.\*

And now let it be asked, What was

the precise work which Mohammed proposed to effect, and what were the circumstances which might seem to call for the appearance of a new teacher? We have no hesitation in saying, that although the Christian religion was by name known in his day, there was a crying demand for some such reformation as Mohammed seems at first to have contemplated; and if he had not allowed the blandishments of growing power to carry away a nature so imaginative, impulsive, ambitious, and sensual, his appearance might have proved a mighty boon to Arabia. There were about those regions three or four systems of religion contending for predominance, and all them almost equally open to exception. The religion of Persia was that of the fire-worshippers, that of Zoroaster in a mutilated and corrupted form. The Christianity that existed in Persia was unworthy of the name, being a monstrous admixture of Manichæanism with the old Magian creed. Christianity in Syria, Egypt, and parts of Arabia, such as Yemen, was a miserable caricature, a mere compound of Neo-Platonism and the faith of the Apostles. The schools of Alexandria had spread their influence over the East, and had become the self-constituted exponents of Christianity. The mysticism they encouraged, prominently displayed so early as the time of Origen, coupled with the spirit of monkery which so lamentably cursed the East, and the tenfold heresies of every grade of monstrosity which ignorance and pride had given birth to, had so far interfered with the simplicity of Christian doctrine, that Mohammed might well say he could, at all events, invent something better than *that*. The worship of saints and images, as shown by Boulainvilliers,\* had reached such a pitch as almost to surpass the subsequent unspeakable absurdities of Romanism. Arabia itself had been the chief theatre of the heresies of Ebion, the Nazareans, and Collyridians, the last of which worshipped the Virgin Mary as God, offering to her a twisted cake as sacrifice, called *collyris*, whence their name.†

Then what had he in his own immediate vicinity of Mecca? The faith of Abraham, from whom through Ishmael the Arabians boasted their descent, had

\* Al Korân means "the reading" or "lecture." It existed during the lifetime of Mohammed, in a fragmentary form, written on palm leaves and pieces of skin. About two years after his decease, owing to the many interpolations creeping in, and apocryphal additions, Abu Beker, his successor in the Caliphate, revised the fragments and collected them into one volume.

\* La Vie de Moham., p. 219, et seq.  
† Epiphani. de Hæres. lib. 3.

erated into a gross idolatry. The sun which he saw was not that of the sun, nor that of the Maccabees. It was a creation of Rabbinical conceits, and he fell to and fro continually by commo-  
caused by the appearance of such  
o-Messiahs as Bar Kochab and  
The Caaba, the temple of Mecca,  
temple of idols. The sun, moon,  
stars, and stars were worshipped—  
it was called, it is supposed, the  
religion.\* These celestial ob-  
jects and the innumerable idols, were  
not only worshipped, as is always  
done with idolatry, as the represen-  
tations or manifestations of the various  
gods of the One God recognised  
by the Arabians, but came in process of  
time to occupy the highest place, and to  
receive exclusive homage.

He was from this sottish idolatry that  
Mohammed was resolved to rescue his  
people. The Koran abounds in evi-  
dence to this effect.† And as when he  
went abroad he could see no system  
more absurdity (for of a pure Chris-  
tianity he had no knowledge), he re-  
solved to restore the primitive religion  
of Adam and Abraham—which he might  
infer from the traditions afloat among  
the Arabs, and from what he knew of the  
teachings of Moses—making, however,  
a cardinal doctrine to be the *Unity of*

He resolved to sweep away all  
nominations of polytheism, whether  
untenanted by the image, saint,  
Marian worship of Christians, or  
the Sabeanism of Mecca, or the

or. **سبح**, Saba, or "the Host of Heaven."  
bulfarag, Hist. Dynast.; Sale, Prelim. Disc.

Korân, Chap. V., "Say, Shall we call upon  
besides God, which can neither profit us nor  
[alluding to idols] . . . Call to mind when  
I said to his father Azer [Josh. xxiv. 2, 14],  
do not take images for gods? Verily, I perceive  
you and thy people are in manifest error. And  
ye might overshadow him, he saw a star,  
said, 'This is my Lord.' But when it set,  
'I like not gods which set.' And when he  
saw the moon rising he said, 'This is my Lord;' but  
when it set, he said, 'Verily, if my Lord  
be not, I shall become one of the people who  
say.' And when he saw the sun rising, he  
said, 'This is my Lord: this is the greatest;' but  
when it set, he said, 'Oh, my people! Verily, I am  
that which ye associate with God: I direct  
you unto Him who created the heavens and the  
earth, I am orthodox; and am not one of the  
associates."

Chap. VI. "Verily, my Lord hath directed  
right way, a true religion, the sect of Abra-  
ham orthodox, and he was no idolater. Say,  
my prayers . . . are to God, the Lord of all  
things: he hath no companion. This have I  
commanded. I am the first Moslem [said to  
true believer]. Say, Shall I desire any other  
sides God, since He is the Lord of all things?"  
ibid.

Magianism of Persia. He professed not  
to invent a new religion, but to restore  
the old, the *first* religion—that of Adam,  
Abraham, and Ishmael. This very ser-  
vice, he conceived, had Moses and Jesus  
done. He would do the same.\* In the  
long prophetic train he would be seen  
as one of the most distinguished; nay,  
more—a very natural idea!—he would  
be the *last* in the line—absolutely the  
final prophet! Hence the formula he  
adopted: "*There is no God but Allah,*  
and Mohammed is His prophet."

Now we unhesitatingly maintain that  
this was a clear step in the right di-  
rection. It was a bold thrust through  
the embattled ranks of error to find and  
rescue the first truth in religion, natu-  
ral and revealed. The first member of  
Mohammed's formula was an eternal  
verity—the second was clearly a mis-  
take, to say the least. He gave poly-  
theism and fetichism a severe blow,  
brought the absurdities of a system only  
in name Christianity to a clearer light,  
made (we mean at the outset) the arti-  
cles of faith to be pure and simple, and  
gave religion an eminently *practical*  
character, instead of the dreamy mysti-  
cism which the speculations and super-  
stitions of East and West had generated.  
Let him not be branded, then, as a  
*mere* impostor. Those days and nights  
in the cavern of Mount Hara, let us  
not say they were the vigils of a "de-  
signing rogue." For his gravity, pensive-  
ness, fitful and fierce earnestness, was  
there not an adequate cause? With  
very dim light granted him, could he  
not still see his people grovelling in  
fatal error? And possessed he not a  
truth but very faintly perceived, if per-  
ceived at all, in the whole wide world  
of Arabia—that *there is no god but God?*  
And in view of broaching such a doc-  
trine to a people "mad upon their idols,"  
had he not reason to be anxious and  
grave? And in resolving to *do so*,  
might he not claim some excuse for  
falling upon the conclusion, "*Moham-  
med is His prophet?*"

As he increased in zeal his difficulties  
thickened. The crowd insulted him as

\* Al Korân, Chap. II., "Say, Nay, we follow  
the religion of Abraham, &c. Say, We believe in God,  
and that which hath been sent down unto us, and  
that which hath been sent down to Abraham,  
and Ishmael, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the tribes,  
and that which was delivered unto Moses and Jesus,  
and that which was delivered unto the prophets from  
their Lord. We make no distinction between any  
of them [Emerson, Carlyle, &c., have copied this],  
and to God we are resigned."

he walked the streets, and as he paid his devotions in the Caaba. Amru, a young satirical poet, by-and-by the foremost among his disciples, mercilessly assailed him with ridicule. Apparently serious enquirers demanded of him miracles in proof of the divinity of his mission; but from any attempt of this kind Mohammed carefully shrank, parrying off their questions with the words of the Koran, "What greater miracle could they have than the Koran itself?"—a convenient mode of reasoning in a circle! They would then very logically ask, "Let us then see the miracle of the Koran:" to which the prophet would dexterously reply, by denouncing their presumption, and pathetically bewailing their unbelief. At other times he would excuse himself by appealing to their self-interest, reaching the very acme of the *argumentum ad hominem*, thus: "If I did work miracles, those who disbelieved after that would most undoubtedly perish, and as many in all probability would do so, it is better that I should desist than imperil their souls!" Thus did Benevolence come to the help of Impotency!

By degrees so hostile became the Koreishites of the Caaba that they openly threatened his life. Members of his family were obliged to flee across the Red Sea to Abyssinia. A law was passed, banishing all who should dare to embrace his faith. Another law came forth, prohibiting all intercourse with him and his relatives of the house of Haschem. A short lull in the storm intervened during the month of pilgrimage, for then foes sheathed their swords, and all feuds whatever were forgotten. Mohammed embraced the advantage, and went forth boldly to preach through Mecca. Strangers from afar heard, and some believed.

This year was the "year of mourning." His faithful wife Cadijah, and his noble uncle and protector Abu Taleb, died. Cadijah had been his prudent counsellor and comforter at home; and Abu Taleb, without embracing his faith, had always exerted his influence on his behalf amongst the citizens, especially since his son Ali had become a believer. Having lost these, and threatened by still fiercer persecution, he left Mecca and retired to Thayef, a town seventy miles distant, hoping to make some converts. This step only increased his troubles. A Thayefite said,

"If you are the envoy of God you need no allies; if you are an impostor you are not worthy of an answer." He was obliged to flee Thayef for his life—for which the Thayefites shall one day suffer—and returned to Mecca.

A wonderful event now took place. The prophet seeing that half-measures were of no avail, resolved to astonish the unbelievers by an announcement of unparalleled audacity. In the middle of the night he said Gabriel came and exclaimed, "Awake, thou sleeper!" A white steed of marvellous qualities stood by, which the prophet was commanded to mount. They rose above the mountains, touched on Mount Sinai, skimmed the surface of the earth to Bethlehem, and thence to Jerusalem, where at the temple they halted. Here a ladder of light descended from heaven, along which Gabriel and the prophet (the steed Al Borak left behind) ascended with the speed of lightning till they reached the "first heaven." Here he met Adam and angels in the shape of animals. A cock of wondrous stature was shown him: his crest touched the ceiling, or floor of the second heaven, though five hundred years' journey in height. The duty of this heavenly chanticleer was each morning to salute the ear of Allah with his melodious chant. Reaching the second heaven they found Noah. In the third they saw an angel of such gigantic size that his eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart—he was continually writing in a book, and his name was Azrael, the angel of death. In the fourth heaven was an angel five hundred days' journey in height—rivers ran from his eyes, for, said Gabriel, "He is appointed to weep over the sins of the children of men, and to predict the evils which await them." In the fifth heaven was the avenging angel, hideous and terrific, his eyes glancing lightning, his hand grasping a flaming lance. In the sixth heaven the most notable object was an angel composed half of snow, half of fire. Here also was Moses, who wept tears of sorrow on the approach of the visitors. Mohammed inquired the reason: "Because," said Moses, "I behold a successor who is destined to conduct more of his nation into Paradise than ever I could of the backsliding children of Israel." Next moment they were in the seventh and last heaven, where was "Abraham the orthodox." This place

was transcendently glorious. One of the inhabitants was larger in size than the body of the earth—had seventy thousand heads, each head seventy thousand mouths, each mouth seventy thousand tongues, each tongue spake seventy thousand languages, and all these were incessantly employed in chanting the praises of Allah. All at once Mohammed was carried aloft to the celestial lotus-tree growing on the right of the throne of Allah: its branches extend wider than the distance between the sun and the earth: the angels in numberless hosts repose and rejoice beneath its shade, and birds sport amongst the branches, constantly chanting the sublime verses of the Koran. One of its fruits would be sufficient to satisfy all the creation. Each seed encloses a black-eyed houri, or celestial virgin, to complete the felicity of true believers.

When Gabriel could go no further by reason of the excessive light and glory, Mohammed proceeded without impediment, traversing infinite regions of dazzling space until he came to the very presence of the throne of Allah. The face of the Almighty could not be seen, for it was covered with twenty thousand veils, but the prophet felt the pressure of his hand, received the Divine commission, and many of the doctrines of the Koran.

By the sameladder which brought him up he again descended to the temple at Jerusalem, remounted Al Borak, and was once more at home. The journey was performed with such celerity that Mohammed returned in time to prevent from falling a vase of water which Gabriel had touched with the tip of his wing on their departure! It is said that so monstrous appeared the tale to the people that it greatly endangered his entire cause. But Abu Beker calmed the opposition by roundly vouching for the truth of the story. The satirical Abu Jahl cross-questioned the prophet to his great embarrassment. "Thou hast been to the temple of Jerusalem, prove the truth of thy words by giving a description of it." Mohammed was relieved from the difficulty he felt in answering this man by the angel Gabriel standing invisibly by his side, and holding a complete plan of the temple before his eyes, so that he triumphantly answered the minutest questions!

Once more the sacred month of pilgrimage came round—now the sixth year of the prophet's mission. Pilgrims from Yathreb, or Medina (a city henceforward famous in Moslem history) heard and received the doctrine. On their return home Mohammed sent with them Musab Ibn Omeir, one of his clever disciples, to confirm them in their new faith, and make new converts. Musab succeeded; some influential men in Yathreb were won. Refugees from Mecca arrived and were protected. Soon a company of the Medinese went in a body to invite the prophet to go and settle with them. This he consented to do on one condition. They must enter into solemn compact with him to protect his person, obey implicitly his commands, and abjure idolatry.\* "But should we perish in your cause," said the men of Medina, "what then will be our reward?" "Paradise!" exclaimed the prophet. The men of Medina were satisfied; the compact was formed by solemn oath on the top of the hill Al Akaba; and he selected there and then twelve men whom he called apostles. From this time forth the people of Medina were called Ansarians, or "auxiliaries," while the Moslems of Mecca were Mohadjerins or "fugitives." At the end of the sacred month Mohammed prepared his followers for a general exodus from Mecca. A conspiracy formed for his murder miscarried—Moslems say through a miracle—and in the night, in company with Abu Beker, he escaped to a cave in Mount Thor, where for three days they eluded their pursuers, and on the fourth ventured on their journey. Reaching the village of Koba, two miles from Medina, the prophet's camel knelt down and would not move a step farther, which he interpreted into an auspicious sign. The spot has ever since been held sacred, and is now covered by a mosque. The converts from Medina came out in numbers to welcome his arrival. On Friday (the Moslem Sabbath) the sixteenth day of the month Rabi, he made his public entrance into Medina. Boreida Ibn al Hoseib, a distinguished resident, with seventy horsemen, accompanied him as a guard of honour; a canopy of palm-leaves was held over his head. "Prophet of God!" exclaimed Boreida, observing

\* Sale, Prelim. Disc. Sect. 2; Al Korân, Chap. LX.



that no colours were flying, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard;" and so saying he untied his turban, unfurled it on the point of his lance, and bore it aloft before the gratified prophet.

This is the famous *Hegira*, or flight—the era of the Moslem Calendar, and corresponds to the year of our Lord 622. Heraclius was now Emperor of Constantinople, and Khosru Parvis in Persia. Mohammed was fifty-three years of age, and had sustained the honours and odium of a prophet for thirteen years.

His followers now rapidly increased in number. The "fugitives" from Mecca dropped in to the new asylum in rapid succession. There were not a few men of spirit and courage equal to any emergency, and ready for any adventure that promised any profitable return; such especially were Omar, Abu Beker, and Ali. Thus strengthened and raised to unexpected influence in Medina he began to show symptoms of a taste for something like military organisation. But his first care was to institute a public religious worship, and build a mosque. The mosque was built, not large nor showy, but comporting with the condition and means of the "faithful." Its pillars were the palm-trees felled on the spot; their branches were the rafters, and their leaves formed the covering. A part of it was fitted up as a lodging for believers who had no home, so sagacious and considerate was the prophet. What small beginnings often come to! This was the place that was to be a centre of interest to hundreds of millions for generations many to come! This was to be the spot where the prophet's ashes were to repose, and to which weary pilgrimages were to be made from every land!

Mohammed was hesitating about how to call the people together to their religious meetings, whether by sound of trumpets or timbrels, or by lighting fires, &c., when Abdallah declared that a form of words, to be cried aloud, had just been revealed to him, which Mohammed immediately adopted. This was the origin of the call to worship, which is to this day heard from the million minarets of the Moslem world. "God is great!" cries the muezzin, "God is great! There is no God but Allah! Mohammed is the Apostle of God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer! God is great! God is great! There is no God but Allah!"

In this humble mosque Mohammed

preached at first love to God and love to man—would that he had continued it! His doctrine distilled softly and soothingly—forgiveness of injuries, charity to the poor, a meek and lowly behaviour, the goodness and unity of God—these were the themes he delighted to descant upon. With his back leaning against one of the rude pillars—for he had not yet thought of the dignity of a pulpit—he would be found in humble garb, and with solemn earnest countenance, now with tender tones, now with fierce and strong indignation, pleading against the sottish idolatry of the age. Friday was fixed as the Sabbath of Islam. Fasts and festivals, and various ordinances, partly in imitation of the Jewish (and, as profane unbelievers say, with a cunning intent to gain the Jews over to his doctrine), were established. But the Jews slighted the overture, and for this they had to pay dearly at last!

Mohammed now thought of marriage. He was always partial to the sex, as his future course in this paper will clearly prove; and Gabriel, in his frequent revelations, with signal indulgence respected that partiality. When Cadijah died, the sorrowing widower betrothed Ayesha, the daughter of Abu Beker, a beautiful child, seven years of age. Two years had elapsed since Cadijah had been laid in the grave, during which time he had patiently waited for Ayesha, satisfied with marrying the widow Sawda, whom he did not particularly love. "Oh, Omar!" said he one day, "the best of a man's treasures is a virtuous woman, who acts by God's orders, and is obedient and pleasing to her husband." On the completion of her ninth year, he made Ayesha his wife. Of the simplicity of his domestic life we may judge from the words of Ayesha herself in subsequent years:—"For a whole month together we did not light a fire to dress our victuals; our food was nothing but dates and water, unless any one sent us meat. The people of the prophet's household"—Ayesha always called him 'the prophet'—"never got wheaten bread for two successive days." "The prophet swept his own chamber, lit his fire, mended his clothes, and was, in fact, his own servant;" and it may be remarked, that to the very end, through all stages of his advancement and pretensions, he never betrayed a taste for personal magnificence

splay. He wisely provided a separate apartment for each of his adjoining the mosque, and gave his company by turns, anticipating jealousy by carefully equalizing it, only in his heart giving the preference to the charms and of Ayesha. Nothing, however, obliterate from his memory the and faithful Cadijah. On one morning something having slipped him from his departed wife, Ayesha said, "Oh, apostle of Allah! was Cadijah stricken in years? and has Allah given thee a better wife in her place?" "Never!" cried Mohammed. "Never did Allah give me a

When I was poor she enriched me; when I was called a deceiver, she defended me; when I was opposed by the world, she remained true to me." The number of his followers, including the Ansarians and Mohadjerins, had now grown large. Mohammed, conscious of his growing strength, began to turn his eyes, with some temperance, towards the ungrateful infidels. Why should he suffer for the sake of God to be expelled his native land, treated as vile, and hunted like a beast of the forest, until they gave him an asylum? True, he started by preaching forbearance and charity, and that unquestionably the unalloyed spirit of genuine religion; but circumstances modify things; a custom sanctioned the doctrine of tooth for a tooth; and besides, Mohammed, like others, must look after himself. Were not the Meccans infidels, insolent withal?—insolent infidels, living on the fat of the East, as the prophet of his forefather Haschem's entrance, and that also while the prophet's little band of faithful persecuted followers were straitened and in exile! At very times their caravans, laden with Syrian goods, were passing the neighbourhood safely returning home!

A little booty "won," not to be taken from the reprobate unbelievers, would be convenient. His followers numbered, and the die was cast. Arms!" resounded through Medina. Happy resolution!—the beginning of numbered sorrows—the first drop of blood to be spilt of a fathomless of blood. The anomaly is seen in the sword being hailed by a "prophet." Doctrines of truth, benevolence,

justice, and love, are enchained to a system of rapine, cruelty, and blood! Asia and Europe shall bewail it for a thousand years! The attack now contemplated on a small camel caravan shadows the coming sieges of Bozra, Damascus, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Mecca, and Constantinople!

To authorise his followers to fight Mohammed propounded several "revelations." "Different prophets," said he, "have been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes; Moses his clemency and providence; Solomon his wisdom, majesty, and glory; Jesus Christ his righteousness, omniscience, and power: . . . None of these attributes, however, have been sufficient to enforce conviction, and even the miracles of Moses and Jesus have been treated with unbelief. I, therefore, the last of the prophets, am sent with the sword. Let those who promulgate my faith enter into no argument nor discussion, but slay all who refuse obedience to the law. Whoever fights for the true faith, whether he fall or conquer, will assuredly receive a glorious reward."

"The sword," he adds, "is the key of heaven and hell; all who draw it in the cause of the faith will be rewarded with temporal advantages. If they fall in battle their sins will at once be blotted out, and they will be transported to Paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of black-eyed hours.\* His astuteness in ambition, however, was made as manifest as his unscrupulousness, for he at the same time commanded that no violence should be offered those who, persisting in unbelief, still consented to submit to him in civil things, and to pay tribute. This at least would fill his coffers when nothing more could be obtained!

Two or three sallies were made on Meccan caravans without much result. But in the month Radjab, the sacred month of immunity and peace—and this affixed an indelible blot on the honour of Mohammed—he sent Abdallah Ibn Jasch with a party of men to lie in wait for a caravan of the Koreishites, his old relations and foes. Abdallah's secret letter of instructions, which was not to be opened till the third day, was to the following ambiguous effect: "Perhaps thou mayest be able to bring me some tidings of it."

\* Also Al Koran, Chap. VIII. and XLVII.

Abdallah and his companions, pretending to be pilgrims, and thus putting the few men of the caravan off their guard, easily surprised them, and took off the whole of the booty. Such a violation of the accustomed immunities of the sacred month excited great displeasure in Medina. Mohammed at first had the baseness to fall back upon the vague phraseology of his letter of instructions, and denied having authorized the outrage; but at last perceived that a distinct revelation would be the only effectual pacifier. In the Koran, therefore, it was written, "They will ask thee concerning the sacred month, whether it is lawful to make war therein. Answer: To make war therein is grievous; but to deny God, to bar the path of God against his people, to drive true believers from his holy temple, and to worship idols, are sins far more grievous than to kill in the holy month."\* A high authority, truly, was required to defend a proceeding so thoroughly faithless—a higher one we suspect than Mohammed was able to produce. But he knew his men, and what would satisfy. Throughout his entire course his quickness and versatility in providing justifications are remarkable; which see, hereafter, *passim*.

Abu Sofian, also of the tribe of Koreish, but of another branch, had long been his great foe at Mecca. Mohammed now heard that this implacable infidel was on his homeward route by Medina, with a caravan of a thousand camels laden with goods from Syria, under an escort of thirty horsemen. An attack was immediately resolved on. Three hundred and fourteen men followed the prophet from the gates of Medina. They halted near a ford on the brook Beder, where the caravan was to cross. Abu Sofian, hearing of the danger, quickly procured reinforcements from Mecca of one hundred horse and seven hundred camels. Abu Jahl, the aged and fierce warrior of the desert, led this new force. Abu Sofian diverted the route of the caravan, so as to elude the watchful prophet, and sent word to Abu

Jahl now to retrace his steps to Mecca. But Abu Jahl thirsted for glory and revenge. His vanguard advanced, and were cut to pieces by Hamsa, the prophet's uncle. The main body now came forward. Three of the bravest warriors, father, brother, and uncle to Henda, wife of Abu Sofian, stepped in front, challenging an equal number to single combat. Hamsa, Ali, and Obeidah Ibn al Hareth obeyed the call. The three Meccans were slain, and the battle became general: Mohammed rushed out of his hut, not with sword in hand, but a quantity of dust, which he cast towards the enemy, exclaiming with brave furor, "May confusion light upon their faces!" "Fight and fear not!" he added to his followers; "the gates of Paradise are under the shades of swords." Abu Jahl fell; the Koreishites fled in all directions, leaving seventy dead and about an equal number prisoners. The faithful lost fourteen only whose names were recorded as martyrs to the faith. Three thousand angels, it afterwards appeared, had been auxiliaries to Mohammed in this unequal conflict. "God had already given you the victory at Beder, when ye were inferior in number, when thou saidst unto the faithful, Is it not enough for you that your Lord should assist you with three thousand angels sent down from Heaven? O true believers, ye slew not those who were slain at Beder yourselves, but God slew them! Neither didst thou, O Mohammed, cast the gravel into their eyes when thou didst seem to cast it, but God cast it!"\* The caravan had escaped, but victory, and booty in armour and camels had been won, and money in ransom for prisoners was exacted. Mohammed gained great popularity with his little army, by taking for himself only an equal share with all the company. A good way of swelling the ranks of a predatory band!

Abu Sofian was greatly enraged at this defeat. His wife Henda literally raved; for her father, brother, and uncle had fallen in the fight. His house and his breast were in equal ferment. Two hundred horsemen flew in his train to avenge the disaster; but Mohammed met him with a superior force, and he was obliged ingloriously to retire. This last battle in Moslem story has gone

\* Al Korân, Chap. II. It is generally supposed, however (vide Al Beidawi, &c.), that the following passage was the first he wrote in distinct sanction of the use of the sword, and that this was written just before the flight to Medina: "Permission is granted to those who take arms against the unbelievers, for that they have been unjustly persecuted by them . . . who have been turned out of their habitations injuriously and for no other reason than because they say our Lord is God." Al Korân, Chap. XXII.

\* Al Korân, Chap. III.

under the derisive name of "the war of the meal sacks," because Abu Sofian's horsemen, to speed their flight, threw away each his sack of provender.

The fame of the prophet now spread far and wide. As there was no lack of Arabian embellishment to the stories of these victories, no doubt at all existed but that he was in league with the invisible world. He, the cunning practitioner (in which character he was now daily advancing), favoured these popular impressions, not without gain. His high pretensions nerved his retainers to push on to victory—victory again confirmed their faith. This mutual reaction of a sham and a reality steadily replenished his fame and resources; and his unsurpassable tact in handling the reins of popular delusion and impulse led him onwards and upwards apace towards the goal which he now began to descry in the heights—he conquest of the surrounding tribes, and the suppression of idolatry in Arabia. But how much more than this was to follow!

We have already intimated that chastisement awaited the Jews. Prophetic wrath had been long accumulating towards them, and now had reached the explosive point. It was intolerable, the prophet thought, that they should go on unpunished. Had he not honoured and cajoled them to a most undescending degree? Had he not made Jerusalem the Kebla towards which all true Moslems were to pray, and appointed fasts in imitation of theirs? And what return did he receive? Satire and contempt! A mere woman, Assma, the daughter of Merwan, wrote lampoons on him! Many other wicked things had well-nigh burst the bands of his patience, when a decisive event occurred. An Arabian damsel had had her face rudely uncovered by a troop of freakish Jewish youths, and in her confusion was laughed to scorn. A by-standing Moslem drew his sword—a scuffle ensued, and blood was shed. Mohammed, as an atonement, demanded that the Jewish tribe should embrace his faith; to which disproportionate demand they, in their characteristic obstinacy, of course refused to accede, and instantly received in return a confiscation of all their property, and banishment of all the men, seven hundred in number, to Syria; a good and profitable riddance

thought Mohammed! The Jews were no longer conciliated. Jerusalem was deprived of the honour of the Kebla, and Mecca received it. "We appointed the Kebla towards which thou didst formerly pray only that we might know him who followeth the apostle, from him who turneth back on the heels. . . . But we will cause thee to turn thyself towards a Kebla that will please thee. Turn, therefore, thy face towards the holy temple of Mecca; and wherever ye be, turn your faces towards that place."\*

To soothe his mind amid his growing cares and troubles he took to himself a third wife in the person of Hafsa, the fair and widowed daughter of the brave Omar, now eighteen years of age.

In the third year of the Hegira, Abu Sofian, still implacable, and urged on by the fierce spirit of Henda, marched against Mohammed with an army of three thousand men, including two hundred horsemen. A future champion of Islamism was one of the captains—Khaled Ibn al Waled. In the rear was the hissing Henda, with other spiteful matrons of the house of Koreish, loading the air with wailings for the dead, and cries of rage against the "prophet" and his freebooters. Mohammed could only muster one thousand men with two horsemen: but of these not more than seven hundred met the conflict, for the prophet ordered all the Jews amongst his troops to return home unless they consented to fight as Moslems. Six miles from Medina, on the hill Ohod, he took his position. As usual, he put his sword in another's hand, and stood apart from the battle. At first the tide turned in favour of the "faithful," but through an error they were repulsed with loss; the mighty Khaled made a skillful manoeuvre on their rear; and a soldier—Moslems have said he was none else than the evil one himself—made a rush to the very tent of Mohammed breathing destruction; but the prophet, in self-defence, seized a lance and thrust it through his throat. Abu Beker and Omar were borne wounded from the field. A cry was raised that Mohammed had fallen, which added fuel to the flame of battle, and turned it completely against the Moslems. Hamsa

\* Al Korân, Chap. II. Abulfeda, Vita Moham. p. 54.

was slain, and his body shockingly mutilated by the hands of the fury Henda. When the prophet saw the body of his uncle he was sorely troubled; but Gabriel, coming with timely succour, assured him that the fallen warrior was in the seventh heaven, bearing the illustrious title of "the lion of God and his prophet." A truce was formed for a year, and every man returned to his home. The prophet now stood in need of unusual consolation, and partly to supply it married his fourth living wife, Henda, the daughter of Omeya, a widow, and a beauty.

Various enterprises of inferior and chequered character employed him for some months after this, and, sad to say, he resolved on contracting another marriage—one which brought upon him no small degree of odium, and imposed on him the necessity of producing another chapter of the Koran. Zeinab was the wife of his faithful slave Zeid, and was the fairest among the daughters of her people. The prophet one day happening to see her face uncovered, expressed his admiration in terms not to be mistaken. Zeid being a man of lively apprehension, and a good servant, at once divorced his wife. She was speedily taken by Mohammed to his prepared dwelling at the mosque—dwelling and being wife the fifth!\*

An expedition against the Beni Mos-talek was crowned with success. Two hundred prisoners, five thousand sheep, and one thousand camels were carried home in triumph; but the principal capture was Barra, the daughter of the chief Al Hareth, who had fallen to the lot of Thabet Ibn Reis. Thabet demanding a high ransom, the fair captive appealed to the prophet. "I can serve thee better," whispered he, "than by abating the ransom; be my wife." The damsel at once consented, and Mohammed having given Reis his demand, added another apartment to his harem, and married wife the sixth!

Our space forbids to do more than merely mention the barely successful "battle of the Moat," fought against the Jews, joined to Abu Sofian. The expedition against the Jews of Khoraida, in retaliation for the "battle of the Moat," likewise can only be mentioned.

This was a very successful affair: it brought also to the harem a seventh wife, Rehana the Jewess!

No amount of good fortune—no addition to the appointments of his harem, however, could compensate Mohammed for expulsion from Mecca. He yearned after the city of the Caaba—the city of his birth. For that city he had a religious and a natural love; but both these were transcended by a feeling of *policy*. As long as he was at war with Mecca, the Arabians would of necessity dislike him, for that place had been sacred to their tribes from time immemorial. Thither they still repaired to pay their solemn offerings of prayer and sacrifice, and when far away, towards that holy spot they turned, as their forefathers for countless generations had done, to perform their devotions. No amount of success could give Mohammed power to obliterate these associations from the minds of the surrounding tribes. His own followers were tainted with the same unquenchable love to Mecca. Nay, indeed, he himself was subject to this sentiment.

He resolved to try a new experiment. When the sacred month of pilgrimage came round—the month when the deadliest hostilities should cease—he himself commenced a solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, taking with him one thousand four hundred men as companions, and a precautionary guard, and seventy camels to be slain as sacrifice at the Caaba, should he be permitted to enter. They approached Mecca in pilgrim garb, leaving all their armour at a distance, excepting only their sheathed swords. The prophet assured the Meccans that he came in peace to pay his devotions. The Koreishites were naturally suspicious of a man who had so lately violated the sacred month by shedding the blood of their brethren, and declined opening their gates, but sent out messengers to reconnoitre and treat; one of whom on his return declared, "I have seen the King of Persia and the Emperor of Constantinople surrounded by their Courts, but never did I see a sovereign so revered by his subjects as is Mohammed by his followers." This negotiation ended in nothing more than a treaty of peace for ten years, during which time he and his followers were to have free access to the Caaba as pilgrims, but he was not permitted to enter then. The camels were sacrificed on

\* Vide Al Korân, Chap. XXXIII., for the revelation given to clear the prophet's character in this case.

he spot, and Mohammed returned, rather disappointed, to Medina.

A Jewish town, by name Khaibar, rich and renowned, stood at the distance of five days' journey from Medina. Mohammed hated the Jews wherever they were found, and loved the fabled wealth of this their ancient and strong city. So an expedition was formed, and the place was besieged, and taken after long and desperate resistance. Abu Beker and Ali performed prodigies of valour. Ali especially distinguished himself by slaying Al Hareth the commander of the place, and his giant brother Marhab. In the terrible onslaught on the citadel Ali's shield was wrenched from his arm, leaving his body unprotected. Instantly lifting a ponderous gate off its hinges, he used it as a substitute till the battle was over. "I afterwards examined this gate in company with seven men," avers Abu Rafe, who saw the deed, "and all eight of us attempted in vain to wield it."\* Mohammed was near losing his life here. Reaching the citadel and demanding food, he was supplied with a shoulder of lamb, the first morsel of which, though he immediately spat it out, suspecting the taste, imparted poison enough to convulse his whole frame, and at intervals to cause him excruciating pains to the end of his life. Zainab, the niece of Marhab, fearlessly avowed having cooked the viand, adding, "I thought that if thou wert indeed a prophet thou wouldest discover thy danger." Arabian writers say that the shoulder of lamb was miraculously endowed with speech, and warned him of his danger,—which it obviously ought to have done a little sooner!

Among the captives taken at Khaibar was a beautiful young woman, the newly-espoused wife of the prince, or king, Kenana. She was also daughter of the Prince of the Beni Koraida, whom Mohammed had so recently banished to Syria. The prophet was touched by her comeliness, and proposed that she should become his wife. So strong was her repugnance to marry the destroyer of her husband and her nation, that nothing short of a supernatural influence could persuade her: this was supplied—so testify Arabian writers—and Safiya became the eighth living

spouse of the prophet. So ended the affair of Khaibar,\* and the Moslems returned with large booty to Medina.

Just then some of the early "believers" who had fled to Abyssinia made their way to Medina. Among these was a daughter of Abu Sofian, Omm Habiba by name, a widow of some personal attractions. It occurred to Mohammed that perhaps Abu Sofian's hostilities might be a little mollified if he made him his father-in-law. Omm Habiba, accordingly, became wife the ninth, and had her separate dwelling, like the others, at the harem-mosque.

Mohammed marches up the mountain of fame and power, and his horizon expands—he sees a wider world to rule. The later military enterprises had brought him great wealth. Amongst his followers no will had rule except his own. Whatever he had attempted had succeeded. Regular pilgrimages to Mecca had had a soothing effect on those tribes which had not yet acknowledged his pretensions, and had made the faith of others more satisfied and implicit. He was in effect a king in every real sense, though not in name nor in state. This he felt. But he was more than this—he was also a *prophet*. Why, then, should he not aspire to exchange a few words on equal terms with Heraclius the Christian infidel emperor of Constantinople? and with the Magian infidel Khosru of Persia? He *would*! And let them count the cost if they gave not heed to the words of a prophet!

The conjuncture of events happened to be favourable. These powers were then at war, and had already nearly exhausted each other's treasures. Persia and the Eastern Empire were trembling on the verge of dissolution. The letter to the Persian Court began, "In the name of the Most Merciful God! Mohammed the son of Abdallah and apostle of God, to Khosru King of Persia." "What!" cried Khosru, "does one who is my slave dare to put his own name first in writing to me?" Without reading the message, he tore the letter to pieces in presence of the envoy.

\* "By the name Beni Khaibar the Jews inhabiting this district are still known in Arabia. They form three independent tribes, and are no friends to the caravans which traverse the desert."—*Niebuhr*, II. 43.

† Every chapter in the Koran except that (IX.) rehearsed by Ali at Mecca, and all Moslem documents, begin with this formula.

\*\* "Abu Rafe was an eye-witness, but who will be a witness for Abu Rafe?"—*Gibbon*.

"Even so," exclaimed Mohammed, when the news reached him, "shall Allah rend his empire!" an issue which it required no particular gift of prophecy to foresee. Heraclius received the message sent to him with greater favour, and dismissed the envoy with presents. So did also the governor of Egypt, who, in addition to many precious gifts, sent two Coptic damsels of great beauty. One of these was remarkable for her charms, and caused the prophet not a little uneasiness. He could not marry her—for what reasons we cannot guess—and as to having her as a concubine, he had unfortunately written in the Koran\* that fornication must be punished with stripes, and it would be an indignity to subject the back of a prophet to stripes, and for such a crime. His mind laboured in great affliction and doubt. But deliverance came at last—a deliverance, too, which favoured both the passion and the consistency of the prophet:—a distinct revelation was vouchsafed him, revoking the law of the Koran in *his own case*, but confirming it in respect to all others!

Soon after this a most fortunate accession was made to the staff of generals—and this was gained by *another marriage*! Khaled Ibn al Waleed was a man of valour and exceeding energy, and was in the service of Abu Sofian. How to gain him over became a problem with Mohammed. Khaled was a soldier, and to reason with him would be losing time; while fighting him would be dangerous. Some other means of conquest must be discovered then. Khaled had an aunt called Maimuna, now fifty-one years of age, and a widow, to whom the prophet, during his first pilgrimage to Mecca, procured an introduction. He saw here a means of access to Khaled—proposed—was accepted—and married her before he returned! Khaled's soldier-mind was now impressively affected by two considerations—first, he saw that Mohammed was already very powerful and rapidly rising; and secondly, by this new relation he might obtain in the prophet's service quick and distinguished promotion. The die was cast. Khaled was a devoted Moslem! But this was not all: Amru, the young satirical poet already mentioned, was a friend of Khaled's—he also saw convincing reasons for changing his

religion (if he had any to change!), and at the same time exchanged the pen of the poet for the sword of the warrior. Khaled was not long in signalising his bravery, obtaining the honour of being called, *par excellence*, "The Sword of God." These two men never faltered in their sanguinary devotion to their chief—they lived and fought while he lived—to command, and after his death spread the terrors of the arms of Islam through Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa.

With Abu Beker, Omar, Ali, and Khaled, as leaders in battle, and with a numerous body of fighting men, and resources daily increasing, Mohammed now felt himself equal to higher things than he had as yet attempted. He had gained access to Mecca and "permission" to enter it, as a pilgrim, for ten years. To Allah he was thankful for this; but not to Abu Sofian nor any of the unbelievers. Indeed, was it not intolerable that the prophet of Allah should in any respect be put under restraint by these idolaters? Abu Sofian permitting Mohammed Ibn Abdallah to enter Mecca! It was true ten years had been agreed upon as a truce, and a prophet's word was sacred; but the cause of Allah and His prophet must not be enchained by any stipulations of the latter when in difficulties. Besides, all things were *fated* to be as they *would* be, and *would* be as they were *fated* to be;\* and what help had even a prophet, if impelled forward by resistless fate to capture and subdue Mecca before the period of truce had expired? None! And more; could he the prophet of Allah, behold the abominations done at the sacred Caaba, the shrine of Abraham and Ishmael, who were no idolaters, without indignation! The very "permission," which led him in pilgrim garb to witness such profanation was an insult. By Allah! the rites of idolatry should not long be performed at the sacred Caaba, or—he was no prophet! Let Abu Sofian see to it. Ha! certain peccadillos which some of the wretches of Mecca perpetrated, and which Abu Sofian sought to gloss over, and promised to prevent in future, could be looked upon by others we suppose, as gross and impudent provocations!

It was observed that there was a sti-

\* Al Korân, Chap. IV. and XVII.

\* The doctrine of predestination in its most stringent form is taught by Mohammed. Vide Al Korân, Chap. III. and XVII.

in Medina. The allies came in from all quarters. Troops were organised. One morning the gates were thrown open, and ten thousand men left the city in the direction of Mecca, not a word escaping any one as to their destination. Omar conducted the march. They reached the valley of Marr Azzahran, close by Mecca, without being discovered. Al Abbas, the prophet's uncle, who had hitherto dwelt among the idolaters, had now his eyes opened to the truth, came out to tender his submission, and put his family under the protection of the high-priest of Islam. By a singular fate Abu Sofian himself, who had ventured beyond the walls to reconnoitre, was surprised by a scouting party, and brought before Mohammed. His arch-enemy, who had been his plague before and ever since the Hegira, and had shed so much of the blood of the faithful, was now in his hands! "Well! Abu Sofian," said he, "is it not at length time to know that there is no God but Allah?" "That I already knew," answered the warrior. "Good! And is it not time for thee to acknowledge me as the apostle of God?" "Dearest art thou to me than my father or my mother; but I am not yet prepared to acknowledge thee a prophet." "Out upon thee!" exclaimed Omar. "Testify instantly to the truth, or thy head shall be severed from thy body." Abu Sofian felt the convincing force of this address, and assented. Yes, Mohammed *was* the prophet! Before returning to the city the whole army was passed before him, that he might give a converting report to those within the gates. "Truly," exclaimed he, "there is no withstanding this!" "Even so," said Al Abbas, who conducted him through the camp, "return then to thy people; provide for their safety; and warn them not to oppose the apostle of Allah." The gates were opened; Mohammed at sun-rising entered in pilgrim habit; strictly ordered his troops to treat the citizens with lenity (which command Khaled, however, failed in observing); repaired straightway to the Caaba; made the accustomed seven circuits round the building; with much persuasion prevailed on the porter to open the sacred doors, and at once made preparations for purging the temple of all its idolatrous abominations. Three hundred and sixty idols were demolished.\* He

drank of the well Zem-Zem—the well of Hagar and Ishmael; established the Kebla; and then addressed to the gathered multitude a religious discourse. The crowd shouted "Allah Achbar! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet!" The heart of the conqueror was satisfied. His clemency to his bitterest enemy was considered remarkable; for even Henda the fury, Abdallah Ibn Saad, the man who had interpolated the Koran when acting as his amanuensis, and profanely boasted of it; and Wacksa the Ethiopian, who had slain Hamza, and the chiefs of the Koreishites, were all pardoned.

His next step was to crush idolatry amongst the tribes inhabiting the small surrounding towns. To this service he commissioned Khaled, whose daring and too furious spirit only carried him too far in the work of destruction and plunder. Mohammed had often to reprove him for excess of cruelty; but no arm, no scimeter, could be compared to Khaled's; therefore he could not be spared. Idolatry was soon suppressed throughout the neighbouring plains. In the mountains the struggle was more severe; several of the hill tribes joining together and making a desperate stand. The *Thayefites*, his old foes, the Hawazins, the Joshmites, and the Saadites (among the last of whom he had been nurtured by Halema), were all joined against him, and were all routed. Hålema was still living, and was made the means of saving the surviving lives of her tribe, and recovering all their property by her intercession. The battle of Honein, fought against these mountaineers, nearly proved ruinous to the Moslems. Had not the stentorian voice of Al Abbas rallied the broken and retreating ranks; and especially had not Mohammed had recourse to the crowning act of casting a handful of dust towards the enemy, as he did with such effect at Beder, the day would certainly have been lost.

Much to the joy of the Medinese, who greatly feared that the prophet would now make Mecca his residence, he decided upon returning to Medina. Soon after this he had to lament the death of his much-loved daughter Zeinab, and then to rejoice at the birth of a first-born son from his concubine Mariyah: his joy was boundless—a joy however of short continuance—for in a

\* The idols of the Caaba corresponded in number to the days of the Arabian year.



few months he had to weep over Ibrahim's grave.

The next of our prophet's wars was a *domestic* one! Although he had in the Koran prohibited the multiplication of wives beyond the number of *four*,\* we have seen that Allah, as avowed, had vouchsafed to the prophet considerable indulgence, of which he was not behind in availing himself, whenever passion, lust, or policy made demands.† We are willing to believe that his power to govern met its severest test in the harem. Usually scrupulous in dividing his available time equally between his wives, he on a recent occasion was caught by Hafsa occupying a part of *her* time in bestowing caresses on his favourite concubine, the mother of his only son, Mariyah. Hafsa stormed and threatened so dangerously that Mohammed swore to abandon Mariyah altogether. But Ayesha, the most beloved of all his wives, heard of it, and was shocked. And of course the whole harem heard of it, and there was great chatter and indignation. Mohammed, never short of expedients, and knowing whom he had to deal with, abandoned them all for a whole month. During this month, however, he had the face to say that Allah had revealed to him two chapters of the Koran (first and sixth), absolving him from his oath concerning Mariyah! This twofold contrivance completely subdued and reconciled the wives! The next revelation might be to abandon *them*—all of them!

When the next festival at Mecca came round, Ali was dispatched thither to read to the assembled multitude a chapter of the Koran newly revealed—a chapter intended to lay down the doctrine of the sword in all its bare and hideous atrocity.‡ Four months were allowed, and then all unbelievers were to be proceeded against with unsparing violence! Neither consanguinity nor friendship were to interfere. The sacred months were to be no protection. Mecca, the holy city, was to offer no asylum—no unbeliever was ever to approach it on pain of death.§

\* Vide Al Korân, Chap. IV.

† Vide Al Korân, Chap. XXXIII. "No crime is to be charged against the prophet, as to what God hath allowed him, &c."

‡ The ninth chapter. It is observable that this alone has not prefixed to it the formula, "In the name of the Most Merciful God"—by way of intimation, perhaps, of its unmitigated rigor. It was the last portion of the Koran written.

§ A law still binding.

The tenth year of the Hegira had now arrived, and Mohammed's name was one of reverence, or terror, throughout the whole of Arabia. The promulgation of the last-mentioned chapter of the Koran had a wonderful effect in making converts—as it has on all civilized minds in creating a loathing and a horror at the man who could pretend to have received it from the God of goodness and love. Envoys hastened in from distant princes. Yemen to the south, and Syria to the north, felt the attraction of his power.

But amid growing power and fame, accompanied unhappily by growing lust and inhumanity, he had no immunity from the common lot of mortals—he also was to die! His little son Ibrahim, fifteen months old, on whom he had doted, and in whom was his only hope of transmitting his name and dynasty down the ages, was suddenly taken away. "My heart is sad, and my eyes overflow with tears at parting with thee, oh, my son!" he exclaimed, "and yet greater would be my grief did I not know that I must soon follow thee. . . ." The exhaustion of an exciting career, his paroxysmal complaint, and the poison of Khaibar, had brought on a premature old age, and he felt that his end was nigh at hand. He resolved, therefore, to make a last and a model pilgrimage to Mecca. Sixty-three camels, one for each year of his age, he sacrificed with his own hand. He preached much, carefully expounded his doctrines to the hosts of pilgrims who had come to meet him, and laid down many rules for civil and social life. His last words at Mecca—the conclusion of all revelation, say his followers—were these: "Evil to those this day who have denied your religion. Fear not them; fear me. This day I have perfected your religion, and accomplished in you my grace. It is my good pleasure that Islam be your faith." We are assured that when these words were concluded, the camel Al Karwa, on which the prophet was seated, bent down on his knees in adoration!

All this time vast preparations were making for the invasion of Syria—an invasion, the results of which he was not to live to witness. In the eleventh year of the Hegira a mighty army marched forth from Medina; but the very night of its departure the prophet fell ill. After some few days he expired

ith his head leaning on the lap of his favourite wife Ayesha. His last words are reported to have been, "Oh, Allah!—be it so—among the glorious associates in Paradise!" He was sixty-three years of age; 11th Hegira; A.D. 632.

We have attempted so to cast the narrative as to make a separate description of this wonderful man's character, a trust, comparatively unnecessary. Even as to the doctrines of Islam our space forbids any further attempt at analysis. It teaches the existence of one God, and that Mohammed is sole authoritative prophet—predestination—abstinence from wine—polygamy—the necessity of alms, fasting, prayer, and pilgrimage—the immortality of the soul—an intermediate state—the resurrection of the body—a paradise of physical ease, and all soft enjoyments to the good, and a hell of material fire to the evil.

The best account of Mohammed to be found in English is in Sale's "*Preliminary Discourse*" to his translation of the Koran—a discourse exhibiting notable wisdom and candour, as well as mar-

vellous acquaintance with Oriental matters in general; and from which most subsequent writers have culled without any acknowledgment.

The election fell upon Abu Beker to succeed the prophet. He was called *Caliph*, or successor. The next Caliphs were Omar, Othman, Ali, &c. By these men of dauntless courage and panting ambition the arms of Islam were carried triumphantly from beyond the Indus to the Atlantic on Western Africa, and from the Straits of Bab el Mandeb to the Danube. The battles, the sieges, the single combats, the bloody cruelties, and the romantic adventures, which characterise the course of that wonderful line of conquerors from Abu Beker to Abd Almalec, are without a parallel in the history of the world. "During the reign of Omar," says Khondemir, "the Saracens conquered thirty-six thousand cities, towns, and castles; destroyed four thousand Christian, Magian, and Pagan temples; and erected fourteen hundred mosques." If the Moslems had continued to conquer as they did during the Caliphate of Omar, they would in a few years have overrun the entire globe. But the equal of Omar never appeared again: besides, the very brilliancy of his successes let in a stream of corruption, luxury, intrigue, and division, which, happily for the interests of mankind, enervated the empire, and for ever put a check on the rapidity of its progress.

T. N.

"It is curious to observe the rise and fall and the appearances of opinion. One branch of the followers of Mohammed held precisely the views which the modern English theologians advance as very evil things on the destruction of the wicked. They did none should suffer eternally, but for periods proportionate to their sins. Those that should never be admitted into Paradise should, after enduring the full amount of punishment, be relieved from torment by annihilation."—*Irving's Life of Mohammed* 356.

## HENRY BELL,

### AND THE PROMOTERS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

THE mind inclines to abate its wonder at the obscurity enveloping the accounts of all the great discoveries of early times, when it recalls the fact that so recent an invention as locomotion on the water by steam-power has been claimed by several nations, and nearly a score of individual men. In our endeavour to throw together some memorials of the chief of these, in order to estimate fairly the relative claims of each, we call, as a preliminary, trace step by step, but as briefly as we can, the progress of steam navigation, from its earliest known workings to its latest

majestic development, on river, lake, and sea.

If we are to believe a statement put forward, in the year 1824, by the editor of a collection of 'original documents regarding Columbus and his discoveries, taken from among the Royal archives of Spain, navigation by steam was actually realised in that uninventive land before the middle of the sixteenth century! The story is, that one "Blasco de Garay, a sea-captain, exhibited to the Emperor Charles V., an engine, by which large ships could be moved, even in calms, without sails or oars." That "June 17,

1543, he, in the harbour of Barcelona, Charles and Prince Philip (his heir) being present, moved, with such an engine, a large vessel at a rapid rate, and veered it, in all directions, at will, to the wonder of the humbler spectators, and the delight of the great personages there assembled." That "the engine, which De Garay showed to none but Charles, and carefully removed as soon as the experiment was over, comprised a *caldron of boiling water*, and means of fixing itself to two moveable wheels, one working on each side of the ship," &c., &c. Of this figment we would only say—using our friend Jonathan Oldbuck's words—it seems to us very like "a lie with a circumstance."

We have not a much better opinion of the next supposed steamer, hinted at, rather than described, by that illustrious scientific quack, the Marquis of Worcester, and counting for One in his "Century of Inventions," first published in 1663. If there was any reality in his vessel at all—which strange creature was to move all the faster the more the current were strong—the motive power could not be "unconquered steam," for even it cannot quite do that seeming impossibility.

We now come to the more feasible inventions of the French Protestant refugee, DENIS PAPIN, physician and mathematician, who, in a communication addressed to Leibnitz, printed in the "Acta Eruditorum; or, Transactions of the Learned of all Nations," published at Leipsic in 1690, averred that he had found means, by the force of vapour, to move vessels in the face of contrary winds ("naves adverso vento provehendæ"); thereby proposing to supersede the labour of criminals in rowing galleys, &c. It has been hitherto allowed, even by Papin's countrymen, that he never tested his theories by making and putting in motion anything beyond a model, even if he did so much. But according to a paper, read in the French Academy of Sciences by the late M. Arago, April 5, 1852, founded on data sent him by Professor Kuhlmann, Royal librarian of Hanover, there exist in the custody of that functionary authentic documents proving that Papin actually did construct a boat, in the year 1707, in which he placed a steam-engine of some sort, and that he exhibited its powers before the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. So pleased, it is added, was the experimenter with his vessel, that

he declared he would undertake to proceed in it to England; and some financial difficulties were the only though efficient cause of the project being given up.\* Now, if we can trust to this statement, and it is hard to doubt its substantial truth, to Papin must be allotted the honour, and it is no small one, of having launched the FIRST STEAM-BOAT. But we had better wait for more testimony than the above single witness's, however respectable he may be. It is rather unsatisfactory that no particulars have yet been given either of the nature of the engine used, or of the rate of progression it gave to the boat.

Papin was undoubtedly an ingenious man; but he was, unfortunately for himself, probably for the world also, very poor. His wanderings as an exile—for he was a victim of Louis XIV.'s bigotry—comprehended a visit to London. Here he was employed, for a short time, as a copier of MSS., by the Secretary of the Royal Society. Thus situated he had no means to carry out his views, and he found no patron. He died in poverty, if not absolute want, in 1710, aged fifty-nine.

In 1730, one Dr. John Allen, in a pamphlet, expressed his belief that if a "couple of fire-engines" (steam-engines) "were employed to propel a ship of the largest size, they could move it three knots an hour." Many, doubtless, thought the Doctor a daring man for saying so! Six years afterwards appeared a small tract on the mechanical powers, its author "Jonathan Hulls, of Exeter," describing a steam-boat, either of his own construction or conception, no one knows which; the tract was illustrated by an engraving of the vessel, represented as tugging a large ship. Hulls took out a patent for his application of steam to ship and boat traction, which is dated Dec. 21, 1736. He seems to have realised nothing by his ingenuity; in fact, it is very doubtful whether he obtained a single order for a tug-boat such as he proposed to supply. The engine to be used was Newcomen's.

It was asserted in several of the Paris newspapers, late in 1851, that in the year 1753, a certain Abbé Gautier, Professor of Mathematics at Nancy, constructed a small steam-boat, which

\* See the feuilleton of the *Journal des Débats* April 8, 1852.

went perfectly well; and that he sent an account of its construction and performance in a memoir, addressed to the Academy of Sciences of that town. But as no particulars were given other than these, it is difficult to form an opinion upon the matter.

In 1759, a person named GENEVOIS, said by some to be a Bernese pastor, by others called a French engineer, came to England, and tried to recommend himself by his mechanical inventions or suggestions. In 1760, he published a pamphlet, entitled "Inquiries tending to the Improvement of Navigation," in which steam propulsion was recommended.

About the same time Dr. ERASMUS DARWIN, a man over-esteemed in his own time, and too little in ours, published his "Botanic Garden." With the prescient eye of a *vates*, or poet-prophet, he there thus expressed his confidence in the advent of *two* at least of the realised marvels of a time future to him, but present to us:—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar  
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;  
Or, on wide waving winds, expanded bear  
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

In 1774, M. AUXITON, a French engineer, made some attempts to propel a boat by steam-power; and next year, M. C. PÉRIER, the most distinguished of a family of noted machinists, who was present at Auxiton's experiments, thinking he perceived the causes of their failure, and that he could remedy them, made some efforts to advance the invention; but either failing in his plans, or else being drawn aside to other occupations, he soon gave up what he had undertaken.

Next year (1776), CLAUDE MARQUIS DE JOUFFROY, reputed in France as "the inventor of realised steam navigation," launched on the river Doubs (it is averred) "in the month of June, a trial *pyroscaphe*, 40 feet long. . . . And again, in 1783, he launched a larger steamer on the Saône. The form of this vessel, and the arrangement and movements of its machinery, were *exactly similar to those used at the present time*. In 1783, he conducted a successful experiment of the powers of the latter vessel on the Saône, near Lyons, having stemmed its rapid current by the force of his engine, in presence of thousands of witnesses, in-

cluding several members of the Academy of Sciences, the latter testifying to the fact in a *procès verbal* drawn up at the time."—*Almanach de France, année 1850*.

It is a just observation that "he who tries to prove too much proves nothing." A good authority, Mr. R. Stuart, in his "Anecdotes of the Steam-Engine," tells us, that "although Jouffroy's model was constructed with some skill, and with all the experience arising from the knowledge of recent trials, it did not inspire very sanguine hopes of its being able to move the vessel briskly against the current. The framing of the machinery was slight; the apparatus, when deranged, costly to repair; so that the Marquis postponed further operations, till he was obliged not only to give up his scheme but to leave France"—by the outbreak of the first French Revolution. After the restoration of the Bourbons he returned to France, along with other surviving emigrant nobles; and having lived long enough to see others effect what he failed in, died at Paris, aged eighty, in 1832.

Previously, viz., in 1775, a notion of the practicability of steaming on the American waters, as a means of quick and sure communication during the war of Independence then begun, occurred to Mr. Henry Lancaster, of Pennsylvania; and, in 1778, the notorious Thomas Paine recommended a trial of it to the chiefs of the Republican Government, probably with the same view. Nothing was realised, however, in any way till 1783 (the first year of the Peace) when Mr. JOHN FITCH constructed a steam-propelled boat, which ran on the Delaware. We have not been able to gain any particulars of the nature of his machinery, nor why an enterprise, so encouragingly commenced, was not carried out.

In 1787, Mr. RUMSEY, of Virginia, who accused Fitch of filching from him the knowledge of means for effecting steam navigation, built as a model a boat about 50 feet long, carrying a freight of 3 tons, propelled by a tiny engine, weighing 7 cwt. It moved, on the Potomac, at the rate of three miles an hour. This successful experiment, too, was barren of results.

The rivals, Fitch and Rumsey, had each his set of partisans in the States, who not only acknowledged their several merits, but furnished both with partial

means of realising their separate plans. Yet the sentiments of the majority of American statesmen were not favourable, in succeeding years, to the feasibility of navigation by steam. Even so late as the year 1804, Mr. Latrobe, a Government functionary, in a report drawn up for the information of Congress, thus treated the subject:—"After the close of our Revolution, a sort of MANIA began to prevail—which, indeed, has not yet entirely subsided—for impelling boats by steam-engines. . . . There are objections to their use, from which no mode of application can be free. . . . I have never heard of an instance, verified by other testimony than that of the inventor, of a speedy and agreeable voyage having been performed by a steam-boat of any construction."\* This unqualified denunciation of pyroscaphy, by a publicist of North America, was deplorable. If steaming have advanced European material civilisation by one century, that of America has been forwarded by it to the extent of three, at least.

Recrossing the Atlantic, let us fix our eyes upon North Britain, and note what has been going on meanwhile. But before entering into details about what was conceived and done there, let us cite from the foreign column of a Scotch newspaper, called "*Ruddiman's Weekly Mercury*," published in Edinburgh, the following scrap of information, which we have seen repeated nowhere else:—"Deux-Ponts, Sept. 8, 1779.—A Frenchman, belonging to the French Embassy at Vienna, has invented a boat with *wheels*, and put in motion by *fire*. He uses his model to go up the Danube; and a large vessel is making upon the same principle. A Venetian mechanic had already conceived the idea of a boat to go by fire, but whether with wheels is not affirmed."

Whether the Scotch inventors had heard of the preceding experiments in America and Europe we cannot say; but in February, 1787, Mr. PATRICK MILLER, of Dalswinton, near Dumfries, published in a pamphlet a description and drawings of a "triple tug-vessel, to be moved on the water with wheels," of his own invention; and suggested that "the power of a steam-engine might be applied to such wheels, so as to give them a quicker motion, and thus increase that of the ship;" adding, "In the course of

this summer I intend to make the experiment." Mr. Miller was already favourably known for his mechanical talent and public spiritedness. He had served in the Royal Navy, and sent to the Admiralty several memoirs, for improving ship-building and sailing, &c.; all which were, doubtless, duly acknowledged as received by "my Lords," and as duly *shelved* by their underlings.

It so happened that, in the previous year (1786), Mr. WILLIAM SYMINGTON,\* a young man of mechanical genius, had invented and made a model of a STEAM-CARRIAGE, for going on common roads, the property in which he secured by taking out a patent. This model Mr. Symington took to Edinburgh in the month of July, and exhibited it publicly. Mr. Miller became greatly interested, we are told, on seeing it; and then mentioned to the inventor that he "had spent much time making experiments for propelling vessels on water by wheels, instead of oars; but that he had at first [or as yet] thought only of employing manual power to turn the wheels."† According to the same authority, Mr. Symington expressed his belief that such an engine as that of his steam-carriage might be easily adapted to such rowing-wheels as Mr. Miller proposed to put in use; upon which it was agreed that this should be tested by experiment, the process to be gone into at Mr. Miller's expense.

Mr. Symington describes the engine he made to be, in principle, that of his patent model, and that it had two cylinders, of 4 inches diameter. When finished it was put on board a double-keeled wheel-boat, already launched on a small lake in the domain of Dalswinton, the seat of Mr. Miller.

Before giving an account of what followed, let us mention that a person named JAMES TAYLOR, a native of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, and a schoolfellow of

\* William Symington was born in the year 1764 at Leadhills, Lanarkshire. His father was a mechanical engineer, and superintendent of the Mining Company at Leadhills. He gave his son a good school education, and the young man studied in divinity at Edinburgh College, but the bias of his mind for the mechanical arts was found to be irresistible. That passion for invention, which in our times has made many a fortune, marred his: for it was his fate to be disappointed, even in his most promising expectations. After practising some forty years as a civil engineer, he died in London in 1831, and his remains were interred in the churchyard of St. Botolph.

† Petition of Wm. Symington to the House of Commons, March, 1830.

\* Colden's Life of Robert Fulton.

Symington's, was then a tutor in Mr. Miller's family. It is probable that he was the party who first made his patron aware of the existence of Symington's patent; and he asserted that he it was who suggested the use that might be made of it, in turning a wheel-boat into a steam-boat. This being premised, we append an account of the experimental trip of the first BRITISH STEAM-BOAT, given in the *Scots Magazine* for November, 1788:—

"Dumfries, Oct. 21.—On the 14th inst., a boat was put in motion by a steam-engine, upon Mr. Miller of Dalswinton's piece of water at this place. That gentleman's improvements in naval architecture are well known to the public; and, for some time past his attention has been turned to the application of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation. He has now accomplished, and evidently shown to the world, the practicability of this, by executing it upon a small scale. A vessel, 25 feet long and 7 broad, was, on the above date, driven with two wheels by a small engine. It answered Mr. M.'s expectation fully; and afforded great pleasure to the spectators present. The success of this experiment is no small accession to the public: its utility on canals, and all other navigations, points it out to be of the greatest advantage, not only to this island, but to many other nations of the world. This improvement holds no inconsiderable rank amongst the inventions of modern times; and, added to his other improvements, bespeaks how much Mr. Miller deserves of the public. The engine used is Mr. Symington's patent engine. The method of converting the reciprocating motion of the engine into the rotatory one of the wheels, is particularly elegant. It is, in fact, a thing new in mechanics, and which the world owes to Mr. Symington's ingenuity."—p. 566.

We have heard that this account was drawn up, or the particulars in it furnished, by Taylor, but of this we are not quite certain. Mr. Miller now commissioned Symington to construct a larger engine at the Carron Iron Works, for the purpose of trying its powers as a means of traction, instead of animal haulage, on the Forth-and-Clyde Canal, a property in which Miller held numerous shares. Meantime, he published a detailed account of what had been conceived and effected, which was trans-

lated into French, and thus made known on the Continent as well as in Britain. Here was "a great fact," but it passed almost unheeded. One cause for this apathy, doubtless, was the uneasy state of Europe at that time, "coming events casting their shadows before," the substances of which were revolutions and wars; both terrible enemies of all inventions but those for doing murder, and extending means of destruction.

While Mr. Symington was constructing his second marine engine, the cylinders of which were 18 inches in diameter, Taylor was often calling at the Carron Works, on the part of Mr. Miller, to see how the labour was progressing. It was the opinion of the workmen that he was sent thither as a spy.\* The cost of the machinery, when completed, was, as the books of the Carron Company show, 363*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, which sum was paid by Mr. Miller; but nothing was paid by that gentleman, the Symingtons aver, to their father for superintending the work. When completed, the engine was adjusted to the interior of a *gabart*, or large barge, which Mr. Miller bought, to be used as a tug steamer.

On the month of October a trial trip took place on the Forth-and-Clyde Canal. Mr. Miller and several friends embarked, the engine was set a-going, and the boat sped on at the rate of five miles an hour.†

Further and more public trials followed. The next we find thus reported in a contemporary journal:—

"Falkirk, Dec. 4.—Yesterday an experiment of the greatest consequence to commerce, was exhibited here on the Great Canal, by Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton; viz., the application of the steam-engine to sailing. This gentleman, who formerly made experiments on the same subject on a small scale, has, in the present instance, applied it to a vessel of considerable burden, with a degree of success which must be very agreeable to the public. The velocity obtained, though very considerable—the experiment not being completed—cannot be particularly stated at present. The result, however, so far, shows that this invention bids fair to be of the greatest utility to mankind."—*Glasgow Mercury*, Dec. 15, 1789.

\* Evidence of Messrs. H. and J. Stainton, Carron.  
† Petition of W. Symington.

Upon this occasion a kind of breakdown occurred, through the paddles having been made too weak. The defect being amended, the boat was tried again on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of the same month, and it worked satisfactorily, at rates of speed diversely stated, from four and a half to seven miles an hour.\*

The Directors of the Canal Company, several of whom were present at these trials, though applauding the public spirit of Mr. Miller, in undertaking this costly experiment, the whole expense of which they allowed him to pay, objected that the action of his boat's paddles would cause so continual an abrasion of the soft material of the canal banks (an action likely to be hurtful in the full proportion of the speed attained), that steam traction was unsuitable to a narrow water-way. This unexpected difficulty Mr. Miller could not get over; and the result seems to have effectually chilled his ardour for steam-boating, as from this hour we may consider his connexion with it to be closed. That withdrawal was unfortunate for his fame; and in after years, as we were told by his son, he greatly regretted that he did not persevere in the enterprise he had so hopelessly carried on thus far. He was at that time engaged in several pursuits of a public nature, especially in projects for ameliorating farming. He was, besides, Deputy Governor of the Bank of Scotland; and perhaps his consideration in the moneyed world might have been imperilled, had he become famed as a projector—a character always distrusted, often despised and shunned by “practical men.” His son, who mentions that in his latter days he often regretted he had allowed others to step in, and thus deprive him of being the acknowledged patron (at least) of EUROPEAN STEAM NAVIGATION—Mr. Patrick Miller, jun.—averted that his father spent, from first to last, fully 30,000*l.* in various enterprises of public utility.† The latter died a few years ago, and the family property has, long since, passed into other's possession. Posterity should not forget the obligations, all

recent, present, and coming races of mankind owe to the public spirit and liberality of Patrick Miller, senior, of Dalswinton.

Chronological order now bids us to advert to what was, about this time, going on in America. Mr. Rumsey, making some vain attempts to induce the Federal Government to encourage his efforts, quitted the States, and came to England in the year 1791, hoping to find there the effectual aid he had been denied by his countrymen. He found English apathy yet greater on promulgating his views in London. Almost in despair he urged on a few opulent men of the States, then resident in our capital as commercialists or diplomats, the inexpediency of letting drop so important an invention as that he claimed for his own. They were so far moved by his importunities as to subscribe a sum sufficient to build a small trial steamer, such a one as he had already launched and run on the Potomac. On the Thames his boat was tried, but it did not attain a greater speed than four miles an hour. Still this was encouraging enough to induce his patrons to sustain him in his efforts to improve his machinery, and he was earnestly endeavouring to do so, when he sickened and died.

Nothing now seems to have been done in the matter at home or abroad for several years. Europe was involved in war; public attention was engrossed by great political movements; the arts of peace were at a stand-still. But the cause of steam-navigation had a slight revival in 1797 beyond the Atlantic, for in that year Chancellor Livingston, of New York, caused some experiments to be made on the Hudson. Their results were insignificant; and they scarcely deserve mention except for the fact, that Mr. (afterwards Sir Isambert) Brunel was one of the experimenters employed.

When the eighteenth century closed there was every appearance that navigation by steam would never more be heard of, except as one of those abortive inventions, which at once testify the ingenuity and want of practical wisdom in the men who give them being, and try to persuade the unwilling world into their adoption. But the dawn of a bright day was about to break.

The first public symptom of revival took place in Britain, in midsummer

\* Evidence of David Drysdale, helmsman, &c. Perhaps the discrepancy arises from the boat's sometimes going free, and sometimes dragging.

† See a communication from him, in the “Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,” 1824.

1801. Early in July, the following announcement appeared in one or more of the London newspapers, and was copied into a few (only!) of the provincial journals:—"An experiment of much importance, to the mercantile interests, has just taken place on the Thames, viz., a trial of a working barge, or a heavy craft, against tide, with a steam-engine of simple construction; by which, the moment it was set to work, the barge was brought about, answering her helm, and stemming a strong current at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour." We have not been able to discover, after making diligent inquiry, who were the parties that originated this enterprise; we learn that the boat itself was constructed by Messrs. Hunter and Dickenson, ship-builders on the river at that time; but whether they were the prime movers in the affair or not, nothing came of it that we have ever heard.

At this very time Mr. Symington, who, according to the averment of his sons, had never ceased to keep his attention fixed on the subject; found a patron in Thomas Lord Dundas, of Kerse, one of the chief shareholders of the Clyde-and-Forth Canal. His lordship was among the few leading men of the proprietary who regretted that Mr. Miller's plans were not followed out. Late in the year 1800, he advanced funds for building and equipping a tug-steam-boat, hoping to persuade his co-proprietors to look on it with more favour than the other. During the whole next year Mr. Symington was engaged in designing and perfecting this steam-boat, which we may call his own, because he was left entirely to his own discretion as to the principle of the machinery and its adaptation. We have now beside us sectional drawings, both of Mr. Miller's model and Mr. Symington's.\* In each the engine fills the centre space; but in the former, the two paddle-wheels were placed one to the right, the other to the left, of the engine; and they were situated and worked in a trough extending from stem to stern of the boat, allowing free egress and ingress to the water. In Symington's boat (which was named the "Charlotte Dundas"), the plan shows but one paddle-wheel, situated in a cavity in the centre of the

stern compartment of the vessel. This cavity was open behind and below to the water. The boat was steered by two rudders, connected by iron rods, and worked in the prow by the steer-wheel.

About fourteen months having been spent in getting this vessel ready, at a cost of about 7000*l.* to Lord Dundas, a fair trial was made March 28, 1803, of its powers of motion and traction. Two loaded barges, each of full 70 tons burden, were taken in tow by the steam-boat, the latter containing his lordship and a troop of friends. Thus encumbered, and in face of a strong head-wind, a voyage of nineteen miles and a half was made on the canal in six hours. Among the company were several of the canal proprietors, who now renewed the charge made against Mr. Miller's model tug, that its action was damaging to the banks. When the question came on, Adopt or not adopt steam traction to displace horse haulage? the negative votes predominated.

Lord Dundas took his disappointment quietly. Probably wishing to lessen his engineer's mortification, he caused him to make a model of the "Charlotte Dundas" boat and engine, for the inspection and hoped-for approval of the Duke of Bridgewater. When finished, Mr. Symington repaired to London with it. His Grace was at first unwilling to listen to any proposal for trying steam-traction on his canals, he having "no faith whatever in the invention." By further persuasion, however, he was induced to examine the model; and he became so much pleased with it, that he gave Mr. Symington an order to construct eight large boats, for his own use, of the same make. It was now late in the month of February; on the 8th of March (1803) the Duke died. His executors refused to sanction the order given, and Mr. Symington's hopes were baulked once more. "Unable longer to struggle against continued misfortunes," says Mr. Bowie (Symington's son-in-law) "his own resources being exhausted, he was obliged to lay up his boat in a creek of the canal, where it remained many years, exposed to public view." He now returned to his original calling, as Watt had done before him, after being similarly thwarted; but not so fortunate as that great man, did his "hope deferred" ripen into the fruition of ultimate success.

We now arrive at the name which

\* Executed, after his father's sketches, by W. Symington, Esq., London.



heads this paper. HENRY BELL was born in 1767, at Torphichen, in East Lothian. He was of the humblest origin, having been a cow-herd when a lad. Afterwards he became a weaver, then a millwright; and in the latter capacity he was employed in making the wood-work of Mr. Miller's trial-boat for the canal, when Symington was engaged in constructing the engine. It has been put in evidence since by some of Symington's assistants, that Bell manifested much curiosity in trying to find out the nature of the machinery; and that he was denounced by the workmen, at the time, for being "troublesome." And it is probable that, even thus early, he entertained some ambitious "notions" that he might some day turn to account certain things he was then prying into. But there is no proof that he had any mechanical talent beyond that of his hand as a working millwright; and the complications of metallic machinery were now, as to the last, a marvel and a mystery to him.

After leaving the Carron Works, Bell returned to the west of Scotland, where he was engaged on journeywork for some time; after which, we believe, he set up in a small way in Glasgow, as a master, but soon failed in business. While in that city, one memorable day, a stranger, from parts abroad, called upon him, and introduced himself as "ROBERT FULTON, an American engineer." Some Glasguenian told Fulton, who had come to Scotland expressly to pick up all information obtainable as to what had been doing there in the pursuit which now engaged his attention, namely, the realisation of steam navigation—some mistaken person, we say, had told Fulton, in answer to his eager inquiries, that "one Henry Bell could tell him *all* about it." To him, therefore, he flew; but he soon found that Bell's powers of comprehension and of explanation were sadly deficient. Learning from him, however, that Mr. Symington lived not above thirty miles distant, he asked his exact address; this Bell not only gave, but he accompanied him in his visit to the Carron Foundry. "There," says Mr. Bowie, "Fulton was received with the most cordial frankness by Mr. Symington. Having asked to see the boat and all its enginery, this was promptly allowed. He then begged leave to add a few pencil draughts to the copious notes he took in the course

of the colloquy. This, too, was readily accorded. Symington was even so good-natured as, on request, to let Fulton see the machinery set to work." For this fact we have the very best original evidence to produce, that of Robert Weir, the engine-man employed on the occasion, who declared on oath: "That some time after the first experiment, while the boat was lying upon the canal, at lock No. 16, it was visited by a stranger who requested to see the boat worked. That the said William Symington desired the deponent to light the furnace, which was done, and the stranger was carried about four miles along the canal and brought back. That this stranger made inquiries both as to the mode of constructing and of working the boat, and took notes of the information given him by the said William Symington. That the deponent heard the stranger say his name was Fulton, and that he was a native of the United States of America. That the deponent remembers Mr. Symington remarking, that the progress of the boat was much impeded by the narrowness of the canal; to which Mr. Fulton answered, that the objection would not apply to the large rivers of North America, where he thought the boat might be used to great advantage."\*

"This interview between these three remarkable men took place," avers Mr. Bowie, "in the month of July, either in 1801 or in 1802;" but we have no doubt it was in the latter year. At that time Fulton was deeply engaged in making experiments at Paris, under the patronage of Mr. Livingston, then a diplomatic agent of the United States, at the Consular Court. He had, out of all question, met with a difficulty in his attempts, and made a sudden "run" to Scotland, to find means, by report or inspection gained there, to get himself out of it. This we believe to be the fact. And fully do we concur in the opinion of a competent judge, that "there is probably no one whose name is associated with the history of the steam-engine, yet whose labours have received so large a share of applause, who appears to have less claim to notice, as an inventor, than Robert Fulton."† The same authority admits

\* Testimony taken, in 1827, before A. Scanders, Esq., J.P. Stirlingshire.

† Anecdotes of Steam-Engines, &c. By R. Stuart, C.E. Ch. xxii., p. 477.

that "he was clever, without giving indications of any talent rising above mediocrity,"—unless, Mr. Stuart might have added, in manifesting the talent—said to be much in favour with his countrymen—of a dexterous appropriator. Yet, such as he was, Fulton was still the man destined to have the credit, we cannot call it the glory, of placing upon the waters the first steamer that was put at the disposition of mankind for the general use. But while giving this scheming Hibernian-American, of the most unscrupulous Yankee type, his due meed of praise for his enterprising spirit and heroic constancy, we cannot for a moment agree with his friend and biographer Colden, that "Livingston was the great patron, and Fulton the *inventor*, of steam-boats."

It was on the 3rd of October, 1807, that the "Clermont" started on her way up the Hudson, from New York city to Albany, the capital of the State, a voyage of about 160 miles, which it completed in thirty-three hours. Mr. Colden's account of her first voyage is so graphic, that we are tempted to extract a few sentences from it:—

"It had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river, when she was making her passage. The first steam-boats, as others yet do, used dry pine-wood for fuel, which sends a column of ignited vapour many feet above the flue, and whenever the flue is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, and in the night time have a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment it was rapidly coming towards them; and when it came so near as that the noise of the machinery and paddles were heard, the crews in some instances shrunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and left their vessels to go on shore; while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster which was marching on the tide, and lighting its path with the fires which it vomited."\*

Early in the following year steamers made regular passages between the two cities.

\* The fear excited on the Hudson at first sight of

We know not what was the tonnage of this vessel, but it must have been considerable to begin with. The engine was made by Boulton and Watt. Workmen were sent from Soho to put it up, and to adapt it to its peculiar uses.

It must seem astonishing to the younger race of existing men, that although every one who could, read or heard read the public journals which reported this "great fact," which had been realised among our transatlantic relatives, it found no imitation, either in Britain or on the Continent, for nearly five years. So slow is the world, sometimes, as well as individuals, to be persuaded into the adoption of things that would redound the most to their advantage! Perhaps it is more remarkable still that "a speculative carpenter," as Henry Bell has been called, should be the first to lead the way, with us, in the slow race of progress to that prodigious development of man's power and skill, STEAM NAVIGATION. But even so it was.

For some years Bell had given up carpentry, and found means to get up a small establishment of sea-baths, at Helensburgh, a place then and yet frequented, during summer, by Glasgow people, for bathing and recreation. To encourage company to visit the place in greater numbers, he bethought himself a steamer would be helpful, and this the more, because carriage, whether by land or water, was, at that time, both slow and costly in those parts. The glimpses of knowledge he had obtained years before, imperfect as they were, of steam-boat making, now stood him in good stead. In the year 1811, he applied to Messrs. Wood and Co., ship-builders, Port Glasgow, and got them to construct a barge, of a size and make he specified, with a receptacle for a small steam-engine. We learn from a memorial addressed to the Directors of the Clyde River Trust, Nov. 8, 1852, that the engine was made by one "John Robertson, engineer;" and set in its place in the month of April, 1812; soon after which time the Comet,\* the first public steamer known

the Clermont, was not greater than that of the Highlanders living near Loch Fyne, when the Comet, in 1812, ascended that sea-lake to Inverary. Arrived at the quay not a man or boy could be seen, to lend a hand to secure the boat-line. All had hid themselves. Never did comet terrify mankind so much.

\* It was thus named by Bell, from the erratic stranger of the previous year. Well does the pre-

to Britain, or, indeed, to Europe, began to ply regularly in the Scotch western waters.

Mr. Robertson, maker of Bell's engine, declared that it would have proved a failure, had he obeyed his directions in fitting it up. Very likely; but its planning and make did not do much credit to either party.\* Several speculators soon came into the field in the end, and elbowed Bell out of it. Mr. Symington came forward, too, for a moment, and accused all of them of infringing his patent rights. Bell, in turn, threatened others, but no lawsuits ensued. In fact, it is doubtful whether a fair action could have been sustained by either of the complaining parties. Bell, not reaping the golden harvest he expected, represented himself to the public as a man ruined by his efforts to benefit his country. Local friends and sympathisers echoed his complaints. A memorial was got up in his favour. He took it to London, and waited on Mr. Canning, then Premier; who was not prepared, as he said, to recommend him for the pension he asked, but paid him down 200*l*. The Clyde River Trust allowed him 100*l*. a year during life; and after his death, which took place November 17, 1830, Government granted a pension of 100*l*. a year to his widow, who still survives.

While Bell was endeavouring to obtain a Government pension, representing himself as "the only and sole inventor of steam-boats," Mr. Patrick Miller, younger, addressed a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Courier*, utterly repudiating Bell's "unwarrantable pretensions in claiming the adapta-

sent writer remember the first sight he had of the "Little Comet," though a mere boy at the time. It was, though small, a perfect monster of uncouthness. There is nothing it could be likened to, with its disproportionately large and clumsily-projecting paddle-boxes, so much as a donkey with panniers. The construction and arrangement of the interior were as rude as the outside was unshapely. The engine, of three-horse power only, was on the *bell-crank* principle, and the machinery placed alongside the boiler. These entirely filled the central space. *Both were imbedded in brick-work* as well as the furnace; whereas, in Symington's machinery the latter was *within* the boiler. Burden 25 tons; length of keel, 40 feet; breadth of beam, 10½ feet; cylinder single, impelling a cranked axle, which carried a large toothed wheel; and this wheel, working in two others fixed upon the axles of the paddles, caused them to revolve. Two paddle-wheels, or rather two sets of revolving paddles, each consisting of four paddles, of a form resembling malt shovels, were set on each side of the vessel.

\* The skeleton of it may still be seen at the foundry of Messrs. J. Girdwood and Co., in Trades-ton, a suburb of Glasgow.

tion of steam to navigation." He publicly replied to this letter in a strain of personal abuse, denouncing Mr. Miller's letter as "a pitiful display of weakness and malice."

The sum of Henry Bell's proved merit is, that after having had his attention turned, fortuitously, to what was already effected by others, in testing the capability of the steam-engine to propel vessels, he had the fortune to be the first, in his own country, to establish regularly plying steamers for the public use. And though he owed this advantage more to the remissness or pecuniary impotence of others than to his own ingenuity or talents, yet some credit is fairly due to him, for the spirit of enterprise and native energy which impelled him to become the immediate agent in commencing a great revolution in the system of locomotion upon water-ways. As for the claims put forward, in some quarters, in favour of James Taylor, as a rival of Miller, or Symington, or even Bell, in bringing about the consummation we all rejoice in, they are unfounded. He was a mere *intermediary*, and nothing more.\*

We have embodied, in this memorial, all the trustworthy data we have been able to obtain, after much research, from published statements and private communications; and have endeavoured to give a fair apportionment of credit to each of the eminent individuals, who conjoined in putting at the disposition of their fellow-men one of the greatest means of augmenting the world's material well-being, that science has ever furnished. We may appear already to have overstepped the legitimate bounds of biography; but, though those whose names we have recorded were the benefactors of their race, their lives presented few noteworthy incidents, except in connection with their scientific or mechanical labours; and to estimate the relative value of these, so often interwoven and uncertain in their immediate results, it was necessary to assume the form of historical narration, and avail ourselves of chronological aids. In conclusion, we append a few statistics, indicative of the progress of steam navigation, that may help to a better appreciation of the

\* In consequence, however, of the representations made by various parties, Her Majesty was advised to grant a pension of 50*l*. a year to the widow of James Taylor, and to order a donation of 50*l*. to each of his surviving sisters.

rices of these almost unconscious instruments in a world-wide revolution. The following is a table of the steamers in use, through a succession of years:—

1. England. Scotland. Ireland. Colonies. Totals.

1840	0	1	0	0	1
1841	0	2	0	0	2
1842	0	5	0	1	6
1843	3	5	0	2	10
1844	5	7	0	3	15
1845	7	7	1	5	19
1846	17	14	3	9	43
1847	112	36	3	17	168
1848	203	61	31	20	315
1849	344	85	68	48	538
1850	987	244	79	519	1829

The first steam-boat plying on the Thames was brought from Glasgow by Dodd, in 1814; and none were built in England till next year. War-steamer the first constructed in England in 1858. According to parliamentary returns obtained last year, on the motion of Mr. Henry Berkeley, there were then 175 steamers owned in the United Kingdom, having a registered tonnage of 48,623. London claimed 408, Liverpool 124, and Glasgow 108. The latter included not only the passage vessels between Glasgow and Liverpool, but also Cunard liners, and several steamers which frequent Irish and northern ports.

The total number of screw steamers, out of the whole, was 154. Besides the increase of steamers in number since the year 1840, it should be noted their average size has greatly augmented. The *Himalaya*, of London, registers 3,508 tons; the *Arabia* (Cunard), 2,393 tons.

The extension of steam navigation in the United States has been greater even than in Great Britain. We have at hand, however, no later returns for the States than those furnished up to July, 1851. At that time there were of ocean steamers, and those registered as plying on their Atlantic seaboard, 625; aggregate tonnage, 213,500. Inland boats, plying on lakes and rivers, 765; tonnage, 204,613. Totals, 1,390; 418,113. It thus appears that the average tonnage of the American steamers is about double that of ours. The increase in steam-boats throughout the States, since the year 1851, has been so great, as we learn, that we shall be safe in estimating the number of them, at present, as fully 2,000; their united tonnage probably about 600,000. There are certainly more steam-vessels in the United States, or even in Britain and her dependencies, than in all the other countries of the world put together. A. B.

## WARREN HASTINGS.

More than a century ago, when the inhabitants of London expected a host-visit of Highland clans, when the Thames was comparatively a pure river, and pleasant gardens and villas existed between Charing-Cross and Temple-Bar, a boy wandered to and from Westminster School, in whose character, as in that of many other little boys, the career of the future man was very fully foreshadowed. His family were decayed circumstances, and he easily accepted the respect paid to wealth, even those years at Westminster; while at the same time he heard traditions of times not removed, when his ancestors held a place among the English squirearchy. He would be often told of his Irish ancestry—the connection of his family with barons and earls—and those English manors, sold by his grandfather's grandfather, for means to fight

the battle of the Cavaliers and Royalists, when he followed the Stuarts' standard through folly and ruin to the end. Daylesford, the last of the family possessions had belonged to them until a recent date; and their records bore the names of its owners for nearly five hundred years. Eighteen years before the school-boy's birth it had been sold to a Bristol citizen, but the Westminster lad determined to buy it back again; and seventy-four years after its sale he realized this juvenile purpose, a purpose to which he clung amid scenes of magnificence and Oriental splendour, and in many a journey through beautiful lands placed under his sway, through wide regions thrice greater in extent and population than England, which he won for England's crown.

Nearly forty years had passed away after this resolution was formed; forty

years of arduous toil and weary work to that middle-aged gentleman, peculiarly handsome, with a broad and high forehead, and a quiet smile playing over features, hardened and worn with care, who is reading Horace, in the small, although richly-furnished cabin of a ship from India, which is doubling the Cape on the homeward voyage to England. He paraphrases one of the Latin poet's difficult odes, and we copy some of the verses which he has written :

He who enjoys, nor covets more,  
The lands his father held before,  
Is of true bliss possessed ;  
Let but his mind unfettered tread,  
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,  
And wise, as well as blest,  
No fears his peace of mind annoy,  
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,  
Which laboured years have won ;  
Nor packed committees break his rest,  
Nor avarice sends him forth in quest,  
Of climes beneath the sun.

Daylesford and his Westminster purposes are floating over the statesman's mind while he reads and writes in the Southern ocean. Ten years after the ship had reached England, this great Eastern politician, wishing to convince the world that he was not an Eastern nabob, published a statement of his expenditure; and challenged reproach on that head except in the matter of Daylesford, for which he admitted that the money paid was probably too much. But we must wander over this romance of half-a-century. A proud boy conscious of poverty and of talent, decides to earn fame and wealth with the resolution of manhood. He selects a course, studies hard, wins a way through grammars made difficult (as were all elementary works in those times), and leaves his classes at an early age, with the character of a remarkably clever lad, but rather gloomy and man-like—just as if his body and soul were not of the same age, and the material was much younger than the mental section of his being.

The school is abandoned, and then the question occurs, how is his capacity for acquiring languages to be turned into gold? Far away in the East English power begins to be recognised. The British flag has been firmly planted in Asia; and waves beside the deep rivers of India, yet often to be reddened by the blood of Britain's boldest youth. The Oriental crusade from the Western Isles has commenced. Many young hearts will beat high on the way to death ere it be closed. But India has un-

bounded wealth, and the adventurous or the hopeful turn therefore to it. They commence the reflux of "humanity" to the old home of our race, but the tide moves slowly. The Westminster boy needs influence for the first step. It is procured, and the East India Company bestows a writership on him, not recognising in the nameless heir of Daylesford, who sails to win again his alienated Worcestershire manor—their future master.

The boy was WARREN HASTINGS. Born in 1733, he was, in 1750, upon his first voyage to Hindostan, classed as a writer in the Company's Bengal service. He discharged his routine duties with assiduity and care; while forming an intimate acquaintance with the Hindoo and Persian languages. His attainments, combined with his knowledge of business to recommend him to his superiors, and at a very early age he was appointed to the superintendence of a new factory, in the interior of the country. This mercantile enterprise was unsuccessful, for war was commenced in the district, and Hastings was taken prisoner by the soldiers of Surajah Dowla. He had gained the esteem of the natives, and his captivity was light; although Surajah Dowla violently opposed the English interest; but this Indian chief was soon afterwards defeated by Meer Jaffier, losing his throne, and subsequently his life; while his former prisoner was accredited by Lord Clive as Resident Minister to the Court of the conqueror.

The calamities of some men become the springs of their prosperity; and the captivity of Hastings may have prepared the way for his diplomatic employment. He acquired great influence over the natives in his new capacity; and after contributing materially in his contracted sphere to the interests of the empire, he returned from India in 1765. Hastings remained in this country for a few years, and in 1768 he was appointed by the Directors of the East India Company a member of the Council for Madras; with the understanding that he should succeed to the government of the Presidency. He proceeded to his post in 1769. It was a period of great embarrassment; for the British Empire was then menaced by numerous foes. Civil war threatened its finest colonies. Intestine division was followed by successful revolt, and revolution, in America. A great conspiracy of Indian

kings had been formed against the infant empire of the East. All the influence and power of the French in India were employed to sweep the British flag from Hindostan. The pecuniary resources of the Company in the country were forestalled. The competency of our military chiefs in Asia was denied. Even our naval forces in the Indian seas had been unable to defend the coasts of the Presidency from the attacks of the French fleet. The East India Company's power was then on the brink of destruction. The Directors and Proprietary trembled for the value of their stock; and the history of the Anglo-Indian Empire seemed nearly complete. Such was the emergency when the Directors at home determined to place their affairs at Calcutta under the control of a man of energy and genius; and Warren Hastings was ordered to proceed from Madras, and assume the Governorship of Bengal in 1771.

The Bengal Presidency had recently become British property. A few years previously the Company with difficulty obtained permission to trade where then they was the virtual rulers. Warren Hastings was the first Governor-General of India who exercised direct authority over the population. His predecessors, Lord Clive, Mr. Verelst, and Mr. Cartier, had acted in conjunction with the Court of Moorsheda-bad. They doubtless exercised complete powers under a pretence; which Hastings was instructed to withdraw. He had therefore to construct a new system of government for thirty millions of persons, without a Parliament, without precedents; with a distracted Cabinet at home and a divided council in India; while the basis of his power was shaken by the attacks of external foes and intriguing partizans. In this conjuncture of difficulties he was almost the only one capable of government, for his assistants knew little of the habits, the history, the laws, languages, and religions of those nations whom he was to form into a compact state.

The Rohilla war broke out immediately after his appointment. The contest originated in an alliance with the Nawab of Oude, which Hastings did not frame, although he approved of its conditions; and they strengthened the frontier of Hindostan by securing a faithful

ally among the native princes. That war had scarcely been brought to a conclusion, when he was drawn into a serious contest in defence of Bombay against the Mahrattas. The Presidency of Bengal was then far removed from the nearest territory of Bombay. Independent nations stood between them; and a Governor at Calcutta of less patriotism than Hastings would have left the Bombay authorities to fight by themselves those battles which they had undertaken. This policy might have been prudent for a man of ease; but it could not be adopted by the sagacious statesman who probably foresaw the union of the three Presidencies under one government. The Bombay forces had been beaten by the Mahrattas, when the Bengal army arrived, changed the current of events, and saved the Presidency. But Bombay was saved only to allow Bengal and Hastings to succour Madras, overwhelmed by Hyder Ali and the incompetency of its governors, while threatened by a French army and fleet. The armies of Madras were either defeated in the field or starved in the forts. The commissariat was in distress, and the treasury was empty. Captivity and disgrace, or death by famine and the sword were the only apparent alternatives of the British in Madras, when the genius of Hastings devised, and his perseverance accomplished their rescue.

During these struggles the Governor-General's position with his Council at Calcutta and the Directors in London was embarrassing and painful. The Court of Directors endeavoured always to provide a majority against his measures in his Council. The land-tax adopted in 1772 was limited to five years. All the plans of renewal proposed by him were invariably resisted by General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis; while they were as invariably supported by Mr. Barwell. The revenues of the Presidency were endangered by this division of opinion; but the death of Colonel Monson in 1776 delivered the Governor-General from this thralldom, for the Council being equally divided, his casting vote rendered him supreme; and he applied his energy and genius to the financial business of the country, without the fear of defeat. The five years' leases had not realised the nominal rental. The arrears amounted to 129,000*l.*, and the remissions to 118,000*l.* At the end of the period, Mr. Francis,

the great opponent of the Governor-General, in Council, proposed a fixed and invariable rent; while the latter, in conjunction with Mr. Barwell, desired a strict inquiry into the capabilities of the soil, and the adoption of a variable tax. Hastings enforced his opinion by his vote. And as the Directors wished to postpone the adjustment of the rent-roll, annual arrangements were made until 1781. The vacillating policy of the Directors turned all Hindostan into a tenure at will, for a number of years, and yet the inconvenience of an unsettled revenue fell upon their representative to whom "life in India" was a succession of annoyances. The Directors, receiving despatches four months after their date, issued orders, proceeding upon their contents, which were to be enforced four months after they had been written. These orders generally were to undo whatever Hastings had performed, who, with nearly equal determination, postponed or refused compliance with their requests.

The Rohilla war was discussed and condemned by the Directors, who passed a resolution reflecting severely upon the Governor-General. The proprietors, at their next meeting, passed a contra-resolution, expressive of their "highest opinion of the services and integrity of Warren Hastings, Esq.," adding, that "they could not admit a corrupt suspicion of him without proof." This vote was given on the 6th December, 1775; but on the 8th May, 1766, the Directors resolved to address the King for the recall of Hastings; while on the 17th of the same month the Proprietors, by a vote of 377 to 271, instructed the Directors to reconsider their intention of addressing the Crown on that subject; and in the following July the Directors, in a storm, rescinded the resolution which was thus neutralised.

This balance of parties increased the difficulty of governing India. Native and French forces, in the field, harassed the military authorities who entertained an unnatural jealousy of the civil service. The Directors assailed Mr. Hastings through all the processes of Government at this period, but their resolutions were virtually rescinded by the Proprietors. The former endeavoured perpetually to obtain and support a majority in the Council, but they were baffled, and parties were balanced in this contest by the solemn intervention of death. To

those who explain the existence of the Anglo-Indian Empire from ordinary causes, the bravery of our armies, the conduct of our diplomatists, the sagacity of the Directors, or the wealth of their employers, we recommend a careful reading of its history, when the East India Company struggled with poverty; while their affairs were apparently cast into inextricable confusion, yet always solved and retrieved through the exertions of one man, endowed with great genius and talent.

The anxiety of the Directors to replace Hastings was evinced by a curious incident in 1777. He had confided the settlement of some personal affairs to Colonel MacLean, who was returning to England on private business. This gentleman stated that he had authority from him to tender his resignation. The Directors appointed a committee to investigate the nature of Colonel MacLean's instructions; who by a majority decided for their validity. The Court acted on this decision, accepted the unoffered resignation, appointed Mr. Wheeler as successor to the chair, and instructed General Clavering to occupy it, until the arrival of the new Governor-General. This appointment was ratified by the King. The only apology for these proceedings,—a passage in a letter from Mr. Hastings to Colonel MacLean, in which he stated a determination to resign, unless certain steps were adopted, which the Directors decided not to take—was a weak justification of a ludicrous farce. The Directors, afraid to dismiss their chief in India, tortured the contents of a private note, founded on contingencies, into an absolute offer of the chair. General Clavering summoned a Council upon the receipt of this intelligence, which consisted of Mr. Francis and himself, to assume the management of Bengal. Hastings summoned another, which consisted of Mr. Barwell and himself, disavowed Colonel MacLean, and refused to resign. The intrepidity of the dismissed Governor-General was never surpassed. Mr. Wheeler was on his voyage to India with his appointment by the Directors and the approval of the Monarch in his possession. A military man, the bitter opponent of the discarded official, had been appointed at home interim chair man. Hastings and Mr. Barwell, undaunted by the array opposed to them, threatened to maintain their position by force. A civil war between the govern-

ing parties in Bengal was imminent; but General Clavering, respecting the courage of his adversary, succumbed. The Judges of the Supreme Court decided in favour of Hastings, on an appeal to them; and he met Mr. Wheeler, on the arrival of the latter, armed with their decision. That gentleman had, however, a seat in the Council, and would have neutralised Mr. Hastings' policy; but the crisis commenced at Calcutta on the 19th June, 1777, closed when General Clavering died in the following August. Mr. Wheeler's additional vote was thereafter worthless, and the casting vote of Hastings continued in the ascendancy. The Directors wrote angry missives, requesting the Council to cancel his acts. He replied by equally firm explanations, which assumed the character of refusals; trusting to the balance of power in London between the Directors and the Proprietors, for his indemnity. This warfare extended to minute affairs, such as the appointment of local agents, and was extremely indecorous; while the resistance of the Governor-General to the appointment of Mr. Wheeler, by the Directors, enforced by the approval of the King, approached to an open defiance, for he determined to cast the responsibility of his dismissal on the home authorities, and not to be entrapped into a resignation by their policy, while the affairs of India were unsettled.

Hastings received his appointment in 1771, commenced the discharge of its duties in 1772, and had held his high office for five years in 1777, when he married; and yet Mrs. Hastings' marriage settlement amounted to no more than 10,000*l.*, and was paid by bills on England; from which we infer that in his five first years of power the Governor-General had not amassed a large fortune.

During these five years he was deeply engaged with measures to provide against a recurrence of a famine which desolated Bengal in 1770. His plans were eminently successful; and while periodical famines wasted the other Presidencies and many regions of Hindostan, Bengal was saved from these terrible inflictions, which originate chiefly in India from carelessness on the part of those in power, towards the works requisite for irrigation; and inexcusable negligence, because the Government are the real owners of the

soil, to whom the first rent is paid in the form of land-tax.

The overland route from Britain to India has consolidated our empire in the East, and reduced the course of post between London and Bombay to a single month. The late Mr. Waghorn received the thanks, and we are ashamed to say little more than the thanks, of the country, for the re-establishment of this route; which, in modern times, was originated by Warren Hastings, although the fears and jealousies of the Directors and the Government absolutely caused it to be temporarily abandoned. Its value was demonstrated by the celerity with which orders to seize Pondicherry, almost the last stronghold of the French in India, were conveyed from Britain. Intelligence reached Bengal early in July, 1778, which left no reasonable doubt that war existed between Britain and France. The Governor-General was not inclined to postpone operations in peace or war. Action with him followed close upon counsel, and Pondicherry was invested before the French knew their danger. The army destined to attack the fort took position on ground known as the "Red Hills," in its immediate neighbourhood, on the 8th of August. They summoned the fortress to surrender on the 9th, but Pondicherry had gallant defenders, who maintained possession until the middle of October, more than two months, before the terms of a capitulation were settled. The fort would have been taken if no overland mail had existed; but the conquest was rendered easier by the transmission of one despatch, the first and last for nearly fifty years, by this route.

The Presidency of Bombay was plunged into terrible difficulties in 1779, and the Governor-General determined to dispatch military reinforcements across the country. The line of march led the forces through part of the Mahratta territory, and the expedition was opposed by Mr. Francis and his party in the usual course of business, yet it was successful; and after the Bombay forces had been withdrawn, and a disgraceful treaty formed with the Mahratta chiefs, General Goddard and the Bengal army arrived on the scene of action, and, in 1780, retrieved the errors of their predecessors.

In the same year, in reference to the Mahratta war, an extremely disagree-



able collision occurred between Hastings and Mr. Francis. Barwell had left India, but Hastings insisted that before his departure the differences between Francis and himself had been arranged; and a systematic course of action adopted on leading points, especially on the war. Mr. Francis denied the truth of this statement. The discussion turned upon the personal assertions of the two gentlemen, with the circumstantial evidence in Hastings' favour, that he probably would not have assented to Mr. Barwell's departure without some stipulation of this nature. The parliamentary appointment of Hastings for five years expired in 1778. He was then reappointed for one year, notwithstanding his supposed resignation; and a third appointment for another year occurred in 1779. When this intelligence reached Calcutta in 1780, the quarrel with Mr. Francis attained its crisis. He endeavoured to cast the entire responsibility of the Mahratta war on the Governor-General, who charged his councillor with deceit. "I do not trust," he said, "to his promise of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct, by my experience of his private, which I have found to be devoid of truth and honour." The false code of honour common in India and elsewhere, at that period, left no alternative in this case, and none perhaps was desired. A duel was fought in which Mr. Francis was wounded; and he quitted India on the 9th December, 1780.

The Governor-General succeeded in forming an alliance with the Rajah of Berar, through whose territory the Bengal contingency marched to assist the army of Bombay in the Mahratta war; and it is remarkable that, in 1854, the Anglo-Indian Empire has reaped the benefit of this treaty, by the annexation of Berar to the general territory, upon the death of the late Rajah without issue. This district has been called, from its fertility, the garden of India; while its population is nearly equal to that of Belgium, 4,600,000, with a large revenue.

In 1779, Hastings concluded a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the Rancee of Gohud, an extensive district on the Jumna, by which the influence of the Company was carried into the countries now forming the north-western provinces, against Sindia and the Mahratta chiefs. Seventy years after its date, all

the territory from Calcutta over Jumna to Lahore and Peshawur under the control of the Anglo-Indian Government. Mr. Hastings' plan opposed by Sir Eyre Coote, the murder of the forces; and occur immediately favoured his opinion late in the season of 1779, the Rancee requested assistance against Sindia. Captain Popham, with a small force under his command, rapidly cleared Rancee's territory of Mahrattas, captured the fortress of Gwalior, by an attack, although it had been previously deemed impregnable.

We have noticed Hastings' appointments to that of 1779. This was for ten years, from 1781, when reconfirmed in 1784 by an incident relating to the future government of India. These frequent reappointments excite great curiosity, for they are a peculiarly imbecile and vacillating policy at home, when contrasted with the opposition of the Directors, and of the government, already expressed. His opponents charged him with avarice for power. The time answered the accusation. Character and fame were dear to him; but dearer was the British Empire in India, long as dangers threatened its existence he clung to his post; and his name had the field in Britain to their unopposed. When peace was re-established and the foundations of this grand empire were laid broad and deep, he resigned. He who had maintained place against the Directors, the Company, the King, and the Parliament while supported by the Proprietors refused to abandon his government the request of his opponents, from Calcutta when his measures were successful, and their triumph was questioned. He left India on the 1st February, 1785, and arrived in England on the 16th June following.

Indian business had been a favourite theme with the debaters in the Commons for some years, and as Hastings required fame and power without political friends or influence, and had accomplished, in a few years, more for India than both political parties—in the eyes of men whose views were confined to factious purposes—had had been industriously assailed and weakly defended. Charles James Fox would have sacrificed any one to people at any time, for the good

party; and Hastings was only one of the people. Edmund Burke was the most brilliant adventurer who had ever left Ireland, to sell genius in the best market. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the third leader in the impeachment, was perhaps equally brilliant, and he was equally willing to serve his party. History has already revealed the character of the three. The other Managers were chiefly members of the Whig party, who joined the triumvirate of leaders. In subsequent years the Whig leaders cleared their party from the reproach of this trial, by their condemnation of the persecution after it became an historical subject. The best of these declaimers was published when historical justice only could be secured, for all the parties affected by the opinion had gone before a higher bar than the Court at Westminster. The impeachment fell into the management of the Whigs, but the leaders of their opponents consented to this most ungrateful proceeding. The ability and genius employed against Hastings prejudiced him for a time, after his trial commenced, and it endured for seven years; but ultimately the press and the people espoused his cause, and then Burke and his friends charged the ruined man with bribery of the press, and libelled its conductors by asserting that their opinions were founded upon rupees.

Hastings arrived in England on the 16th June, 1785, and on the 20th Burke gave notice in the House of Commons that if no other member would undertake the business, he, on a future day, would make a motion respecting the conduct of the late Governor-General. The motion was delayed until the 17th February, 1786. Even then it was adjourned until the 4th April; upon the 20th, Hastings petitioned to be heard at the bar. Upon the 1st May he began his defence, which occupied two days in reading, being a history of his administration for thirteen years. Upon the 1st June the debate was renewed on the first charge, relating to his complicity in the Rohilla war. The House decided in his favour by a vote of 119 to 67. Mr. Francis, his opponent in council and in a duel already noticed, who had procured a seat in Parliament, spoke on this motion for impeachment. Great and indecent efforts were repeatedly made by Burke and his friends to place him on the list of Managers; but they were in-

variably unsuccessful. Upon the 13th June, on the charge regarding the Rajah of Benares, Pitt spoke against Hastings; and his impeachment on that point was carried by a majority of 118 to 79. The session was soon afterwards closed, and the business slept until the 2nd of April, 1787, when a similar motion was carried by a majority of 165 to 54, on the charge of receiving presents. It was proved subsequently that all the presents were paid into the Company's treasury. The final motion for the impeachment was adopted on the 10th May without a division: Burke was requested to intimate this resolution to the Peers: on the 18th he moved that Hastings be taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and on the 23rd that functionary intimated the performance of his part in this political farce. Bail was accepted for the appearance of the late Governor-General of India, and the summer passed without any further proceedings in public. Burke, Fox, and Sheridan were engaged in preparations for their intellectual gladiatorship. Hastings and his friends were occupied with researches into the history of the thirteen years passed in the formation of a great empire; for evidence of criminality on the part of its founder. On the 5th December, the Peers transmitted to the Commons a copy of the answers to the charges of the Lower House, delivered by the defendant, and the Commons appointed a committee to conduct the prosecution; who forwarded their replication upon the 10th; but more than two months elapsed until the commencement of the trial, on the 13th February, 1788, Hindostan was at that date a land unknown in England. Even to the higher classes of society it seemed a mine of gold and jewels. Anglo-Indians were considered rich; and the first Governor-General and organiser of the empire was endowed in the public mind with fabulous wealth; although relatively a poor man. He was thought to be "the richest of the rich," even when he was indebted to old friends in India for loans to meet his expenses. The House of Peers adjourned to Westminster Hall for the business of the trial. The Hall was fitted up with considerable splendour, for an impeachment before the Peers had not been witnessed for many previous years. The King supported Hastings; but he was absent. The Queen, the Princesses

Elizabeth, Augusta, and Mary, with the Duchess of Gloucester, had places in the gallery. Mrs. Fitzherbert, a person notorious for her position, occupied a seat in the Royal box. At that time the Prince of Wales was a Whig, who dined with Burke, supped with Fox, and finished with Sheridan. He was, therefore, interested against Hastings. And so necessarily was Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Prince and the Dukes of Cumberland, Gloucester, and York, took places among the Peers. As all the Peers act as judges in great State trials, the attendance was numerous; while two hundred members of the Commons were in the quarter assigned to them as spectators. The first day was occupied with preliminaries. The second day was passed in reading the charges and answers. The third day brought Burke's opening speech. The Peers evinced great curiosity to hear this orator, for one hundred and sixty-four members were present, although only eighty attended to hear the charges and answers upon the second day. Burke's speech continued over to the fourth day, which commenced with an attendance of one hundred and seventy-three Peers; and he only ended with the close of the fifth day. This oration has been compared with all other notable accusations that had preceded it, in former trials, and has been assigned the first place, as the premier statement of a case "against the prisoner at the bar," in the annals of English criminal courts. But for easy assumption of rumours as facts, for daring invention, for cruel misrepresentation, for malignant bitterness, we know nothing in the English language that can be compared with this perversion of genius. The accusation proceeded upon the principle that Hastings, as Governor-General of India, was responsible for all the acts, of all men, employed by the Company, in that country, during a long period of war, and for the proceedings of all their allies. Cruelties, pillage, and rapine practised against the natives were charged against their Governor; and yet with all the influence of the Commons, of the Government, and of a party in the Directorship willing to help Burke and the other Managers, a single native never offered a syllable of evidence to support these statements; but very numerous addresses of condolence were sent to Hastings from the Hindoos during his trial;

and it is well understood that pecuniary assistance was offered to him by natives of India, who had nothing farther to expect or to fear from his influence. He was accused of raising revenue and seizing territories upon improper motives; but he challenged the Commons to resign the revenue, to withdraw from the territories, to undo his oppression, to repay these robberies, which all had gone into the public treasury; to reverse the policy which they blamed and which they endeavoured to punish; yet during his trial no member was bold enough to move a resolution for this measure of "Justice to India." The policy adopted by Hastings has never been reversed; and even now, when nearly a century has passed, since he went abroad, his name is remembered among the natives as that of a benefactor, not a Tamerlane.

Burke was dissatisfied with ordinary criminalities, such as the world knew painfully had been often committed, but he advanced against Hastings crime which, he said, Devi Sing, an officer of the Government and his subordinates had perpetrated. Devi Sing might have been the monster of guilt described by Mr Burke without involving Hastings, who absolutely opposed his appointment, in his atrocities; but an inquiry then pending in India, subsequently, while it proved the culpability of that person and of his men, proved also that the frightful deeds narrated by Burke, in his opening speech, were never committed.

We cannot trace the progress of a trial which was the most tedious in English history, or perhaps in the history of the world. Its formal commencement, in February 1788, followed preliminary movements that occupied three years. Its close in 1795 acquitted the prisoner, but did not release him from consequences which embittered the closing years of a long life. Its progress afforded opportunities for displays of genius, pointed with invective, unparalleled in the last century. We have mentioned the names of the principal managers for the Commons; and Drs. Scott, Lawrence, Messrs. Mansfield, Burke, Douglas, and Piggot were their counsel. Messrs. Law, Plomer, and Dallas were counsel for Hastings. This great array of lawyers necessarily caused long delays in the proceedings, for every point was disputed. The Commons exhibited a frequent and peevish defence of their privileges, altogether in-

consistent with public rights. The gentleman upon trial during all these years had to expend large sums of money in his defence. His fortune and patience wasted away together. He remonstrated against the long delays; and the press at last argued against them as oppressive and unconstitutional. The Marquis of Lansdowne, at the close of the trial, in the Peers, while declining to vote, expressed a clear opinion in favour of the Governor-General, and against his prosecutors; an opinion which, from his position, mortified Burke and Fox exceedingly.

When the evidence was closed, and the mode of procedure arranged, Lord Thurlow defended Mr. Hastings in the Peers, and the Lord Chancellor opposed him. All the charges of the Commons were negatived in committee; but each article of the charges, occasionally divided into different questions, was put and voted in Westminster Hall on Thursday the 23rd of April, 1795. The first charge impeaching the Governor-General for the improper acquisition of the Benares territory was negatived by 23 to 6 votes. The second charge was lost by the same vote. The third, relating to the corrupt appropriation of sums of money, was negatived unanimously. The articles relating to the illegal acceptance of presents were negatived by 23 to 4; 23 to 3; 23 to 3; 23 to 3; 20 to 5. Warren Hastings had entirely extricated the opium revenue from the Poona Council, yet he was charged with giving the contract to Mr. Sullivan on too low terms. Even the Managers did not suggest that the Governor-General had a personal interest in the business. The charge was negatived by 19 to 5. The next charge virtually was for encouraging the smuggling of opium to China, and was repudiated unanimously. The following article charged him with impropriety in the substitution of the agency for the contract system in procuring bullocks for the army, and was lost by 23 to 3. A similar article in a precisely similar case was defeated by the same vote. When the Indian Empire was surrounded by foes and in great jeopardy, Hastings increased Sir Eyre Coote's allowances as Commander-in-Chief. He was impeached for this as a crime, but the article was rejected by 22 to 4. He had changed the contract to the agency system for garrisoning forts, with great

advantage to the Company, although against their directions. The Commons impeached, and the Directors thanked him for this policy. The two articles founded on the charge were thrown out by 22 to 4, and 23 to 3. The last article, namely, "Is Warren Hastings, Esq., guilty or not guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours charged upon him by the residue of the impeachment of the Commons?" was answered negatively by 25 to 2. Thereupon the Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who had been a bitter enemy to this the greatest prisoner, whom perhaps the Peers ever had at their bar, was compelled, with due regret, to address him in the following words of acquittal:—"Warren Hastings, Esq., I am to acquaint you that you are acquitted of the articles of impeachment, &c., exhibited against you by the House of Commons for high crimes and misdemeanours, and all things contained therein, and you are discharged, paying your fees."

"Paying the fees." And the real fees, including all law charges for his defence, amounted to 71,080*l*. The cost of the prosecution to the nation exceeded 100,000*l*. Thus ended a trial unparalleled in duration, importance, or iniquity. It dragged on for seven years. It involved the repayment from Indian resources of more than thirty-four, nearly thirty-five millions sterling, if the Commons were justified in the impeachment—that being the sum which Hastings, according to Burke, had put not into his own but into the Indian treasury, by high crimes and misdemeanours. It was iniquitous, for articles were charged that were never tried, and statements were made in speeches which even the Commons censured, after a regular discussion and vote.

Twenty-five years afterwards a meeting occurred at Calcutta to devise measures for the erection of a statue to Hastings. The Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General, although with a corresponding name, yet not a connexion of the first Governor-General's, stated that he was a Peer on the trial and opposed the impeachment; while on his visiting India he found new and abundant evidence to the falsehood of the charges. The European speakers at that meeting all confessed that they left England prejudiced against Hastings; but they met on every side after their

arrival proofs of his integrity and sagacity that were unimpeachable.

Comparatively few Peers voted on the articles, but many were present in the Hall, and the acquittal coincided with the almost unanimous feeling of the House, and with popular opinion, often correct, even upon subjects depending on voluminous evidence. All the Anglo-Indian witnesses expressed the highest opinion of Hastings, alike in his private and public capacity. The military officers addressed him in a document of the strongest character, to which many hundred signatures were attached. The findings of the Peers were followed by rejoicings in some places. The spring of 1796 brought very numerous congratulations and letters from India. The Directors and Proprietors of the East India Company agreed to defray the expenses of the defence. The Board of Control and the Government prevented the fulfilment of this just measure. A loan of 50,000*l.* was, therefore, given to Mr. Hastings without interest, and after the repayment of 16,000*l.*, the balance of 34,000*l.* was remitted. The expenses of the defence amounted to 71,080*l.*, and the difference 37,080*l.* was paid by Hastings from a fortune which never at its utmost accumulation exceeded 96,000*l.* This policy of the Government was more shameful, because at the time immense sums were squandered in pensions to persons of no abilities, and who had no claim on public regard. From the Company an annual pension of 4,000*l.* was voted to Mr. Hastings. He found the British Empire in India on the eve of destruction, and organised it in a durable form. He had to pay for the wars of three Presidencies, and he saved to the revenue money which, at the period of his trial, amounted nearly to thirty-four millions sterling. His government in thirteen years raised the revenue of Bengal from three to five millions sterling. He attached allies and conquered enemies, yet gained completely the favour of the Hindoos, and the good-will of the Anglo-Indian services more fully than any one of his able and numerous successors. The language of Hastings, on his own defence, is the best description of the conduct pursued by him. Alluding to India, he said, "I gave you all, and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace, and a life of impeachment."

He consolidated the provinces which now form India. He foresaw and prepared the union of the three Presidencies. He devised laws, while he resisted the most formidable combinations against the young empire. He established schools, insisted on the study of the vernacular by Englishmen in the service, instituted printing in the original languages, provided against the recurrence of famines in Bengal by irrigation, and left the country organised down to the smallest police station.

He negotiated the treaties with Berar, which have added that country to the empire in the present year; with Oude, which resulted, a few months since, in the offer of 12,000 soldiers to aid in the war against Russia; with the North-western Powers, which have carried the empire beyond the Sutlej. He encouraged geographical inquiry, and the study of Oriental literature. He commenced the cultivation of the sugar cane in Bengal, and sugar is now the most important staple of its export trade. He opened the overland route, which the Directors and the Government closed, lest Britain should become too familiar with Hindostan. He governed directly thirty millions of people, and indirectly thirty millions more, without constitution, parliament, or precedents, during thirteen years, chiefly of war; and the industry of his enemies, during an impeachment which continued virtually for ten years could not discover a single Hindoo witness against his government.

This celebrated trial has found several narrators. The most impartial account seems to have been taken in parts, and published in 1786, for J. Debrett, but it occupies more than seven or eight hundred octavo pages in double columns, and is inaccessible to general readers. Mil in his "History of British India," should have given a fair view of it; but, in reference to the evidence of Lord Cornwallis, he says it "contributed little to establish anything," and of Mr. Larkins, he admits that "it had a tendency, but no more than a tendency, rather to clear than convict Mr. Hastings." Subsequently, of the two examinations he alleges that they "just a little established anything in favour," & "they did in crimination of Mr. Hastings." But Lord Cornwallis swore that the natives might have complained of him against the conduct of Hastings and that they never did; that the

ed and respected him, as he found arrival, and the feeling continued departure; that Hastings's utmost needs had been necessary to counter the confederacy formed against British Empire, and that he had unduly rendered essential service to Lord Cornwallis was one of his successes, and Mr. Larkins had been agent to the Company at Calcutta, the private secretary of the Governor-General. The Managers admitted his character, and his testimony that in no one instance, and he had all opportunities of making the nation, had Mr. Hastings done any, either with an immediate or a view to his own personal advancement the contrary, his known and character was the very opposite to which has been imputed to him." were the testimonies which Mill, impartial historian, says "just as established anything in favour of did in crimination of Mr. Hast-

the termination of this trial was sworn into the Privy Council, but he seldom interfered in life. Called upon for evidence on the Bill, he was examined by the House in 1814, and on the departure of the aged witness from the House, lordships simultaneously rose in honour to his years, the value of his services, and his personal worth. He lived and died eminently one of the noblest people, who, like Cromwell, rose from the middle classes of society, to perform a great work for England; never received, as probably he desired, those honours conferred for very trivial services. The circumstance need not be regretted, for

baronetcies or peerages were obtained then on terms always easy, often foul; and it is better that the organiser of the Anglo-Indian Empire should go down to posterity as Warren Hastings, of Daylesford.

The latter years of his life were passed in that peace which he had long desired, upon the spot which he had sought from infancy, in those literary pursuits, which he greatly enjoyed, and among the friends whom he valued warmly and trusted well. He died on the 22nd August, 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The Anglo-Indian Empire, the greatest and the most powerful of Asia, is his monument; and as years roll into ages, as its purpose in providential designs becomes developed and its resources are matured, men will regard with increasing respect the talents of the humble Englishman, who found it in danger and on the brink of destruction, but left it in a career of prosperity, which has never since been checked; yet was persecuted in the decline of life, because in busier years he sharply reprov'd politicians for undating Calcutta with incapable persons, the objects of their patronage, who could not or would not even learn the languages of the races whom they aspired to govern. He outlived many of his persecutors; but Francis, his oldest enemy, the reputed author of the letters of Junius, died in the same year. Mr. Law, his able and faithful counsel, better known as Lord Ellenborough, lived long in terms of friendship with his celebrated client, and they went down to the grave almost together, in the same year, 1818.

#### ALEXANDER POPE.

en Anne's is the Augustan age of English literature, it is not because it possesses every other in intellectual and splendour, for the genius of the century did not culminate there. The imitations of resemblance between it and the times of Horace and Virgil are less remarkable. It was the age of patronage; as in Rome, wits

were the companions of courtiers, and the refinements of society, blending obnoxious restrictions with delicate tastes, were allowed to clothe poetry in the mantle of artificial life. Both eras were deficient in earnestness of purpose, and in depth and boldness of thought; they were imitative rather than creative, originality languished, inspiration was

sought in the works of the past, and not in nature "ever fair and young." The file and the pruning-hook were in great demand; it was "the last and greatest art, the art to blot." Each era had, if not its epic, its preceptive poems, its pastorals, and its "Ars Poetica;" and each witnessed conflicts of the satirical Muse that resulted in unprecedented achievements.

ALEXANDER POPE, the *facile princeps* of his age, was born on the 21st of May, 1688, in Lombard-street,\* London, where his father carried on the business of a linen merchant. The Herald's Office is silent as to his pedigree, and it matters little, for Poesy and Genius are no courtly parasites; they walk the wide earth with smiles and gifts for the lowliest. The poet, it is true, when meanly taunted by an aristocrat with his obscure birth, deigned angrily to repel the insinuation:—"As to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler), but, in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of a very ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children." And singing of himself, he says:—

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,  
Whilst yet in Britain honour had applause)  
Each parent sprung,—

and appends a note, affirming his descent from the Earl of Downe, on his father's side, and on the maternal, from a Yorkshire family, one member of which died in the service of King Charles. Unfortunately for Pope, there is strong evidence proving this genealogical tree to be, in part, a figment of his own. Soon after the birth of the poet, his father, who was then about forty-six years of age, and had already amassed a considerable fortune, retired from trade and the City, alarmed at the Revolution, which, as a Roman Catholic, he could not approve. He then established himself in Kensington, where he purchased a small estate; but afterwards selling this, he removed to Binfield, situated in the Royal Chase of Windsor Forest, where he had bought a house and about twenty acres of land.

\* See "Pope's Poetical Works, edited by Robert Carruthers," advertisement to the second volume, for recent evidence on this controverted point.

Alexander from his infancy was considered a prodigy. In constitution he was tender and delicate, and in disposition correspondingly gentle. He was nursed with great care, and became the favourite of the household; while the sweetness of his voice won for him the appellation of "the little nightingale." From an old aunt he learned to read, and he taught himself to write, by imitating printed books. When about eight he was put under the tuition of the family priest, who, according to the method of the Jesuits at that time, taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek together. He was then sent to a Catholic school at Twyford, where, though so young, he dared to lampoon his master, and bring chastisement on himself by his verses. His father is said to have removed him in a fit of resentment consequent on this castigation, and to have placed him in a school at London, first kept in Marylebone, and afterwards at Hyde Park Corner. Returning home at the close of his twelfth year, he was for some time under another priest; and "this," he said to Spence,\* "was all the teaching I ever had, and it extended a very little way. When I had done with my priests, I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry; and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me; and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods just as they fall in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life." On another occasion, after stating that he had taught himself both Greek and Latin, he added, "I did not follow the grammar, but rather hunted in the authors for a syntax of my own; and then began translating any part that pleased me, particularly in the best Greek and Latin poets; and by that means formed my taste, which, I think, verily about sixteen, was very nearly as good as it is now."

The poetical tastes of the boy had early discovered themselves; and these

\* Spence's Anecdotes.

years of seclusion were well adapted to nurture within him the spirit of song. Picture him as he wanders through those forest glades, fresh with the dew of morning, or when the golden shadows of evening are fading overhead—as he watches the sunlight playing with the leaves, or listens to the music of the winds as they sweep past;—and his susceptible soul cannot resist the varying but ever-glorious inspiration of the scene. He drinks at the babbling springs of nature, and the delicious draughts give fresh life to his being; unconsciously he learns to love and to adore; a subtle sympathy is infused into his heart, and the beautiful images of the material world exert a perpetual charm. Never shall the spell be broken; other themes may engage attention, artificial restraint and adornments may be multiplied, the emotional may be subordinated to the didactic, or the strolling fancy made to throw away its flowers and stand to watch the battles of jealous rivals; but the influence of these hours will be always perceptible—the recollection of them will come as a gleam of light across the darkened future. “I began to write verses,” said Pope, “further back than I can well remember.” Ogilby’s Homer he read with rapture when about eight years old; and he found similar pleasure in Sandys’ Ovid, and a translation of a part of Statius. When about twelve he composed a play, tacking together a number of speeches from the “Iliad,” with verses of his own; and this he got his schoolfellows to recite, his master’s gardener personating Ajax for them. He now coveted nothing more than to see his favourite Dryden, from whom he used to say he learned the art of versification. To this end he induced some friends to take him to the coffee-house, frequented by the great poet, and there his curiosity was satisfied by a passing glimpse. That quick eager glance was the homage of the prince elect of poets to the prince regnant; but little did either imagine the relationship in which they stood. At Binfield he found fresh incentives. His father used to set him to make verses, and would often send him back to “new turn” them, saying, “These are not good rhymes.” The short poem of “Solitude,” the first in his published works, was written at twelve, and exhibits an ease and elegance most unusual in juvenile compositions. Soon after he commenced

an epic poem, that occupied him for two years, entitled “Alcander, Prince of Rhodes.” He wrote four books of about a thousand verses each; and endeavoured to imitate in it all the beauties of the masters of epic verse. “There was Milton’s style,” he said, “in one part, and Cowley’s in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian.” Some of the couplets were afterwards inserted without alteration in his other poems. As in the “Essay on Criticism.”—

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow.

Mention is also made of a tragedy on the subject of St. Geneviève, a comedy, panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and a translation of the story of “Acis and Galatea,” from Ovid. “In the scattered lessons I used to set myself about that time,” he told Spence, “I translated above a quarter of the ‘Metamorphoses,’ and that part of ‘Statius,’ which was afterwards printed with the corrections of Walsh.” Thus accompanying with the illustrious dead, and exercising freely his imitative powers, he began to think himself “the greatest genius that ever was;” while others watched this development of mind with an interest akin to wonder. “The young fellow,” said one, “will either be a madman or a very great poet.”

Alexander once startled the family by announcing his determination to go to London, in the hope of acquiring the Latin and Italian languages under a tutor there; and away he went. But his impatience got the better of his prudence, and in a few months he returned home, having made but little progress in his design. His constant application at length affected his health and spirits. Medical assistance proved fruitless, for imagination probably was half the disease. He laid down in despondency prepared to die, and sent farewells to his friends. Among these was the Abbé Southcote, who immediately on receiving his letter consulted a physician, and obtaining a new prescription, hurried to Binfield with it. The young man was to study less and ride on horseback every day; and simple as was the remedy, it soon proved effectual. Pope never forgot the good father’s timely aid, and twenty years later obtained an appointment for him to the abbey at Avignon.



In his sixteenth year Pope composed his "Pastorals," but they were not published till five years later. Whatever merit they possessed he ascribed to "some good old authors, whose works as he had leisure to study, so he had not wanted care to imitate." The exquisite sweetness of the versification, which he had elaborated with the utmost nicety, was their chief recommendation; and, indeed, in advanced life, when he had acquired an unrivalled reputation, he still regarded them as the most correct and musical of his works. The manuscript was submitted to his neighbour, Sir William Trumbull, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and subsequently Secretary of State to William III., and was then living in retirement, and luxuriating in his garden, and in the cultivation of his classical tastes. From him it passed to the critics and poets of that time, who lavished praises on its unknown author, and began to think of him as a rising star. Sir William became a warm and steady patron, or rather friend; he discoursed freely with the young aspirant, they read together their favourite authors, and as their intimacy ripened, were to be daily seen galloping through the Forest side by side. The knight introduced him to Wycherley, one of the chiefs of the prose drama, the friend of Dryden, once a fashionable and irresistible courtier, and still a wit and a beau. Pope was dazzled for awhile, wrote letters full of adulation and humility, and when he went to town, "ran after him like a dog." Wycherley initiated him into the jovialities of tavern life, and, what was more appreciated, requested him to correct some poems he was about to publish. Pope acknowledged the compliment by undertaking the perilous task. At first he succeeded to the satisfaction of the applicant; gradually he grew bolder—some of the pieces he contracted, "as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force;" these he obliterated entirely; those he "new expressed, and turned more into poetry;" and at last he suggested that, with regard to certain of them, it would be better to destroy the framework, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, in the manner of Rochefoucault's maxims. This brought the farce to an end; the author recalled his manuscripts, and the young critic with a dash of petulance endeavoured

to forestal his wish, by declining to proceed farther. Another friend, by the "Pastorals" was Walsh, of much taste and good sense, and highly esteemed as a poet. He introduced Pope to his seat in the country, there he counselled him as to his course. "We had several great," he said, "but we never had one poet that was *correct*, and he advised him to make that his study and aim. Another dashing acquaintance was Henry Cromwell, who aspired to a reputation of a gallant with some success, and to that of a scholar with none. In the country, too, there were other and stronger attractions—fair-haired Martha and Teresa his daughters of Mr. Lister Blount of Apple-Durham, in Oxfordshire, the representative of an ancient Royalist family were acquiring that ascendancy of heart which has made their name ever memorable. In a letter to the sister, written at Bath in 1714, gives a fanciful account of their relationship: "You are to understand, that my passion for your fair sister has been divided with most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have loved with one after the other a week by week; and my journey to fell out in the three hundred and sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Martha. At the present vintage hereof, it is the three hundred and ninth week of the reign of your serene majesty, in whose service I listed some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will assist for my writing to either of you here as either shall happen to be regent at that time." The intimacy must have begun in 1707, when Pope and Wycherley were in their nineteenth and Martha was seventeen. It was before the elder sister was deposed the younger was his *confidante* at last. Some of his finest letters addressed to them. This intimacy was professedly founded on friendship and esteem; and there is no positive evidence that it betrayed them into serious improprieties of conduct, though there are passages in the correspondence from their grossness or their folly means creditable to the poet, and which can scarcely be excused even when we recall the manners of the age. To also much that is inexplicable in

quarrels and reconciliations, and in their blended interests in money matters. Was Pope unjust, or cruel, or capricious? Or was there really, from the first, no true love between them? In 1717 he settled on Teresa an annuity of forty pounds for six years, on condition that she should not be married during that term. But why this strange restriction? Eight months after, when in the agony of grief, he wrote to *Martha* this brief note: "My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall." The words were true, and *she* it was whom alone he remembered in his will.

Pope now commenced his "Essay on Criticism," but it was not published till 1711. This was a step far in advance of previous efforts; the imagery, ideas, and design, if not strictly his own, yet displayed correct taste, and rich and varied learning. Such a poem, produced by a young man scarcely yet of age, was, and still is, unrivalled in the language. Greater wealth of soul it was left for others to exhibit, but he appreciated and obeyed laws that the poet, whose young blood runs riot through his veins, is apt to ignore. Innumerable imitations and appropriations there were, and poetry and precept are not readily wedded, but what he had borrowed was adorned with his own courtly genius, and what was difficult of accomplishment he successfully essayed. His vigour and discrimination redeemed him from servility. The celebrated simile, applauded by Johnson as "the most apt, the most proper, and most sublime of any in the English language," is a good illustration of his skill in adapting or improving an idea. Drummond had written:—

All as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,  
Or Atlas' temples crowned with winter's glass,  
The airy Caucasus, the Appennine,  
Pyrene's cliffs where sun doth never shine,  
When he some heaps of hills hath overwent,  
Begins to thick on rest, his journey spent,  
Till mounting some tall mountain he doth find  
More heights before him than he left behind.

Pope, to quote the whole passage, has it:—

Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind,  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise  
New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
The eternal snows appear already passed,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:

But, those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way.  
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Pope did not affix his name to the Essay, and the sale at first was slow, but it brought him a great increase of fame, and widened his circle of acquaintance. Arbuthnot and Prior were previously friends. Gay, who had just escaped from behind the counter, now came to pay court to him, and Addison wrote in his praise in the "Spectator." Swift was then in England and in the zenith of his power; and in due time the *parvenu* poet received substantial proofs of his regard—introductions to "my lords" and "my ladies," to Harley, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, and the chiefs of the Tories—and, moreover, his aid in new literary undertakings. And there, too, was the rollicking Steele, fertile in expedients that baffled bailiffs, able and willing to help him up the steep road to glory and fortune. He it was who formally introduced him to the great monarch of Button's—that palace of punch-bowls and pipes, where the wits of those days daily held their levees—to Addison, the most popular man in England, of whom it was said, "If he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused." Strange is it that to this same spendthrift "Dick," Pope should have written some of his most sentimental letters; yet it was to him he penned that oft-applauded passage, which is not of less singular excellence than the context:—"When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth not."

With the prescience of a *vates*, Pope seems to have anticipated the assaults of criticism, and to have flung down the gauntlet in defiance. John Dennis was the prince of living aristarchs—an unsuccessful author and poet—fierce and vulgar in his invective, easily irritated, and withal acute and not

learned. Pope ventured a satirical allusion, and was immediately attacked in return, complimented "as a little affected hypocrite," and reminded that his outward form, though it was that of a monkey [his weakness early produced deformity] did not differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking, immaterial part from human understanding. But this was an insignificant skirmish, one of a series that preluded a terrible battle. Pope had other laurels to win before that came off. In 1712, he contributed to "Lintot's Miscellany" his first sketch of the "Rape of the Lock," with some translations and smaller pieces, and two years later came out his imitations of Chaucer, and the "Rape" enlarged to five cantos. Meantime the sacred eclogue of the Messiah appeared in the "Spectator," and several prose pieces in the "Guardian." In 1713 was published his "Windsor Forest," the earlier portion of which he had written several years before. Boileau and Roscommon suggested the Essay; and Denham's "Cooper's Hill," was evidently imitated here. The allegorical was mingled with the descriptive, but enthusiasm was wanting; it was a cold unimpassioned painting, with here and there a graceful touch and richer tint. An opportunity now soon occurred for retorting on Dennis his late personalities. Addison's "Cato" was brought upon the stage with great success; and was severely criticised by the disappointed censor. Pope, who probably felt a real interest in the fate of the tragedy, for which he had written a prologue, replied with great asperity in a satire entitled "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, on the Frenzy of J. D." Describing Dennis's apartment, he said: "On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called 'Cato,' with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *absurd*, *monstrous*, *execrable*, were everywhere written in such large characters that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fireside lay three farthings' worth of small coal in a 'Spectator,' and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art, for her master never read in them but he was either quite moped or in raving fits. . . . On his table were some ends of

verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus." Addison, not liking either the style of this criticism or the officiousness of its author, intimated to the publisher through Steele that he wholly disapproved of the proceeding. Dennis saw the letter, and made it public, appending a characteristic comment, and making free use of his opponent's initials—preferring the first letter of his Christian name, and the first and last of his surname, A. P. E., to the name in full. Pope did not forget this, and began to regard Addison with a distrust that ripened fast to positive dislike.

"The Rape of the Lock" had been originally written at the request of a Mr. Caryl. Lord Petre, in a frolic of gallantry, had cut off a lock of Miss Arabella Fumoris's hair, an outrage which had been so resented as to interrupt the intercourse of the two families. It was suggested that a poem might effect a reconciliation; and Pope, in a fortnight it is said, completed one so much to the purpose that the offended lady showed her gratification by handing it round her circle of acquaintance. The author, forthwith, to prevent a surreptitious edition, was forced to print it. Afterwards he proposed to raise it into a mock epic, by adding the machinery of the Rosicrucian system. Addison, who on its appearance had termed it *merum sal*, told him it was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it; but Pope, relying on his own judgment, and sparing no art, carried out the idea, and produced what Dr. Johnson deemed "the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions." It should, however, be observed, that he was probably indebted to the "Lutrin" of Boileau for the manner in which he treated the theme.

About this time Pope placed himself under Jervas the painter, with the intention, it would seem, of becoming an artist; his bodily weakness and the circumstances of the family rendering some such step advisable. His mornings were generally employed in painting, and his evenings in conversation. "I have been near a week in London," he wrote to Gay, "where I am like to remain till I become by Mr. Jervas's help *elegans formarum spectator*. I begin

to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek or in a dimple have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, as the 'Plain Dealer' has it; but I am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one part or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague, half-a-dozen earls, and one knight of the garter." Before, however, a twelve-month had expired, Pope abandoned the easel. All his poetry hitherto had not brought him 150*l.*, and he required to turn his talents to some more profitable account.\*

Sir William Trumbull had long counselled him to undertake a translation of Homer, and, as far back as 1709, he had actually published some few passages from the "Iliad." He again consulted with his friends, and especially with Addison, and finally resolved to attempt a complete version. "I know none of this age," said Addison, "that is equal to it beside yourself." Like Dryden's "Virgil," it was arranged to publish it by subscription, and the proposals were issued towards the close of 1713. They were favourably received, and six hundred and thirty-four copies of the work were subscribed for, at the price of six guineas for six quarto volumes. Towards this result he was helped by the zealous exertions of friends. Swift insisted before the courtiers, as they waited in the ante-chamber, that the author should not begin to print till he had a thousand guineas for him. The King subscribed 200*l.*, the Prince and Princess 100*l.*, and the nobility largely. The first volume appeared in June 1715, and the last two in 1720. By the agreement made with Lintot, the bookseller, Pope was to have, besides all the copies above mentioned, 200*l.* for each volume, so that he realised in all, by his labours, 5,320*l.* 4*s.*, a sum quite unprecedented. In commencing he trembled at his own

temerity; and finding himself embarrassed with difficulties, he was for a time timorous and uneasy—had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody would hang him." Nor were there wanting those who called his qualifications in question. But where his knowledge of Greek was insufficient, literal translations were always at hand; and, as Johnson says, "if more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby." Soon, however, he fell into a method of translating thirty or forty verses before he got out of bed, and when up he continued to compose during the rest of the morning; till at length the task became easy, and he worked with pleasure. It was his usual plan to take advantage of the first "heat," and then to correct, but repeated corrections often almost obliterated what was originally penned. The verses were written on any odd scraps of paper he could glean together, on house-bills, or old fragments of architectural sketches; so Swift spoke truly, when he styled him "paper-sparing Pope." On one occasion we even find him sending fruit to the Misses Blount, wrapped up in pieces covered with his translations, and on that account requesting them to return "every single bit."

As the work advanced, he wished to acquaint himself with the geography of ancient Greece, and gain further information on other points. To that end he visited Oxford twice; during the autumn of 1716, he appears to have sojourned there for some time. A letter addressed thence to Martha Blount, soon after his arrival, discloses susceptibilities that ought to have found freer scope in his poems:—"Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above. The gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of even.

\* Carruthers' Life of Pope.

ing overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, and studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me it was a little vanity, such as even these good men used to entertain, when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world." It was during this stay at Oxford that he composed his "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard," the most impassioned of his poems.

Contemporaneous with the first volume of the "Hind" appeared Tickell's translation of the first book. This excited the resentment of Pope, and notwithstanding complimentary and friendly expressions on the part of Addison, who was supposed to be the principal patron of this new undertaking, and who certainly had not prevented the publication when a word from him would have done so, he could not long restrain his gathering wrath. Tickell had stated in his preface that he "had the pleasure of being diverted from his design (of translating the whole) by finding that the work had fallen into a much abler hand;" and that his only aim was to bespeak the favour of the public to a translation of the "Odyssey." Addison said that both were done well, but that Tickell's had more of Homer. Possibly he was not altogether free from jealousy of his young rival; but there can be little doubt that Pope's anger conjured up imaginary wrongs, and hurried him beyond the

bounds of propriety. He wrote inveighing against "the little *æ* Cato," and alleging that Tick translated Homer to gratify the idle desires of *one man* only, "Turk in poetry, who could never brother near his throne." These poems were afterwards versified, published in 1727, and formed a brated and unequalled satire, in as our language, concluding with a couplet:

Who but must laugh if such a man the  
Who would not weep if Atticus were he

Now came a period of quietude; the poet was growing rich; and his reputation was established. The spirits of the age gathered about him, and aristocrats thronged to flatter him. His wit was sportive, his hopes were sanguine; he had turned philosopher or moralist, he plunged into excesses foreign to his character, and emulated the honours of a *bon-vivant* and a rake. Time found him again. From Binfield he ferried the household gods to Tottenham, where he purchased a villa, five acres of land attached to it. He exercised his ingenuity in gar planting and laid out the garden, formed and decorated a grotto, his taste made his residence "fit of the great, and the admiration skilful." A charming neighbour, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to her he conceived a violent passion; his fervid expressions of love and admiration have any meaning. His artificial character of Pope did itself even here, and one would suspect him incapable of deep emotion. He parades his wit and poetry rarely is there any sign of a heart or gushing tear. To Lady when at Constantinople with her band, he sent a copy of his work, including the "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" in which he wrote "y find some passage, that I cannot whether to wish you should understand or not," alluding, no doubt, to the concluding lines:—

And sure if Fate some future bard should  
In sad similitude of grief to mine,  
Condemned whole years in absence to be  
And image charms he must behold no more  
Such if there be who loves so long, so we  
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;  
The well-sung woes will soothe my pen:  
He best can paint them who shall feel them

Yet he had pointed out the same lines to Martha Blount before the book was published! And this is not a solitary instance. He even transcribed a letter of Gay's that pleased him, and sent it as his own, slightly varying the colouring, to each of these same two ladies! From ardent admirers, Lady Mary and himself by-and-by became bitter foes.

Pope's next enterprise was an edition of Shakspeare, and to him we are indebted for one or two valuable emendations; but on the whole the performance was a failure, for he was unlearned in black letter lore, and unable to cope with the greatness of his task. More successful was a version of the "Odyssey," which, assisted by Broome and Fenton, he completed in two years. Thus Homer, the bold and simple bard of a rugged manly age, had the most polished and courtly of poets as his translator. The work was a monument to the mastery of Pope over our language, which he had not only subdued, but softened and refined, and made to roll in mellifluous measures at his will; many a passage of chastened beauty and animated description testified to his taste and genius; but there were fatal defects in it, if strictly judged by its pretensions; for, while numerous traits of the original were entirely lost, it did not echo the spirit of the blind old man. It was like substituting a modern mansion for a Doric temple. The Shakspeare failure was now remarked by the critics, and one Theobald brought out an edition vastly superior to Pope's. The "Odyssey," too, and his arrangements with his coadjutors, were freely discussed, and gradually waxing wrath, he determined to try a new path, and scathe his enemies with his satirical vengeance. Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe" suggested an idea, and he quietly matured the plan of the "Dunciad." Meantime he united with Swift in the publication of some "Miscellanies," and among these he inserted a "Treatise on the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry," a most merciless castigation of all the minor songsters of the day. Of course, according to the custom of those times, when the "republic of letters" seemed degraded into a corps of *tirailleurs*, retalliations were numerous. Pope at once completed the "Dunciad;" did not scruple to tell a few falsehoods; pretended he came forward in self-defence; described Theobald as chosen king of the dunces; related in

mock majesty and with withering sarcasm the festivities that followed; and left the town to applaud or quarrel over his mischievous wit. In six months some six editions were sold; and the fury of the multitudinous victims knew no bounds. The satire was disgraced by virulent personalities and great grossness, but in varied yet concentrated power it was unrivalled. The author was threatened with corporal chastisement, but he was no coward, and disdaining to take any notice of the cautions given him, walked out alone as before, without any protection save sometimes his dog. It was not so easy, however, to face honest indignation temperately expressed, as to despise the threats of physical violence; and more than once, in attempting to justify himself, he condescended to the meanest and most unworthy quibbling.

There was a wide chasm between the wild buffoonery of this production and the tone of those that succeeded. The epistles on "Taste," and the "Use of Riches" came next, and shortly after that *opus magnum* of his ethical writings, the "Essay on Man." The first portion of this he published without his name, for it was the thorny path of metaphysics that almost for the first time he inclined to enter. It was not immediately fathered upon him, even Swift did not recognise him in it, but there were suspicions of the fact; and when the fourth part appeared, he removed all mystery by declaring himself. The Essay contains some of his best verses, and most exquisite passages, but poetry in it was subordinated to philosophy, and that a philosophy not the soundest. There was little novelty or depth of thought, but there was a specious ambiguity that soon gave rise to controversy. Pope was accused of inculcating the doctrines of fate, and laying stress on natural, to the neglect of revealed religion. His friend Warburton rushed gallantly to the rescue, and so plausibly expounded the obnoxious paragraphs that the poet wrote to him "in the greatest hurry imaginable," saying, "I know I meant just what you explain; but I did not explain myself by my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself; but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments." It would really seem as if Pope had surrendered

himself unwittingly to the influence of his friend Bolingbroke, and expressed ideas of which he did not recognise the tendency, for Bolingbroke used to call him "our high priest," and indeed from the close correspondency of phraseology as well as sentiment between passages in the Essay, and in the published works of his lordship, it is certain that Pope was much indebted to him. Only charity as to his intentions can overlook the unchristian tendency of many of his lines. Sad it is that a professedly moral poet should stand in such dubious relation to that system, containing the elements of all moralities, and rising in grandeur above all human speculations.

The "Moral Essays," "Imitations of Horace," versification of Dr. Donne's "Satires," the Prologue or "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," and, in fine, several minor compositions, distinguished by the same features, and including some admirable sketches of character, were produced during the next five or six years. His life passed in a routine of visiting and writing, interrupted only by the excitement of literary feuds. His "Correspondence" was published at this period, at first surreptitiously according to his own statement, but from the evidence against him it would appear at his anonymous instigation, in order that he might with propriety be able to issue a correct edition himself, and gratify his vanity without appearing to do so. In 1742, he again took the field against the dunces, wrote a fourth book to his poem, closing with a passage that, after numerous corrections, became, perhaps, the finest in his writings; magnificent in conception, and most forcibly expressed. A revision of the whole poem was afterwards published; Theobald was dethroned; and Cibber for a slight offence, that had been long rankling, was exalted to the dignity of the hero.

This was the last achievement. The person of the poet, never formed on the nicest model, betrayed increasing infirmities. He stood in perpetual need of female attendance, became extremely sensible of cold, wore a fir doublet under his shirt, and was daily invested with a bodice made of stiff canvas, over which again he put a flannel waistcoat. His legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings; and his habits were those of a confirmed

valetudinarian. At length the end came. This life of successes and ignoble strife was to close. Through the spring of 1744, symptoms of decay rapidly manifested themselves; May found him dying, and in a moralizing and thoughtful mood he anticipated the eternal future. On the 30th he breathed his last.

In estimating the character of Pope it is just to remember that his physical functions were so disordered as to make his life "a long disease." The moral man suffered in consequence. Irritable, jealous, vain, insincere, fond of artifice and unscrupulous in the use of means—striving to *seem* rather than to *be*—never swayed by grand impulses, working for unselfish ends, or bearing patiently his own ills—there is scarcely a trait to compare with unmingled satisfaction excepting his fond affection for his parents, whom he carefully tended to their latest days. His friendships in general were more of the intellect than the heart; his ambition was not that "glorious fault of angels and of gods," described by himself, but the love of the tinsel and parade of high life; his creed to the last was that of his childhood, yet it had no perceptible influence on the tenets he expounded or the life he led. As a poet, he could elaborate but not create, adorn most elegantly and with chastest beauty, but not build. Taste was the constant handmaid of his imagination, now modulating impulses but more frequently prompting choice ideas and expressions. If it is interesting to mark the fusion of genius into prosaic life, we are indebted to him for not a few phrases of ordinary use; but it is remarkable, as a indication of his style, that in general the spirit of Poesy lay at his feet, but captive in silken bands. He threw the nature the veil of art, but not so obscure her charms, pressed as it the poison-cup to her lips, yet in the pallor of death discovered new and enchanting beauties. Where shall we place him in the temple of the Muses? Lead him where the Mantuan sits in "sober triumph," and where Horace tunes the "Ausonian lyre;" and carve his name on that column of fame, on which, in his own words,

A shrine of purest gold is reared,  
Finished the whole and laboured every part,  
With patient touches of unweary'd art.

## WILLIAM COWPER.

It is rarely that a great poet engages our interest equally by his life and works. Some few there are whose lives are interwoven with their country's history, and whose names would have been immortal, even if the Muses had not canonised them. But the Tyrtæses, and Körners, and Lamartines of song are exceptional; for the poetic temperament is contemplative rather than active. And there is a somewhat larger class, whose career has a kind of stormy interest, arising from the turbulence and devastation of passion; just as the tamest scenery mounts even to the sublime, when scathed and torn by the fire of heaven. But generally speaking the poet lives in our hearts and memories simply as the producer of immortal verse; of the man and his history we know and care to know nothing more than the engraver and editor may choose to tell us.

WILLIAM COWPER belongs to the exceptional class. There is a fascination in his life that rivals the interest of his works. If anything, the *man* takes precedence of the *poet* in our hearts. When we speak of him it is more generally with pity for his misfortunes than with admiration for his genius. Our thoughts advert less to the author of "The Task" than to the friend of John Newton and Mary Unwin, "the stricken deer that left the herd," and whose wounds rankled so long and so cruelly, the gentle, loving, shrinking, suffering maniac of the banks of Ouse. That familiar figure rises before us with the large frenzied eye and towering tasselled cap, ensconced in the little greenhouse, the fragrance of mignonette and woodbine floating around, the goldfinches singing in the sunshine, and the leverets gambolling on the floor.

Two causes combine to raise this intense interest in the personal history of Cowper, the familiarity with which he has revealed himself, and his heavy and undeserved sorrows. For no man whose actual intercourse we have not enjoyed have we more the feeling of personal acquaintance. Throughout his *poems* there is diffused a familiar air, which possesses wonderful fascination. Most authors of didactic or descriptive writings are careful to preserve their *ecognito*; not so Cowper. He does not *acture ex cathedra*; but talks with us

as friend with friend, never suffering us to disassociate the sentiments from the speaker. He does not portray scenes merely, but cicerones us in person to the landscapes he best loved. Not content with describing in general terms the delights of domestic retirement, he throws open his own parlour door, and warmly welcomes us to his little home circle, where Mary Unwin plies "the threaded, steel," and "sister Ann" "shakes" from the harpsichord "its treasure of sweet sounds." In every page of his writings the poet himself is present, not with the fiendish scowl of Byron, to tell us how cordially he hates us, but with an affectionate smile of benignant wisdom which wins strangely on our hearts.

But it is in his correspondence that the man and his habits are most vividly portrayed. The graphic pencil of Boswell has not more faithfully delineated his hero than the bard of Olney has drawn his own portraiture, and detailed his own daily life in his delightful letters. All his habits and peculiarities, his bleary eyes, his dyspepsia, and the remedies he had faith in, his disturbed nights and strange vivid dreams, his appetite for fish (oysters in particular), his domestic pets—the goldfinches, the spaniel Beau, and the immortal Puss, Tiney and Bess, his love of gardening, his dexterity in mechanical employments—how he glazed the greenhouse, and manufactured the paralytic table that stood in the hall, his pedestrian feats when the weather permitted, and his ringing on the dumb-bells when it did not; his hours and scenes of study, his favourite walks, his dark monomania, and the sombre hue it gave to everything while the fit was upon him, the Olney news, ominous fogs and devastating fires—how Mr. Scott, the curate, quarrelled with Mr. Raban, the exhorter; how Tom Freeman, the "gingerbread baker, and his gingerbread wife" were upset, and how the clattering of their pans and panniers broke the poet's rest, the little incidents that rippled the even flow of his own existence—a political discussion with Mr. Bull—or a dinner with the Frogs—or a pic-nic in the Spinnie, the enlargement of his friend-



ships, the growth and publication of his poems, his siddgetiness in the press, the compliments he received, and the innocent oozing vanity with which he received them; these and a thousand similar traits of life and character glow with distinctness in the pages of his correspondence. The poet is revealed to our most intimate acquaintance; and so great is the fascination of such disclosures that we almost come to regard him with the feelings we cherish for the friend of our daily converse.

When to this we add the melancholy that hangs over Cowper's history, we cease to wonder at the interest his life excites. A life so innocent and amiable, yet spent in gloom, and setting in the blackness of darkness would, under any circumstances, rouse our sympathies; but in his case pity blends with the deep affection with which his familiar disclosures bind us to him, and our sorrow is more than mere sympathy. It is the lively anguish with which we look on the sufferings of those we love. The narrative of his life is wet with our tears. We cannot think of him without emotion. We long to whisper in his ear a word of consolation and hope. His life is one of those mysteries of Providence, in the unfolding of which we shall be personally interested. His very name is

Named softly as the household name  
Of one whom God hath taken.

It was in the ancient town of Great Berkhamstead that William Cowper first saw the light. His father, John Cowper, D.D., was rector of the place, and chaplain to George II. His grandfather was Spencer Cowper, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and brother to Earl Cowper, the Lord Chancellor. The rector of Berkhamstead married Anne Donne, daughter of a Norfolk gentleman, of honourable family. William, the poet, was their second son, and was born November 15, 1731.

His mother died when he was but six years old, yet her maternal tenderness made an ineffaceable impression on his heart. Fifty-three years afterwards he received from a Norfolk cousin the only existing portrait of this dear relative; and all the love and grief of his childhood rushed back upon him. "I viewed it," he writes, "with a trepidation of nerves and spirits akin to what

I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object I see at night, and of course the first on which I open my eyes in the morning." And we need not add that he has celebrated this incident in the most affecting and popular of his minor poems.

Immediately on his mother's death, Cowper was removed to a boarding-school at Market-street, in Hertfordshire, kept by a Dr. Pitman. Here he remained for two years, and here was the beginning of his sorrows. A great hardhearted lad of fifteen singled him out as the victim of secret cruelty. For several months he suffered in silence the barbarities of this young savage. The spirit of the child, naturally delicate and shrinking, was crushed. He feared to lift his eyes upon his oppressor higher than the knees, and knew him better by his shoe-buckles than any other part of his dress. The detection of this inhumanity, and the expulsion of its perpetrator, at length released Cowper from his misery; and serious symptoms of disease in the eyes shortly after occasioned his removal from the school.

For two years he was domesticated with an eminent oculist; and, on his partial recovery, was, in his tenth year placed at Westminster School. Here he remained till he was eighteen, and laid the foundation of his future celebrity. Many young men, who afterward attained literary renown, were educated at Westminster at this time, and Cowper numbered some of the most distinguished among his personal friends. The names of Lloyd, Churchill, Colmar, Cumberland, and Warren Hastings will be familiar to all our readers. Cowper read extensively in the classics; and indeed, the education of a large public school at that time comprised little else. Nor was the future poet under high obligations to studies which refine the taste, expand while they chasten the imagination, and store the vocabulary. If the best education for the artist is before the canvas, on which a Raffae or a Titian has flung his glowing conceptions, or amidst the marbles which the divine touch of a Phidias has well nigh animated, surely the poet, the word artist, cannot do better than give his days and his nights to the great master of classic song—to the simple majesty of Homer, or the severe elegance of

Sophocles, or the flowing grace of Virgil. Cowper at this time also began to essay his powers in poetical composition. It was towards the close of his Westminster residence that he wrote the earliest of his preserved productions—the mock-heroic lines on finding a horse-shoe at Bath. Every one must have been struck with the resemblance—remarked by Southey—of these lines to the opening strain of the poet's greatest work—"The Task."

On leaving Westminster in 1749, Cowper was articled for three years to a solicitor. But the drudgery of a law-student was irksome after Homer and Horace, and pleasant companionship. Unfortunately, too, Cowper felt himself under no constraint to look to success in his profession for a livelihood; relying rather on the interest of his powerful connections. Law was therefore subordinated to literature, and literature often to social merriment. His fellow clerk was no less a personage than Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. There must have been more vivacity and frolic about Thurlow then than in after-life, when his solemn countenance and gruff bearing occasioned the *bon-mot* that "no one could be as wise as Thurlow looked." "I did actually live," writes Cowper many years after to his cousin Lady Hesketh, "three years with a Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton-row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor, constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law. O fie! cousin, how could you do so!" Southampton-row was the residence of Ashley Cowper, uncle to the poet, and father of Lady Hesketh.

In 1752, when twenty-one years of age, Cowper took chambers in the Middle Temple, and two years after was called to the bar. In 1759, he removed his lodgings to the Inner Temple, and about the same time was made Commissioner of Bankrupts. Several of his Westminster contemporaries were now living by their wits, and, attracted by common literary tastes, Cowper renewed his intimacy with them. They met and dined every Thursday at each other's rooms in succession. They were seven in number, and denominated themselves the Nonsense Club. Bonnel Thornton, Lloyd, and Colman belonged to the

party. In their meetings they revelled in wit and literature. Cowper appears to have been conspicuous amongst them for his talents and pleasantry. He also contributed several papers to the magazines which Lloyd and Colman were conducting.

Other seductions at the same time drew the young barrister aside from the paths of jurisprudence. He had fallen in love with Theodora Jane, one of the fair cousins with whom he was wont to giggle in Southampton-row. The attachment was deep and mutual. The young poet laid at the feet of his charmer some of the earliest effusions of his Muse. At length his uncle Ashley peremptorily broke off the engagement. The ostensible plea was that the parties were too near akin; but it is more than probable that Ashley Cowper foreboded evil from those tendencies to diseased melancholy, of which his nephew had already given symptoms. Cowper felt the disappointment long and keenly, and it perhaps contributed to bring about the catastrophe which was now approaching. On Theodora the impression was ineffaceable. She never married, but remained true to her first and only love. She treasured up the tributary verses of her cousin; and finally transmitted them in a sealed packet to a lady-friend, with instructions not to open it till after her decease. Many years after, when the publication of "The Task" had established the poet's fame without enlarging his resources, he was surprised by a note signed "Anonymous," and settling on him an annuity of fifty pounds. "Anonymous" often made his appearance after this, and accompanied by presents which displayed the delicacy of a woman's taste. The most probable conjecture is that which identifies this unknown benefactor with the cousin of the poet's early love.

The indolence of these years told unfavourably on Cowper's spirits. His little patrimony was oozing away; his profession yielded little or nothing, and as yet his connections had no opportunity of serving him. Besides, he felt that he was squandering his time, abusing his talents, and making nothing out. Upon a susceptible mind like his there must have been a fearful reaction after the frivolities of the Nonsense Club. A significant anecdote is recorded of these days. He was taking tea with

Thurlow at the house of some ladies in Bloomsbury-square. The latter, since they parted from Mr. Chapman's roof, had been plodding on with iron determination. Contrasting sadly his own career, and foreboding the results, Cowper exclaimed, "Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall always be nobody, and you will be Chancellor; you shall provide for me when you are." He smiled and replied, "I surely will." "These ladies," said Cowper, "are witnesses." The future Chancellor still smiled and answered, "Let them be so, for I will certainly do it." Prediction and promise were both fulfilled; but the latter too tardily.

At length in 1762, the Clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords, and the combined office of reading clerk and clerk of the committees of the same House fell vacant simultaneously. Major Cowper, kinsman of the poet, was patron of both appointments, and at once offered the latter, as the more lucrative of the two, to his young relative. The briefless barrister eagerly accepted it. Shortly after, dreading the publicity of the offices, he begged to resign them for the clerkship of the Journals. His request was acceded to; but a suspicion of jobbing was raised. His patron's right of nomination was called in question. Cowper received notice to prepare himself for a rigorous examination at the bar of the House to ascertain his eligibility. The intelligence fell upon him like a thunderbolt. The mere matter of preparation was a slight thing; but the public appearance was "mortal poison." He went to the office daily for half a year, and pored over the books, but, owing to the distraction of his mind, understood nothing. His misery and despair were extreme, and at length brought on a nervous fever.

An excursion to Margate in the autumn somewhat restored his spirits; but on his return to town in October to prepare for "the push," they sank again under a weight of unutterable horror. In such a state preparation was a hopeless task, and as the crisis drew nearer, he was goaded to despair. At last he came to regard madness as his only relief, and expected it with eager impatience. Alas, its grasp was already upon him! And now came the horrid thought of self murder. He endeavoured to justify it to himself, and in his dreadful disorder of mind construed every inci-

dent into a vindication. He bought a phial of laudanum, and made many attempts to drink it. But a higher Power controlled the aberrations of his intellect, now that the power of self-control was gone; and he was strangely prevented. At length the fatal morning came; and in utter desperation he attempted to hang himself by a garter from a corner of the open door. He was so far successful as to lose all consciousness; but by the good providence of God the garter broke before death supervened. "When I came to myself again," writes Cowper, "I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning, just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body."

Major Cowper came in shortly after, and horrified at what he saw and heard, at once released his kinsman from the dreadful assignation.

And now the distemper assumed a new phase. A sense of the criminality of self-murder overwhelmed him, and he felt that he had been guilty of the intention, though not of the act. Conviction of God's wrath, and despair of escaping it, instantly succeeded. All his sins arrayed themselves before him. Everything seemed to his disordered mind to fall in with the current of his despair. He opened his Bible, and thought that the Saviour had him in His eye when He cursed the barren fig-tree. He imagined that the people in the streets stared and laughed at him. He bought a ballad of a street singer, because he thought it was written on him self. He accused himself of the unpardonable sin. He composed some verses on his own case in Sapphic measure, which we account about the most horrible that were ever penned. At length reason utterly gave way, and his friends removed him to an asylum.

Dr. Cotton, a skillful physician, and, what was better for the mood of his patient, a good Gospel Christian, kept a private asylum at St. Albans; and to his care Cowper was committed. Here he remained altogether eighteen months. Of these, the first five were spent in the horrid anticipation of immediate perdition. Then came a change, without doubt the result of physical amendment, a species of desperate hardihood, a determination to make the best of what he believed to be a brief suspension of

his sentence. After eight months his brother visited him; he inquired affectionately of the patient how he was. "As much better as despair can make me," was the sombre reply. His brother passionately protested that it was all a delusion. His earnest asseverations had a strange power over the unhappy maniac. From that moment the cloud of horror began to pass away. One morning he ventured to open a Bible that lay in the window-seat;—it was the second time since his illness—his eye fell on the 25th verse of the 3rd chapter of Romans, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God."

The result must be told in his own words: "Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement He had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport; I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder." Cowper remained with Dr. Cotton twelve months after this crisis. He was not himself in haste to part from his kind and sympathising physician; and perhaps his friends were almost as suspicious of his ecstasies as they had been of his despair.

There are two things to be distinguished in Cowper's madness and recovery, viz.:—the *physical* healing of a *physical* disease, and a *spiritual* awakening and transformation. These things have not been kept sufficiently apart. There has been a disposition in some of his biographers to resolve all the phenomena of the case into physical, or rather psychical distemper. His convictions of sin and sense of God's wrath are, according to them, as much symptoms of his mania, as his despair of pardon and horror of immediate damnation. His transition to joy and hope is simply the restoration of cerebral fluids to healthful action; and his ecstasies are a parting touch of the exorcised lunacy. Now, without doubt, Cowper's spiritual sorrows and fears did

follow upon the unsettlement of his brain, and his spiritual release was subsequent to his physical amendment; yet it by no means follows that either is to be resolved into its antecedent. The safest basis in which to rest the question is, that of *results*. If Cowper really underwent a twofold transformation during his madness, we justly demand to see evidence in his after-life. If, on the contrary, the cure of the physical malady solves the whole case, and all else was mere hallucination, of course we expect Cowper before his madness, and Cowper after his madness was healed, Cowper in the Temple, and Cowper at Olney to be the same man. Now the facts are, that after leaving Dr. Cotton's Cowper did exhibit a twofold change. For nearly ten years he lived a *same* man, and he lived a *spiritually-renewed* man. No one will surely identify in taste and character Cowper domesticating with the Unwins, and Cowper merry-making with the Nonsense Club. This is decisive. Effects so substantial demand an adequate cause. Cowper's spiritual transition, though complicated to our view with his mental aberration and cure, was sane, real and distinct. Our groping pathology may not be able to draw the line of separation, but it exists somewhere.

On leaving Dr. Cotton's in June, 1765, Cowper took private lodgings at Huntingdon. London, the scene of his misery, he regarded with horror—a feeling which he makes conspicuous enough in his poems. He abandoned jurisprudence, and renounced his hopes of official employment. In the first heat of the novel emotions that possessed him, he sought only a scene of retirement, where he might spend a life of undisturbed communion with that God who had so marvellously rescued him. In other days the cloister would have been hailed as the most congenial shelter. Huntingdon presented the twofold advantage of quietude to his heart's content, and proximity to his brother, the only remaining member of his family, and then a student at Cambridge. His relations, considering him lost to themselves and the world, generously contributed a sum for his maintenance.

Cowper felt now the buoyant spirits of recovered health, and the untold happiness of newly-found spiritual peace

Everything bore the hue of his own emotions. Huntingdon was a delightful place, and the people the most agreeable in the world. There were two or three families who "treated him with as much cordiality as if their pedigree and his own had grown on the same sheep-skin;" besides three or four single men "odd scrambling fellows like himself," who "suited his temper to a hair." But Cowper was no recluse in disposition, and Providence soon opened for him a congenial home.

He was taking a solitary walk one morning after church, when a young man of modest manners and pleasing countenance accosted him. They entered into conversation, and were mutually pleased with each other. The young man was William Cawthorne Unwin; son of the Rev. Morley Unwin, who held a College living, and prepared a few pupils for the University. Cowper was soon introduced to the family, consisting of father and mother, and son and daughter, "the most comfortable social folks ever known." Acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and before the year closed he was received into the house as boarder. This arrangement relieved him from much anxiety, for he had begun to feel the inconveniences of bachelorship with straitened means. Some months before he had written to his friend Joseph Hill, "Whatever you may think of the matter, it is no such easy thing to keep house for two people. A man cannot always live upon sheep's heads, and liver and lights, like the lions in the Tower; and a joint of meat in so small a family is an endless incumbrance. In short, I never knew how to pity poor housekeepers before; but now I cease to wonder at that politic cast which their occupation usually gives to their countenance, for it is really a matter full of perplexity." And he confessed to Lady Hesketh afterwards, that during the three months he had been in lodgings, he "had contrived by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economical matters, to spend the income of a twelvemonth."

Cowper had not been domesticated with the Unwins two years, when the father, on his way one Sunday morning to serve his church, was killed by a fall from his horse. This shocking catastrophe rendered necessary a change of residence. The celebrated John Newton was at this time curate of Olney, and,

attracted by the fame of his evangelical ministrations, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin removed thither. The daughter was now married, and William had a living at Stock, in Essex. The mother and the poet never parted till death violently sundered them.

It is the prerogative of genius to confer its own immortality on the objects of its affection. Thus the name of Mary Unwin is almost as widely known and affectionately cherished as that of William Cowper. She was seven years the poet's senior, had a "sweet serene countenance," and most agreeable manners. Cowper describes her as "of a very uncommon understanding," one who "has read much, to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess." Lady Hesketh, who did not form her acquaintance till many years afterwards, writes thus of her: "She is very far from grave; on the contrary, she is cheerful and gay, and laughs *de bon cœur* upon the smallest provocation. Amidst all the little puritanical words which fall from her *de temps en temps*, she seems to have by nature a great fund of quietude: great, indeed, must it have been not to have been totally overcome by the close confinement in which she has lived, and the anxiety she must have undergone for one, whom she certainly loves as well as one human being can love another." Strong, indeed, was their mutual affection, and fiery were the afflictions in which it was essayed. It was her lot not seldom to watch and bear the humours of a moody maniac, and her patience never ruffled, and her tenderness never failed. He, in his turn, and that when the cloud of despair was darkening over his own mind never to be dispelled, was called to bear the peevish exactions of decrepid old age, nor was he wanting in the trial. "Beautiful and lovely" indeed is such a friendship, and worthy of its immortality.

John Newton's had been a marvellous history. After a career of profligacy, and suffering, and peril, he had become a converted man and a clergyman. His religion partook of the fire and hardihood of his nature. He was now toiling vigorously for the reformation of his pastoral charge at Olney. Cowper, not a whit behind him in zeal, but sadly his inferior in nerve, threw himself with trembling eagerness into the plans of his energetic friend. He became with Newton joint-almoner of Mr. Thorn-

a benevolent gentleman, who had at their disposal a large annual sum for the benefit of the Olney poor. He visited the sick and the dying. He took a public part in the subsidiary arrangements which Newton had established. His nerves, once so rudely shocked, were ill-prepared for these public performances. We are informed that they cost him beforehand some hours of pained feeling, though, when once engaged, he "poured forth his heart to God in earnest intercession, with emotion equally simple, sublime, and true, adapted to the unusual common of elevated genius, exquisitely delicate, and profound piety, that quickened his mind." This was inquisitive, and probably hastened the catastrophe that followed. But, be it remembered, the mischief lay in the public simply, not in the devotedness and privacy of Cowper's private life—a position some of his biographers have been careful to keep in view.

At this time Cowper composed his hymns, at the instigation of Mr. Newton, who was preparing a common of psalmody for the use of his congregation. Also, on occasion of his friend's death, which occurred in 1770, he wrote up an account of his conversion and last illness, which Newton published after the author's decease, under the title of "Adelphi."

These are organic diseases which never completely heal; skill and prudence may keep them in check for a time, but the tendency yet remains, to break forth again on the slightest excitement. Cowper's mental trouble was of this species. There had been indications of morbid melancholy some time previous, but it was in the spring of 1773, that he relapsed into it. For some time he refused to enter Mr. Newton's door. Then with a sudden change of caprice of madness, having crossed the threshold, no person could induce him to return. The dark idea that possessed him was that he was deserted of God. This was manifested at first by a submission to the sovereignty so profound that he would not say "that if he were sure of being punished by only stretching his hand he would not do it, unless he was equally sure it was agreeable to His will that he should do it." Only his diseased mind received the impression. He imagined that

God had called him to present himself in sacrifice, as he had required Abraham to offer Isaac. Possessed by this notion he attempted suicide. Failing in this, he conceived himself eternally devoted to perdition for disobedience. And this strange and dreadful delusion never wholly abandoned him. His mind on all other subjects recovered its former soundness; but this preposterous notion it never shook off. In other respects he was a genius—in this he was, and ever continued to be, a madman. His, in fact, was a case of monomania—that most bewildering of maladies. True, the dark thought was not always alive and vividly present. Occupation and society often relieved his mind of its pressure. For all that it retained his settled persuasion; it gloomed over his hours of solitude; it obtruded at times on his gayest moods; and it added tenfold intensity to all his sorrows. Beautifully sings a living poetess, in the most appreciating lines on Cowper we have ever read:—

O poets! from a maniac's tongue  
Was poured the deathless singing;  
O Christians! to your cross of hope  
A hopeless hand was clinging;  
O men! this man in brotherhood  
Your weary steps beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he gave you ease,  
And died while you were smiling.

For more than sixteen months the unhappy poet was in the depths—moody, suspicious, and silent. During the whole of this period his friends Mrs. Unwin and the Newtons tended him with unwearied affection. Night and day, heedless of health, heedless of calumnious tongues, his faithful companion watched and ministered to him. At length symptoms of amendment appeared. He resumed his favourite employment of gardening. He suddenly became eager to return to his own home. Gradually he dropped his taciturnity, and became interested in things about him. Two years, however, elapsed before he resumed his correspondence, and, as we have remarked, *one* trace of his disorder lingered which time never effaced.

Employment, interesting but not irksome, was now become necessary to Cowper, to keep at bay the black thoughts that worried him. His first employments were mechanical; he became "a carpenter, a bird-cage maker, a gardener." He manufactured glass frames for his pines and cucumbers, and

writes to William Unwin: "If I were a plumber, I should be a complete glazier, and possibly the happy time may come when I shall be seen trudging away to the neighbouring towns with a shelf of glass hanging at my back. If government should impose another tax on that commodity, I hardly know a business in which a gentleman might more successfully employ himself. I would recommend it you to follow my example. You will presently qualify yourself for the task, and may not only amuse yourself at home, but may even exercise your skill in mending the church windows; which, as it would save money to the parish, would conduce, together with your other ministerial accomplishments, to make you extremely popular in the place." He then tried his skill with the pencil. "I draw," he writes, "mountains, valleys, woods, and streams, and ducks, and dab-chicks. I admire them myself, and Mrs. Unwin admires them, and her praise and my praise, put together, are fame enough for me."

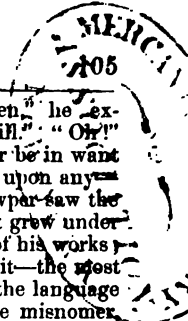
Lastly, verse-making was in the ascendant. He had already thrown off several poetical trifles, when Mr. Unwin urged him to attempt something of greater moment. He did so, and wrote the "Progress of Error." This was towards the close of 1780. He found the occupation so agreeable, that before the next spring he had added "Truth," "Table Talk," and "Expostulation." Mr. Newton, who had removed to London, negotiated for him with a bookseller. The bookseller being, like most of his fraternity, dilatory, and the author delighted with the new vein he had opened, "Hope," "Charity," and finally "Conversation" and "Retirement," were added before the close of the year. These pieces, together with the best of his smaller effusions, were published early in 1782, under the title of "Poems by William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple." Newton was to have written a Preface, and had actually prepared one; but the publisher took fright at the Evangelism, and by his advice it was dropped.

Cowper's first volume contains fewer beauties and more faults than its successor. The peculiarities of his style not unfrequently trespass into excess. Here and there his vigorous, idiomatic diction descends to commonplace, or even coarseness, his varied rhythm occasionally grates on the ear; his abrupt transitions from grave to gay verge upon

burlesque, and his plainspoken piety has sometimes a tone of harshness. Yet, with all these deductions, the volume was infinitely in advance of the poetry of the day. Nay, for vigour, freedom, nature, and truth, for those qualities of poetry which the human heart everywhere responds to, and which are indeed its true essentials, the English literature of the preceding half-century could produce few works to compare with it.

The volume was generally well received, though not according to its deserts. Its decidedly religious tone, despite the "sugar-plums" of wit and humour with which the poet had purposely besprinkled it, was unpalatable to many. The "Monthly Review," the critical Rhadamanthus of the day, was strong in its praise, whereat Cowper rejoices, for the wits at Olney swore by the "Monthly." "And oh!" sighs the bard, "wherever else I am accounted dull, let me pass for a genius at Olney." Dr. Johnson pronounced in its favour. Dr. Franklin, who happened to be in France at the time, wrote to a common friend a flattering eulogy. "Whereupon," says Cowper, "we may now treat the critics as the Archbishop of Toledo treated Gil Blas, when he found fault with one of his sermons. His Grace gave him a kick, and said, 'Begone for a jackanapes! and furnish yourself with a better taste, if you know where to find it.'"

About this time the widow of a baronet, Lady Austen by name, came on a visit to the neighbourhood of Olney. Cowper caught sight of her entering a shop opposite Mrs. Unwin's house, and was so struck with her appearance that, on ascertaining who she was, he requested Mrs. Unwin to invite her to tea. She came, and he found her conversation as fascinating as her person. This casual encounter was the commencement of a close and singular intimacy. Lady Austen was seeking retirement; the vicarage, once tenanted by the Newtons, was now vacant, and she soon fixed upon it for a summer residence. A common doorway connected the garden with that of Mrs. Unwin's house, and the neighbours speedily formed the habit of dining and spending the day "alternately at each other's *chateau*." For awhile the poet's letters present a picture of exuberant social happiness. "Sister Ann" was a powerful exorcist. His sable phantasies could not with



stand her wit and vivacity. She played with him at battledore and shuttlecock; she sang his songs to the music of her harpsichord; she told him funny stories with exquisite humour. One evening, when the clouds of melancholy were gathering very heavily, she narrated the immortal history of John Gilpin. During a night, almost sleepless with laughter, Cowper turned it into a ballad, at which all the world has laughed too.

But after about three years' continuance this unique friendship was abruptly broken off. Much unfair suspicion has been cast on both the ladies; but the poet's own account of the affair is surely satisfactory. Congeniality was wanting between the parties, and without this, though there may be fascination for awhile, strong abiding friendship there cannot be. Affection has no *stamina*, and will either decay or be stifled in pique. Mrs. Unwin and Cowper were evangelicals of the school of Newton. Sister Ann was gay, vivacious, *Parisian*; for she had spent most of her days in France. Her settlement at Olney had quite upset the sedate habits of Mrs. Unwin's quiet household. The poet, too, felt the exactions of this perpetual intercourse on his time; and, though Lady Austen's lively rattle might charm away the dark thoughts that infested him for the while, they would probably return in tenfold force when the spell was removed. The gentlest intimation of this state of things would be too much for Lady Austen's sensitive and hasty nature. Such an intimation Cowper appears to have given in a letter; the result was an impetuous rejoinder of such character as to render reconciliation impossible.

Poetical employment had now become essential to Cowper's happiness. During the progress of his first volume Mrs. Unwin, fearing for his health, had insisted on his laying aside his pen. "When ladies insist," he writes some years afterwards, "you know there is an end of the business; obedience on our part becomes necessary; I accordingly obeyed; but having lost my fiddle, I became pensive and unhappy; she, therefore, restored it to me convinced of its utility; and from that day to this I have never ceased to scrape." Accordingly it was not long after the first volume was off his hands, before he found a new subject for his powers. Lady Austen had often urged him to attempt blank verse.

"Give me a subject, then," he exclaimed one day, "and I will." "Oh!" she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any write upon this *subject*!" Cowper saw the capabilities of the theme; it grew under his hands into the greatest of his works—and when he had finished it—the most popular didactic poem in the language—he called it by a strange misnomer, "The Task." It was commenced early in the summer of 1783, occupied twelve months in the composition, and was published in June, 1785.

The publication of "The Task" marked an æra in the history of English poetry. Counting fifty years backwards and forwards from this period, we are struck with the singular contrast presented in this department of our literature. The half century antecedent brings us to the close of Pope's career. The interval is dreary, graced by but few names of distinguished excellence. Thomson, and Young, and Goldsmith, with the classical fragments of Collins and Gray, almost exhaust the list. The half century subsequent, on the contrary, is thronged with a galaxy of poets, unsurpassed by any equal space in the literature of any land.

It can hardly be that poets are "sown by Nature" thus capriciously; that she is niggardly to one age and lavish to the next. It is more in accordance, both with philosophy and fact, to suppose that during the fifty years preceding the æra of "The Task," the development of poetic genius was checked. That was the age of a false criticism, the canons of which were drawn less from the intuitions of the human heart than from the precedents and dogmas of great names. Poetry had become too much of an *art*, and too little of an inspiration. Where the genius of song was truly possessed, it feared to tower to its native dimensions, but cramped itself within the restrictions prescribed by little men, to whom poetry was nothing more than the mechanical art of making verses. It was forgotten that poetic genius has no laws but its own intuitions; that it is not to succumb to popular taste but to form it; that canons, which true poetic feeling has not prompted, are worse than worthless.

The close of the eighteenth century was the æra of revolutions. Dogmas, and traditions, and conventionalisms,—all that had been received as gospel—



all that had been revered as ancient,—all established creeds and codes, political, or social, or moral, or religious, were rudely assailed and overthrown. It would appear as if the general insurrection spread to the domain of criticism. Here, too, the old *régime* was supplanted; and poetic genius rejoiced together with the slaves of superstition and tyranny in the universal emancipation. Once more the poet resorted for his inspiration to those fountains of truth and nature, from which the Shakespeares and Spensers of a former age had drunk so deeply. Again he poured forth, as they had done, "his wood-notes wild," recognising no laws but those prescribed by his own intuitive taste. Again that poetry was accounted the best which most faithfully delineated nature, and stirred most deeply the heart of the reader.

And Cowper's "Task" stood in the van of this important revolution. It was a great original poem, belonging to no school but the everlasting one of Nature. The situation and previous history of the author admirably qualified him for taking such a position. During his youth he had studied diligently the classical authors; and for the training of the poet, next to Nature herself rank these her truest interpreters. Since that period he had almost severed connection with the world of literature. He had scarcely read a poem for the last twenty years. Shut up in rural retirement, nature had been his chief companion and study. "The influences of earth and sky," had been his perpetual and only teachers. He was of mature age, his powers were fully developed, and his taste disciplined. He wrote chiefly for his own amusement—at all events not for fame or competence—and could therefore set the critics at defiance.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of "The Task," the poems of Burns made their appearance. Both were pioneers of the same great movement. Both, deriving their inspiration from the fountains of Nature, led back the public mind to a truer standard and a purer taste. Their poems had many characteristics in common, and it is interesting to find that they read and appreciated each other's productions. "What a glorious book is 'The Task!'" writes Burns to Mrs. Dunlop. "I have read Burns' poems," says Cowper, "and have read them twice; and though they

be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production."

"The Task" was rapturously hailed. The Reviews were unanimous in its praise. After all, the fashion cannot be set in poetry like the cut of a coat or the tie of a periwig; and a poem of true beauty will set the great popular heart a-beating. But a result of his success, dearer to Cowper than the establishment of his fame, was the multiplication of his friends. Old attachments were revived and new ones formed. Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton, of Weston Park, made overtures to the shy and shrinking bard; and it was not long before the squire and his lady were transformed into Mr. and Mrs. Frog. Clotworthy Rowley, Esq., an old fellow-Tomplar wrote to him from Ireland, and their correspondence was renewed. Colman acknowledged the receipt of "The Task" in the warmest terms. And, happiest of all, his cousin Lady Hesketh, of "giggling" memory in his young days of love and idleness, wrote him an affectionate letter. Cowper answered it with eager delight. It was like the resurrection of a buried sister.

From this time Lady Hesketh became his good angel. She visited him during the summer months of several successive years; and when absent kept his spirits in healthful activity by her frequent correspondence. She persuaded him to leave the old house at Olney which was sadly dilapidated, and converted into a dungeon for a great part of the year by miry lanes and marshy fields, for the pleasant village of Weston Underwood, where the park and gardens of the Throckmortons were open to his access at all times. She prescribed for his maladies, and relieved his finances. His letters to this beloved cousin are the most lively and characteristic of his whole correspondence, and this is much to say.

Of all published letters Cowper's are decidedly the best. Of course every species of composition is to be judged by its own standard. In correspondence we do not seek brilliant antithesis, nor elaborate arrangement, nor even always weight and correctness of sentiment. Ease, spontaneity, humour, affection,—these and such-like are the excellencies of the epistolary style. And these quali-

ties the letters of Cowper possess in perfection. Flowing and homely, but never slipshod, adroit in diction to a marvel, but neither pedantic nor constrained, steeped in humour, and sparkling with fancy, but both humour and fancy obviously spontaneous, observing no order but the natural succession of thought, sensible, polite, affectionate, they are the very *ne plus ultra* of letter-writing. Our astonishment is heightened when we consider his situation—shut up with an elderly female in a quiet country town, and pursuing, with few variations, the same routine from year's end to year's end. But Cowper could turn the homeliest incident into graceful narrative, and when all other resources failed, he could expand into a delightful letter the fact that he had nothing to say.

The last sheet of "The Task" was scarcely corrected when the poet began to look round for other employment. A few days' vacancy was enough to reduce his spirits to a low ebb. One morning, in great distress, he took up the "Iliad," and merely for the amusement of the moment translated the first twelve lines of it. The next day he did the same, and presently conceived the design of going through the whole. "Now, my dear," he writes to Lady Hesketh, after a few months, "I am going to tell you a secret—it is a great secret, that you must not whisper even to your cat. No creature is at this moment apprised of it but Mrs. Unwin and her son. I am making a new translation of Homer, and am on the point of finishing the twenty-first book of the 'Iliad.'"

This "Herculean labour" occupied him more than six years. He translated and retranslated, and corrected and revised; so that the original copy bore scarcely any resemblance to the work as it issued from the press. He was never weary of the task. Even in the last years of his life, when his poor shattered mind turned vacantly from every other occupation, his "Homer" had power to charm him into partial self-forgetfulness. It was just the kind of employment that suited him, absorbing, but not worrying.

The work was published by subscription. His friends interested themselves, and secured a numerous and respectable list. His publisher behaved handsomely, paying all expenses, and making over to the poet the copyright and a thousand pounds. "Homer" made its

appearance in the summer of 1791, and may be considered as the best attempt ever made to accomplish an impracticable task. For impracticable it must be to combine in an English translation the simplicity and stateliness of the old Grecian.

Cowper's next undertaking was an edition of Milton. His business was "to select notes from others, and to write original notes, to translate the Latin and Italian poems, and to give a correct text." It was altogether an unhappy engagement. This was not the style of employment adapted for Cowper's morbid mind. The translations were speedily accomplished, but the annotating business was intolerable. His spirits sank whenever he sat down to it. There was nothing here of "the pleasure" of "poetic pains,"

The shifts and turns,  
The expedients and inventions multiform  
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms  
Tho' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win.

Besides he felt himself tethered to Milton, and forbidden to range the pleasant fields of original composition. One or two projects indeed he formed, and the fragment entitled "Yardley Oak," was intended as the opening of a second "Task." A tantalising fragment it is, as finished a daguerreotype from nature as poet ever penned.

One result, however, accrued to the poet himself from the Milton undertaking not to be overlooked. Another publisher had started a rival edition of Milton, of which Hayley the poet was engaged as editor. A paragraph in one of the newspapers insinuated that the editors were involved in the rivalry as well as the booksellers. Hayley's generous soul took fire at this, and with characteristic impetuosity he despatched at once a letter to Cowper containing an eulogistic sonnet, and disclaiming all emulous pretensions. This letter led to a correspondence, and the correspondence to a cordial friendship. Hayley soon paid a visit to Weston. The visit turned out most opportune, for while he was there, Mrs. Unwin, whose health had been failing for some time, was seized with paralysis. Hayley was unwearying in his attentions both to the suffering lady and the no less afflicted poet; and his kindness bound Cowper to him for ever. Shortly afterwards, in the summer of 1792, Cowper was prevailed upon, chiefly for the sake of his

dear companion's health, to undertake a journey to Earham Hall, in Sussex, Hayley's romantic residence. A thousand morbid terrors stood in his path, but his anxiety for his "faithful Mary" nerved him to brave them all. The visit actually came off, and the two friends spent six weeks in "Hayley's Paradise."

But alas! neither the health of the invalid, nor the spirits of the poet, received much benefit from the excursion. Both were rapidly sinking beyond the power of human relief. Bravely had Cowper kept at bay the horrible delusions of his diseased mind, but he was now succumbing in the conflict. His insanity was growing more inveterate daily. The darkness was gathering upon his soul, never to be irradiated again, till the light of heaven dispersed it for ever. For some months he had been in correspondence with a Mr. Teulon, a poor, pious, half-crazed schoolmaster of Olney, who had been the butt of his playful sallies in brighter days. To this man he told his dreams—his voices—his gleams of favour and relapses into despair. It is a pitiable picture, and we gladly hasten over it.

Mrs. Unwin had now become peevish and exacting. Her mind shared the imbecility of her paralysed frame. In the moody anguish of despair, retaining all his former love, Cowper yielded to all her caprices, and devoted himself to her service. At length Lady Hesketh caught an inkling of the state of things, and hastening to the spot, found her worst forebodings realised. Shortly after her arrival, in the January of 1794, his malady returned with greater violence than ever. For six days he sat "still and silent as death," and almost fasting, doing penance, as he imagined, for his sins. From this time to his death his gentle spirit suffered the unalleviated agonies of despair. John Johnson, his cousin, his "dear Johnny" of former days, contrived to remove him into Norfolk, hoping that change of scene might benefit him. But all was in vain. In December, 1796, Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper gazed upon her lifeless countenance, and then "flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, the first that he had uttered, or that had been perceived in him since the last return of his malady at Weston."\* Meanwhile his intel-

lect retained much of his vigour, for he revived his translation of Homer, and in 1798 composed "The Castaway," the last effort of his Muse. At length God in mercy released his suffering spirit. Still it was gloom unmitigated to the end. "How do you feel?" inquired his physician. "Feel!" replied Cowper, "I feel unutterable despair!" He died on the 5th of April, 1800. He was buried in Dereham Church; also the last resting place of the faithful partner of his joys and sorrow, Mary Unwin. Hayley composed inscriptions for the tombs of both.

He would be a presumptuous man who should profess to explain Cowper's history in its relations to Divine Providence; yet the questions *will* rise in our hearts, Why was all this permitted? Why was so pure and loveable a being delivered over to the long tyranny of so horrible a delusion? Without professing to give an account of the ways of Him "whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known," we are struck by two considerations which may quiet our faith under this fearful mystery. In the first place, Cowper's was a case of insanity—that is, of disease resulting from the necessary operation of physical law. The only difference between this and other cases of disease is, that in them we can trace effects to their causes, in this we cannot. When we see life waning out in consumption, or suddenly extinguished by apoplexy, we recognise certain inexorable laws of our physical constitution working out their necessary results. Those results could only be interrupted by miracle. But in the case of mental malady we see only effects; the physical laws whose operation leads to such effects baffle our anatomy; nature has hidden the mysterious links that cement soul and body. Yet such links exist. Insanity is as much disease—the inevitable consequence of physical law—as consumption. And the prevention or healing of insanity, when its secret causes are once in motion, would be equally a *miracle* with the preternatural healing of any other disease. This removes all *specialness* from Cowper's case. It was mysterious, true, but not more so than events which occur daily and never disturb our faith. It is mysterious that an infant, just as it has painfully struggled into existence, should depart again; that the head of a family should be smitten

\* Southey's Life of Cowper.

by mortal disease in the meridian of his strength. But these mysteries do not shake our faith. We trace effects to their causes, and bow before the laws of our being. Cowper's case is of this class, as much necessary, in the natural course of things, as those above instanced. And the question, Why was this permitted? resolves itself into the wider question, Why does God allow the good and lovely to suffer at all? Why does He not by perpetual intervention avert calamity from them? a question we need not trouble to answer.

Our next consideration is, that Providence *alleviated* Cowper's unhappy case, as far as was consistent with the existence of his malady. There were long intervals of suspension. Friends were raised up around him, eager to relieve and comfort him. In Mrs. Un-

win especially he found one whose care never wearied, and whose love never waned. His employments were precisely of the kind best adapted to divert his mind from melancholy themes. His bodily health was good. And without miraculous interposition more than this could not be. God suffered natural law to operate, but *broke its force*. He did not avert the calamity, but mitigated it.

He suffered once the madness-cloud  
Towards His love to blind him,  
Then gently led the blind along  
Where breath and bird might find him.

These considerations are not explanatory; we do not offer them as such; but at all events they bring the case of Cowper under the general principles of the Divine government, and point out gleams of compassion amidst the darkness of the mystery.

### ROBERT FELICITE DE LAMENNAIS.

Few men of our time have been the subject of opinions so contradictory as M. de Lamennais. It is true that no one has questioned the grandeur of his genius, the extent of his learning, the manly energy and vehemence of his style; but in every other respect there has been lavished upon him, in unceasing succession, either the most enthusiastic praise or the bitterest invective. This, however, is not to be wondered at, if we consider that M. de Lamennais, during his whole career, stood foremost in the contests of parties. Instead of remaining in the higher and purer regions of thought, he was constantly descending to the battle-field, with haughty eye and threatening tone, sword in hand, mercilessly striking down all whom he considered his enemies, either in the religious or political world. And not only was he a party-man, he more than once changed his motto, and hoisted new colours; so that his former friends at last proved his inveterate enemies, and *vice versa*. By turns a violent Ultramontanist and an almost sceptical philosopher, he champion of absolute despotism and he advocate of the wildest democracy; more of a Papist than the Pope himself; and a greater revolutionist than the republicans of '93, he has explored in his

wandering course the whole range of human opinions, from the one extremity to the other, and by the variations which have taken place in his own sentiments he has alternately excited the most ardent applause and the direst hatred.

Perhaps, if we scan the facts of the case a little more closely we shall find that M. de Lamennais has not changed so often or so completely as at first sight he may seem to have done. There were in his mind two or three leading principles which constantly reappeared under different forms, variously applied, and we shall take care to state them in the course of our biographical notice. But to ordinary minds which do not take the trouble to penetrate to the foundations of things, or to mere controversialists who do not even wish to be impartial, M. de Lamennais has appeared to be the very type of inconsistency and change.

This illustrious writer did not hesitate to declare, himself, that his opinions had been greatly modified in the course of his laborious career. These variations he ascribed to two causes. First, the law of *progress* in every human being. "There is nothing," said he, "more unreasonable for a man than to remain unchanged in his ideas." Then must be reckoned the influence of what M.

de Lamennais called the general intellect, or, to speak more simply, public opinion which changes with the great events of the day. "If we take," says he again, "a retrospective view of our own minds, we cannot deny the successive influence exercised over it by the general intellect. . . . In a manner, it was in this soil that our mind had its growth; there it found the sap which, by intimate elaboration, it assimilated to itself, and thus ever undergoing the process of modification, it has traversed the phases of its individual development, according to the degree of its weakness, a weakness which none can better appreciate than the mind itself which suffers from it. As far as *sincerity* goes, there is not one of our words which we would retract; but *we have often been mistaken, and seriously so.*"

One ought certainly to acknowledge that M. de Lamennais has always been sincere in the promulgation of his theories, and this is no trifling merit at a time when hypocrisy is so generally tolerated. But his many changes, whatever may have been their causes, have necessarily weakened the authority of his name, of his system, of his writings, and have even given a lower idea of his genius. A really superior man is not carried about by the current of passing events as was M. de Lamennais. Before giving his opinion to the world he maturely weighs his principles, and then, insensible to the ephemeral fluctuations of the multitude, he remains firm in the path he has chosen from the beginning. By these signs we recognise those who are destined to become the leaders and the lights of the human race. M. de Lamennais, notwithstanding his remarkable talents, was not fitted for such a position; his intellect had more power than breadth, more depth than grasp; he was a clever dialectician rather than a profound reasoner. True to his purpose he turned neither to the right nor left, but as an arrow from the bow went straight to the end he had in view, neglecting the difficulties which beset his path right and left, till they turned round and attacked him in the rear. In other words M. de Lamennais was frequently nothing more than an eloquent declaimer; he had the art of puzzling and of flooring his adversaries, without possessing skill to convince them. In short, he will most probably be deemed by posterity a man of second-

rate abilities only. As he was always influenced by the course of circumstances, the events of his life and his writings were intimately connected the one with the other. We shall therefore combine the history of his personal life with that of his opinions.

ROBERT FÉLICITÉ DE LA MENNAIS, or DE LAMENNAIS, or simply LAMENNAIS—for he has spelt his own name in this threefold manner, according as he belonged to the aristocratic or democratic party—was born June 19, 1782, at St Malo, in the ancient province of Bretagne. It is worthy of remark, that thirteen years before M. Chateaubriand first saw the light in the same town, and nearly in the same street. Thus Bretagne has had the honour of giving to France the two greatest prose writers of the nineteenth century.

The ancestors of M. de Lamennais were *armateurs*, or ship-brokers; they had received a patent of nobility from Louis XIV. for aiding Admiral Duquesne in his engagements with the Dutch fleets. Since then the Lamennais family, without abandoning commerce, had taken a high standing at St Malo, and filled with honour and ability several municipal offices. It seems that the young Lamennais manifested from his early childhood a taste for the practices of Roman Catholicism. He used to build, in play, little chapels in his room, imitating what he saw at church, and trying to copy the ceremonies of worship. A little time after he became a chorister, and neglected his lessons at school that he might assist at the Mass, when performed by the canons. His father, who destined him for business, did not much relish this excess of fervour; accordingly, he went to complain to the Bishop of St. Malo, accusing the sacristan of enticing his son, and encouraging him to disobedience. "You are wrong, sir," said the prelate; "it would be guilty in you to thwart the sentiment of precocious devotion which draws your son to the altar; leave him alone, and do not oppose the designs of Providence."

However, the young Lamennais was diverted from these devout practices, either by domestic circumstances, or by the great events now agitating the country. Soon after that he lost his mother, a tender and pious woman, who encouraged his taste for religious exercises, and he then

fell under very different influences. The Revolution of 1789, moreover, following up its desperate war against the Roman Catholic Church, shut all religious edifices during the year 1793, proscribed the priests, and under the invocation of the *Goddess of Reason* inaugurated a reign of frightful Atheism. At such a time it was scarcely possible that the child of St. Malo could pursue his devotions.

His impetuous and undisciplined temper, too, was a poor preparation for the Romanist's passive submission; nay, it was one of the causes which brought about the religious revolts of his more advanced life. An old governess, who had the task of teaching him to read, could never subdue his indomitable spirit. He studied the art of reading by himself, and with extraordinary efforts of application and perseverance, when he chose to do so. In like manner he acquired the Latin language. His elder brother, Jean de Lamennais, volunteered to instruct him, but the child soon became weary of his preceptor, refused his assistance, and providing himself with a grammar, a dictionary, and several Latin authors, he overcame all obstacles with extraordinary energy. In a very short time he could easily construe Horace, Virgil, and Tacitus. These little anecdotes have their importance; they exhibit the inner man of M. de Lamennais; they explain why he had so much confidence in his own ideas, and his unassisted strength.

His father had lost much money by the Revolution, and compelled to give up his whole time to the retrieving of his fortune, he had no leisure left for the superintendence of his son's education. Young Lamennais was consigned to the care and instruction of an old uncle who lived in the country. This gentleman, not knowing how to conquer the stubborn boy, used to shut him up for days in his library as a sort of prison. This library had two compartments, one containing the classics, books on religion, history, and literature; and the other, including works of a philosophical, heterodox, or immoral character—in one word, all that was dangerous for a youthful mind: in consequence of which, that part of the library was called *Hell*, and the boy was strictly forbidden to touch the books therein contained. But, as might have been foreseen, the Hell-department of

literature was precisely the one which excited his curiosity. Then only twelve years old, shut up by himself for long hours of solitude, he read all that fell in his way, and eagerly devoured the works of Bayle, Voltaire, Spinoza, and above all Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose opinions made a great impression on his mind, and whose style he imitated better than any other author of our time.

All this reading ill-chosen and ill-digested produced in his intellect a perfect chaos of contrary elements. Imagine on the one hand his naturally religious tendencies which had been suppressed, not destroyed, and which remained in him even till his last breath; on the other, fancy those negative systems, those attacks against all the doctrines of Christianity, those theories of Deism and Materialism, which were continually passing under his eyes, and gradually penetrating into his mind: what struggles for a child! what a conflict between light and darkness, between doubt and faith, between good and evil! Was not this an anticipation of the spectacle which M. de Lamennais offered throughout his subsequent career?

His father continued urging him to join in the management of the firm; but the youth had not the slightest relish for accounts; commercial operations were in no wise to his taste. He plunged deeper and deeper into his studies, and pursued them without guidance, according to the impulse of his own arbitrary nature, passing by turns from philosophy to theology, from history to jurisprudence; perusing the "*Moral Essays*" of the Jansenist Nicole after the atheistical diatribes of Diderot; constant, so to speak, only in the desultory character of his readings.

Thus he went on, till he was nearly twenty years old, having learnt much, but knowing nothing thoroughly. At this period we meet with an incident which the biographers of M. de Lamennais have merely alluded to in a few mysterious words, and we feel that we dare not entirely lift up the curtain ourselves. M. de Lamennais wished to see the world; it was a new horizon for him: with the extraordinary ardour he displayed in all things, he frequented drawing-rooms, theatres, frivolous company; and it appears that he formed an attachment as unfortunate as it was violent. "Under the thick veil," says

M. Sainte-Beuve,\* "which modesty and silence cast around his youthful years, you might perceive an all-absorbing sorrow, something *unique* and deep; then came a decisive catastrophe which at one blow broke that heart, and threw him back into the practice of Christian duties." Where is the man who has not had like experiences in the brilliant and exciting days of his youth?

M. de Lamennais was not of a nature sufficiently calm to bear this trial patiently. Discontented and broken in spirit he separated himself completely from the world, and seeking the loneliness of his library, turned his attention to those authors who could strengthen his religious faith, so powerfully revived by the blow he had received. He was twenty-two years old when he celebrated his first communion, rather late it is true, but not remarkably so; for the ceremonies of religious worship having been interrupted till the promulgation of the *Concordat* between Bonaparte and the Pope, the majority of Frenchmen belonging to the same generation never celebrated the communion at all.

The fortune of the family had now almost dwindled away, and M. de Lamennais, having lost his father, was obliged to gain a livelihood by his own exertions. He entered the college of St. Malo as professor of mathematics, and for several years discharged the modest duties belonging to this position. But a strong inclination towards the sacerdotal office made him continue his divinity studies. The elder brother, whom we have before named, had already taken orders. In 1807, the subject of our sketch published a translation of the "Spiritual Guide," a treatise composed in Latin by an ancient priest. It is a book where Roman Catholic piety is exhibited with all its austerities and mystical aspirations. The translation is simple and pleasing; it has been more than once reprinted.

In the following year M. de Lamennais sent to press his "Reflections on the State of the Church." This was his first war-cry against the unbelieving and careless; it contains vigorous thoughts, powerfully expressed, but the author falls, from want of experience, into serious exaggerations; he mistakes abuse for argument, believes himself strong when he is only violent, and thinks he

has defeated his enemies, the philosophers, because he has shown much contempt for them. The political feature of this work is an apology for despotism and one would suppose that Napoleon I must have sanctioned M. de Lamennais; but the Imperial Government took offence at some expressions which implied regret at the decay of the clergy's influence, and the book was seized by order of the minister of police. Our author was thus beginning early his quarrels with the civil authorities.

In 1811, that is to say, at the age of twenty-nine, M. de Lamennais solicited and obtained his ordination. It is right to remark here that he had never followed a regular course of studies in the clerical schools belonging to his communion. Perhaps, if he had been subjected during his youth to a system of rigid discipline, he would have shown himself more humble before the ecclesiastical hierarchy;—or, on the other hand, disgusted with the obedience required by the priests, he would never have adopted the clerical vocation. At all events, priests were scarce in 1811, and the Bishop of St. Malo broke through the customary rules, in order to secure to the Church so distinguished a servant.

In company with his elder brother, M. de Lamennais now composed, under the title "Tradition of the Church respecting the Institution of Bishops," a work, which was published in 1812. His aim was to prove, contrary to the opinion of some recent Jansenist doctors, that at all times the sanction of the Roman pontiff had been necessary in France to render valid the election of bishops. The authors evinced great erudition in the defence of this assertion; but it remains very doubtful if the bishops, at the time of Clovis, attached much importance to the confirmation of their titles by the Popes. It is only with Gregory I., during the sixth century, that we find clear proofs of a supremacy recognised on behalf of the Papal See.

M. de Lamennais had conceived a hearty resentment against Napoleon on account of the seizure of his book on "The State of the Church;" he returned to Paris in 1814, for the purpose of witnessing the fall of the great captain; and when he saw the colossus stretched on the ground, he pursued him with imprecations, denouncing him

\* *Critiques et Portraits Littéraires.*

is a man greedy of crimes. This was followed by a bitter pamphlet, assailing the University which the Emperor had founded—a pamphlet in which that institution was described as “vicious and impious.” To kick the prostrate lion afforded no proof of a generous spirit; but this conduct can be explained by reference to the rancorous passions reigning at the time throughout France. In 1814, the philippics launched against Bonaparte by M. Benjamin Constant, M. de Chateaubriand, and Madame de Staël, were also of the most violent description. There are times when nations, refusing to listen to the voice of justice, applaud only the cries of anger and revenge.

But Napoleon returned unexpectedly from the island of Elba, and M. de Lamennais, dreading the reprisals of the Imperial Government, sought refuge in England. There, according to all his biographers, a curious incident befel him, in which a lady of high rank also played a part.

This little circumstance will be easily understood if we bear in mind that M. de Lamennais, to use the common expression, *was no beauty*. Picture to yourself a short, spare, mean-looking man, awkward in his manner, slovenly in his dress, and a perfect stranger to the rules of etiquette. If any one looked at him in the face he would cast down his eyes, survey first the one shoe, then the other, or take great pinches of snuff from a large box, to conceal his embarrassment. And let us remark in passing that this timidity, his awkwardness remained with him throughout life. At the time when he was shaking the foundation of the Catholic Church, when he was attacking both Kings and Popes with a voice terrific as thunder,—the least visit, an interview with the most obscure stranger renewed all his nervousness. He showed himself brave and bold only when his pen was in his hand.

Well, M. de Lamennais went to England in the spring of 1815, with a letter of introduction to a noble lady, whose name need not be told. Behold, the sacerdotal tribune that was to be, presenting himself clad in a cassock worn threadbare, crumpling in his hand a dirty old hat; scarcely able to articulate a few confused words, he solicited to be taken into the family as a tutor. The lady scanned him from head to foot,

and sent him away in the most disdainful manner. Some one asked her what her reason was for so doing: “I could not receive that man,” said she, “*he looked so very stupid*.” M. de Lamennais was fond of repeating the anecdote to his friends. It is not the first time that a man of genius has been despised on account of his vulgar appearance, nor will it be the last.

Thus defeated in his attempt to procure a situation as tutor, M. de Lamennais entered a school, founded near London, for young *émigrés*, by the Abbé Caron, of Rennes, and he remained there seven months, discharging the humble duties of an usher. He then returned to France, dreading no longer the power of Napoleon, who was mournfully crossing the ocean on his way to the captivity of St. Helena. He went to the convent of the Feuillantines; afterwards to the seminary of St. Sulpice, and again to his old convent, possessed by an unsettled spirit, and finding nowhere the repose he sought. During these peregrinations he worked hard; the result of his labours—the first volume of the “*Essay on Indifference in Matters connected with Religion*”—appeared in 1817; the author was thirty-five years old.

Here let us pause over a book which marks an important epoch in the life of the great writer. M. de Lamennais, henceforward styled l’Abbé de Lamennais, passed at once from obscurity to renown; and, to use the words of one of his disciples, Father Lacordaire, “in one day the humble priest found himself invested with all the authority Bossuet formerly enjoyed.” The members of the sacerdotal body hailed with transports of admiration the intrepid and eloquent champion who displayed in the defence of Catholicism a power of logic and an energy of style never witnessed in the Gallican Church since the days of Bossuet and Fénelon. Great was the enthusiasm even at Rome. The Pope and the cardinals were rejoiced at having found a supporter whom they could oppose to their most distinguished adversaries; philosophers and sceptics felt astonished at hearing a voice so manly and so universally regarded, proceed from a community which they had thought either dead or dying. Politicians seeking to strengthen society by reviving religious belief, encouraged the writer who dealt such severe blows at incredulity. Men



of the world, fascinated by his talent and energy, read with a sort of tragical emotion a book which wholly condemned their light thoughts and frivolous pursuits. Even *litterati*, forgetting their old quarrels with the Romish Church, gladly welcomed amongst them the man who could devote to the cause of religion so much artistic skill, and so magnificent a style. Thus the first volume of the "Essay on Indifference" was received with unanimous applause; since the publication of M. de Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*" there had been no example of such success in the literary world.

What, then, was the author's object in this work? It was to refute the opinion so prevalent in our days, that *all* religions are *indifferent*; that is to say, equally good, or equally unimportant and useless. The Abbé reduced this indifference in matters of doctrine to three systems. There are, first, philosophers who suppose that religion is simply a *political invention*, necessary, perhaps, for the people, but superfluous for themselves, for enlightened minds. They inwardly despise all religious doctrine as a cunningly devised fable. Then there is another class of thinkers, who, acknowledging nothing as incontestably true but *natural* religion, as they term it, look upon all *positive* or *revealed* religions as at least doubtful, teaching that every one should remain in the Church of his fathers, follow her external observances, and not trouble himself with her dogmas. Lastly, we find a few sectaries (M. de Lamennais meant thereby the Protestants) who, admitting a revealed religion, reduce it to *fundamental articles*, assuming the right of discarding whatever does not agree with their private judgment. The author vigorously attacks, in separate chapters, these three categories of individuals, whom he comprises altogether under the common designation—*indifferent*. The only religion worthy of the name, the only one true, complete, and acceptable in his sight is the Roman Catholic; and he concludes by endeavouring to establish its importance relatively to man, to society, and to God himself.

We cannot, in a simple biographical notice, enter upon a lengthy controversy with the author. It cannot be denied that the first volume of the "Essay on Indifference" contains many just, lofty, profound thoughts, expressed in admi-

nable language; and the Abbé de Lamennais has fathomed with a penetrating eye the vices of our age; he has laid them bare with a vigorous hand, has depicted them with rare skill; seeking honestly for their remedy. But has he not exaggerated in more than one place the already sombre tints of the picture? Has he not neglected to show in the abuses of the Church of Rome one of the chief causes of the indifference he attacks with so much indignation? Has he not falsely confounded with the indifferent and the sceptics many sincere and faithful believers? Does he not use captious sophisms in his attempts to prove that the theory of *fundamental doctrines* is identical with incredulity? Does not his whole argument, in short, betray an excited mind which looks only at one side of the question, and fancies it has produced good reasons, because it has pronounced high-sounding anathemas?

The Protestants especially could not accept in silence the accusations of the virulent Abbé. An intelligent man, and one well known among the Reformed Churches of France, M. Samuel Vincent, formerly Pastor at Nismes, answered him in a pamphlet, in which the Protestant faith was fully vindicated. M. de Lamennais wrote a reply, in which he treated the *Minister* Vincent with much arrogance, as if he considered it below his dignity to enter the lists against such an opponent. This was a great fault. Genius does not excuse from politeness; and M. Samuel Vincent's solid objections were not overthrown by haughty invective.

The Abbé de Lamennais, however, soon found within his own communion adversaries whom he could not treat with the same contempt. He had said that reason, the senses, nay, consciousness itself, taken apart or together, do not assure us of the possession of truth; that consequently the individual man, a being so limited, so fallible, neither is nor can be certain of anything, and must of necessity have recourse to the Roman Catholic Church, for truth is sure, positive, infallible.—So be it; but the following question immediately arises: If man can be certain of nothing how can he be certain that truth really exists in the Romish Church? It is not enough to trample everything under foot for the benefit of Roman Catholic infallibility. First show that Catholicism

is infallible; and how can you succeed when you have beforehand destroyed the force of all proofs, all arguments addressed to the intellect, the soul, the consciousness of man?

This was a formidable objection; the Abbé de Lamennais was obliged to answer it, and he felt it so strongly that he gave up the original plan of the "Essay on Indifference," although he maintained the same title for the three subsequent volumes. He undertook to prove that the criterion of certitude or of truth lay in the *general opinion*, the *common consent*, the *universal agreement*, or the assent of human conviction in all ages and in all places, to the essential doctrines of faith. The Romish Church, or, in other words, the Papacy, was held up as the *Divine* organ, the *infallible* interpreter of this general opinion, in such a manner that every word that fell from the chair of St. Peter was stamped with the mark of perfect certitude. M. de Lamennais added, that it is inherent in our moral nature to admit the authority of the universal consent, and that truth is no longer a matter of dialectics, or private judgment, but a *simple act*, of which the common sense is judge.

Such is the famous theory of the *general consent*, to the defence of which our author devoted the most laborious years of his life, and which made him so many adversaries. How, indeed, is it to be proved that the Roman Catholic religion is simply the universal religion of mankind? The result of this theory would be, that Paganism itself having been generally adopted by mankind before the birth of Jesus Christ, already possessed all the doctrines necessary for the spiritual and moral life of man, and that Jesus Christ only *republished* the truths which were already deposited in the bosom of humanity by a primitive revelation, placing them at the same time under the safeguard of the Catholic Church! Thus the Gospel ceased to be a religion wholly distinct—the absolute religion; it became merely the confirmation of a religion, which had everywhere existed since the world began, under the garb of local superstitions.

The Abbé de Lamennais was obliged by the stern laws of logic to maintain the above ideas. He employed an immense amount of learning in endeavouring to prove that all nations, from

one end of the world to the other, have known by implication the articles of faith which constitute the doctrinal system of Catholicism; and that on this common, this constant testimony, rests the authority, the infallibility of the Pope.

It is easy to conceive that this method of defending the Catholic religion would provoke strong antagonism. A few young priests, more enthusiastic than wise, continued to applaud the tenets of M. de Lamennais. But the better-informed doctors, and some of the higher dignitaries were dismayed at this imprudent apology. They said that the author, under the pretence of drawing the philosopher into the Catholic Church, had transformed faith itself into a mere scheme of philosophy; and that the theory of a *general consent* destroyed at one blow all the traditions of the Church. Still they observed a flattering style of address towards the great writer, inviting him in the most courteous manner to return into the way of orthodoxy.

The Abbé de Lamennais wished to know what the Holy See thought of his system, and he went to Rome in 1824. He found in Pope Leo XII. a good old man, little skilled in theological questions, and incapable of appreciating the tendency of the doctrine of *universal consent*. The Pontiff much admired the author of the "Essay on Indifference." He had his portrait suspended in his oratory, and welcomed the celebrated Frenchman with all possible politeness. It is even said that he offered him a cardinal's hat. M. de Lamennais refused; was it in the spirit of humility and self-denial? or rather, did he fear lest so exalted a dignity should destroy his liberty, and enslave his pen? In either case the refusal was honourable; and if M. de Lamennais had his faults, at least he cannot be accused of a servile ambition.

On his return to France he was possessed by an earnest spirit of Ultramontanism, and he attacked without reserve the ancient liberties of the Gallican Church; amongst others the Four Articles of the Declaration of 1682, the work of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet, who had wished to put bounds to the authority of the Pope in matters of discipline and of temporal power. M. de Lamennais asserted that Gallicanism is a misconception of the

Roman Catholic Church, a disguised schism, a semi-Protestantism; and that if the Pope is not everything he is nothing. This was an affront offered to the Bourbons, whose traditional policy it is to maintain the rights of the Gallican Church against the encroachments of the Court of Rome. It at the same time irritated many of the bishops who, belonging to noble families in the country, were Frenchmen as well as priests, and therefore interested in the independence of the State not less than in the concerns of the Church. Thus M. de Lamennais brought upon himself much resentment, and an occasion was soon found for its display.

He published in 1826 a work entitled "Religion considered in its Relations to Political and Civil Order." The author therein condemned, with his habitual impetuosity, the principles of the Revolution of 1789, the *Charte*, the laws, the codes, the government, the legislative assemblies; in a word, the whole of modern society. He demanded that the Pope should be replaced, as in the middle ages, at the head of all spiritual or even temporal affairs. "Religion," he said, "in France is entirely excluded from both political and civil society; consequently the *State is atheist!* The French revolution sprang from Protestantism. The Protestants had discarded State authority in religion; it must also be banished from politics; and in both, the reason and the will of every individual man were substituted for the reason and the will of God, which is the immutable and the universal basis of all truth, of all law, of all duty. The chains which bind man to his Maker being thus broken, there remained nothing but atheism for religion, nothing but anarchy for society."

The Government judged that these and other words of a similar import constituted an offence against the institutions of the country. The author was summoned to appear before a court of justice, charged with having tried to efface the respective limits of the temporal and spiritual power. This trial, which took place in the reign of Charles X., at a time when religious animosity was running high amongst all parties, excited an extraordinary sensation. Every one was impatient to see if the judges would dare to condemn an ecclesiastic who had received such

marks of distinction from the Pope. "I shall show them what a priest is like," said M. de Lamennais, on hearing that he was to be prosecuted. The celebrated barrister Berryer acted as his counsel; the whole court overflowed with spectators. The Abbé de Lamennais maintained a haughty demeanour, and pronounced the following profession of faith:—"I owe it to my conscience, and to the sacred character which I bear, to declare to the tribunal that I remain firmly attached to the legitimate head of the Church, that his faith is my faith, his doctrine my doctrine, and that to my last breath I shall continue to defend them." He was only condemned to pay a fine of thirty francs, which, considering the gravity of the accusation, was almost a victory.

A short time after this the Abbé de Lamennais had a far more painful trial to endure. He had formed with a literary man, whom he looked upon as a friend, a scheme for establishing a publishing business. This person betrayed his confidence in the most abominable manner, and compromised his signature for a sum equal to nearly the whole of the small fortune of the too generous Abbé. It may not be irrelevant to add, that M. de Lamennais possessed in a high degree the virtue of disinterested kindness. He might have acquired wealth by his writings, but absorbed as he was in grave meditation, he thought but little of worldly prosperity. He used to dwell in a small apartment on a third or fourth floor of a house in Paris, living frugally, reducing his expenses to the strictest necessities, and practising in the midst of refined civilisation the austerities of an anchorite of the olden time. It was his custom in summer to retire to *La Chevnaie*, a small patrimonial estate situated between Rennes and Dinan, and which he retained in common with his elder brother. The poor knew him well; he often emptied his pockets whilst walking through the streets of Paris. On one occasion he fell into such a state of penury that he was obliged to sell the best part of his library. This generosity is worthy of remark in an age when writers are in the habit of making an unworthy traffic of their pen.

Let us now return to the religious and political lucubrations of our author. In 1829, he composed a new work, entitled "*Progress of the Revolution*"

and of the War against the Church." This book contained many remarkable passages which might almost pass for prophecies. It was a year before the Revolution of July 1830, and M. de Lamennais already said: "The ministers of State seem to have forgotten for the last fourteen years that the world now is agitated by an irresistible desire for a new order of things. It is impossible to arrest the progressive movement of society, at most could any one attempt to direct it. Never did men so ardently sigh for a new order of things, every one is calling for a revolution. . . . Yes, this revolution will come, because the people must be chastised as well as instructed, because it is indispensable according to the laws of Providence, in order to prepare the way for a true social regeneration. France will not be the only theatre; the revolution must extend itself wherever Liberalism now reigns, either as a doctrine, or a feeling. . . . Despotism and anarchy will for a long time continue to contend for the supremacy, until the different truths upon which the salvation of the world depends have instilled themselves into the minds of men, and made all things ready for the end which God has in view."

The Revolution of July 1830 actually followed, when, after three days' fighting in the public squares of Paris, the old Bourbons were driven from their time-honoured throne, and the victorious citizens placed the vacant crown on the head of Louis Philippe, imposing such conditions as should constrain him to govern in a democratic manner. Though the Abbé de Lamennais had foreseen and predicted this great event, it was as a light bursting upon him, and we now arrive at a new date in the development of his ideas.

The Abbé de Lamennais did not yet abandon the cause of Ultramontan-ism. He was anti-Gallican as before, and pleaded for the sovereign rights of the Papacy. But instead of turning to kings, to institute a close alliance between the sacerdotal authority and temporal despotism, he transferred his hopes to the peoples. He dreamed of the speedy return of all Christian nations to the unity of the Roman Catholic Church, and proposed the establishment of a gigantic democracy, of which the Pope was to be the head as the lieutenant of the Almighty. We see here the revival

of the plan attempted by Gregory VII., with this difference, that the mediæval pontiff dealt with kings and princes; while the modern agitator, discarding the whole aristocratic element, introduced the sovereignty of the people as one of the essential elements of the question.

By what secret tendencies did the Abbé de Lamennais pass at once from the camp of Royal absolutism to that of democracy? The link is easily discovered. We must remember that the basis of his system was the *general opinion*, the *common consent*. Well, in the triumph of the people, and of their rights over the pretensions of Royalty, he thought he saw clearly that the *general opinion* was on the side of democracy, and, consequently, that this Revolution was according to the plan of the Almighty; so that, in fact, he remained faithful to the fundamental part of his convictions, in renouncing the alliance of the Papacy with kings, and recommending to the Pope to unite himself with peoples. His religious theories had from the beginning been mixed up with social questions; and now he still combined religion with politics. There was only this difference, that politics took an increasingly high place in his speculations, and, consequently, religion a proportionately low one.

Impatient to put his hand to the work, M. de Lamennais had determined upon starting a journal which should preach the holy alliance between the Papacy and democracy. He summoned a phalanx of disciples young, intelligent, and devoted; Count Montalembert, who joined to his high position the talents of an orator and writer;—the Abbé Lacordaire, then full of generous illusions, and seeking an outlet for his burning eloquence;—the Abbé Gerbet, a grave and studious man, since then appointed Professor of Divinity at Louvain;—the Abbé de Coux, and others. With this assistance M. de Lamennais issued a prospectus, announcing the publication of a newspaper called "*l'Avenir*," and the first number of this publication appeared on October 16th, 1830, with this motto, "God and Liberty."

The revolutionary passions, excited by the triumph of July, were still in all their glow, and insurrection howled every day in the streets, threatening to break the crown of Louis Philippe like that of Charles X. The appearance

the journal "l'Avenir," with the name of M. de Lamennais on the title page, was really a public event. The editors disguised neither their views nor their designs. In the sphere of foreign policy they demanded the emancipation of Poland, of the monarchical States of Italy, and of Ireland, which they represented as oppressed by the English Government. As to domestic policy they demanded the complete separation of Church and State, inviting the priests to give up the salaries which they received from the public treasury. They claimed the liberty of teaching, the liberty of the press, the liberty of association; in short, all the liberties which they considered essential to the advancement of the Catholic religion. At the same time they offered the Papacy, re-established in its power and grandeur, as the cornerstone of the new political edifice.

The language of M. de Lamennais was lively, energetic, impassioned. "Your influence is decaying," he said to the Roman Pontiff, "and faith with it. Do you desire to rescue both the one and the other. Unite yourself to humanity, such as eighteen hundred years of Christianity have made it. Nothing is stationary in this world. You have reigned over kings, but kings have debased the Papacy—separate yourself then from the kings; hold out your hand to the peoples; they will support you with their strong arms, and, what is still better, with their love. Abandon the ruins of your ancient earthly splendour; spurn them as unworthy of you."

In advising bishops and priests to give up the salaries they received from the State, M. de Lamennais did not conceal that this act of self-denial would most likely subject them to painful privations. But he showed them freedom in the future: for he observed "*Whoever is paid becomes of necessity dependent upon him who pays.*" He exhorted them to practise self-sacrifice, and, if necessary, martyrdom. He then assured them also, that by renouncing the insulting patronage of the State, the priests would reconquer an immense influence over the souls of men. "It is time, it is full time," he cried in an outburst of enthusiasm, "that the priest should recover his dignity and freedom. No advantage could ever compensate for the loss of it. It is true that the priest must live, but above all *the Church*, too, must live, and

her existence is connected with the sacrifice which will restore her liberty. . . Ministers of Him who was born in stable, and died on the cross, return to your ancient origin. Strengthen yourselves voluntarily in poverty and suffering, then shall the Word of the suffering and humble God resume, as it flows from your lips, its former power. Without any other stay than this Divine Word descend as the twelve Apostles into the midst of the peoples, and begin again the conquest of the world! A new era of triumph and glory is preparing for Christianity. See on the horizon the signs of the rising sun; and, ye messengers of hope, sound on the ruins of empires, over the remains of all that passes away the song of life!"

The French people applauded these opinions so new and so bold. For the first time it saw Roman Catholic priests standing forth as the champions of liberty, of social progress, and of democracy; and without giving much attention to the figure of the Pope, which appeared continually behind the article of "l'Avenir," they expected great things from these novelties. The most enlightened republicans, the men of the opposition, not at all understanding this extraordinary mixture of theocracy and Liberalism, which combined the spirit of Ultramontanism with the spirit of revolution, maintained a distrustful reserve. They had not yet adopted M. de Lamennais as a friend and a brother. As for the Roman Catholic clergy, the youngest and the lowest in the hierarchy, that is to say, those who were most accessible to generous chimeras, and the least to lose, were delighted at the bold innovations of "l'Avenir." But the old divinity doctors, the bishops and chiefs of the sacerdotal order were alarmed. They had no desire to exchange their stated incomes, their comfortable positions, their official honour for the voluntary subscriptions, the uncertain gifts of their flocks, for the wandering life of evangelists and missionaries. They protested vehemently against M. de Lamennais as a dangerous man, a philosopher under the garb of priest, a cassocked demagogue—a rante a traitor ready to overturn everything for the pleasure of lording it in the Church; and they soon denounced him both to the devout in their charges, and to the Court of Rome in secret letters. The French Government was n

so satisfied than the majority of Catholics; they feared the excitement in the ranks of the younger clergy by the declamations of "l'Avenir" and in their turn complained to the Pope, promising to give to the ecclesiastical body every satisfaction compatible with public order. The courts of Austria, Prussia, and even Russia sent diplomatic notes to the effect, declaring that the Abbé de Lamennais was blowing the fire of reactionary passion all over Europe, and adding that he should be silenced. The Pontifical throne was then occupied by Gregory XVI., a timid man, with a mind unfavourably disposed to any like novelty of opinion, and spending his time in trifling minutiae of devotion.

He did not know what course to take, for he did not wish to displease the secular powers, nor to turn into enemies so many of those influential persons who so warmly supported the supremacy of the Roman See. He remained neutral, according to the custom of governing minds, expecting from circumstances the impulse which he dared give of himself; and the less so, for he was, as it were, over a volcano.

A report, however, was circulated that the Pope disapproved the heterogeneous opinions of "l'Avenir," and that the clergy had no inclination to play the tormented part of democratic-dictator. Lamennais, in accordance with his promise of submission to the Holy See, decided upon suspending his journey and going himself to Rome with some of his associates, MM. Montalembert and Lacordaire. He would thus have definitely the will of the sovereign Pontiff.

In the month of November, 1831, the fourteenth of its existence, "l'Avenir" appeared with the leading article from the pen of M. de Lamennais:—"With the traveller's staff in hand we shall journey towards the Eternal See; and there, prostrate at the feet of the Pontiff, whom Jesus Christ appointed as a guide and master for all disciples, we shall say: O father! to look upon some of the very least of your children, who are accused of being rebels to your infallible and gentle authority. They are here before you; their souls: you will find nothing that they would wish to hide. If some of their thoughts, even the least contrary to your wish, they disown and abjure it. You are the rule of their

doctrines: never, no, never, did they acknowledge any other. O father! pronounce over them the words which give life, because they give light, and stretch forth your hands to bless their obedience and their love."

They then set out for Rome, those three celebrated pilgrims, across the rocks and the snows of the Alps, hoping that the voice of the Pope would dissipate their uncertainty, and inspire them with new courage. But what bitter contempt! what cruel deception! M. de Lamennais has related in the "Affaires de Rome," a book which he published in 1836, the obstacles he encountered, and the sorrow which overwhelmed him, during his stay in the city of the Vatican. Amongst other things, he describes it as "a dead city;" and adds, "that the vilest intrigues are there carried on in the dark, as impure worms crawl over a corpse in the night of the tomb."

The three travellers were received at Rome with cold, studied politeness; the Jesuits had caballed against them, and reduced them to a state of painful isolation. M. de Lamennais and his friends had submitted to the Holy See an explanation of their sentiments. It was not even examined: they sent a second memorial which met with the same fate. No answer, no positive explanation, nothing but vague insinuations on the duty of obedience. They solicited a private audience of the Pope, it was granted them; but with the extraordinary condition that they should not utter a single word about the great affair. Gregory XVI. and the Abbé de Lamennais talked of the fine arts, the antiquities of Rome, and other similar things. Thus months passed away; the Pontifical Court sought only to gain time, in order to suppress the disturbances in Italy, and then strike a decisive blow at all the revolutionists without. Wearied with useless waiting the three travellers separated. M. Lacordaire came back to France; Count Montalembert made an excursion to Naples and Germany. M. de Lamennais alone, persisting in asking for a direct answer, withdrew to a convent of Theatines, at Frascati, where he composed a work on the "Evils of the Church, and the Means of Remedying them:" afterwards inserted in the "Affaires de Rome." At last, in July 1832, seeing that the Pope persisted in giving no explanation, he an-

nounced that he was about to return to France, and continue the publication of "l'Avenir." This said he went.

Alarm immediately reigned throughout the Vatican. Cardinals, diplomatic agents, Jesuits, legitimists, small and great, all set to work; and as, in the meanwhile, the political horizon had assumed a less gloomy aspect, they urged Gregory XVI to fulminate his famous encyclical letter of August 15, 1832, the most complete, the severest condemnation of the doctrines broached by the Abbé de Lamennais. "It is," said the Pontiff, "altogether absurd and highly injurious to propose a certain restoration and regeneration of the Church, as if upon such depended the Church's existence and increase!" The Pope formally rejected the separation of Church and State; liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of the press, are, in his opinion, *fatal, detestable maxims, a delirium, monstrous, tenets which cannot be held in sufficient abhorrence.*

A private letter written to M. de Lamennais, by Cardinal Pacca, at the Pope's suggestion, went still further. It rebuked almost all civil and political liberty. Rome, then, had resumed and proclaimed her traditional principles, without any recognition of the wants of our age.

The publication of this encyclical letter caused a sort of schism among the editors of "l'Avenir." Count Montalembert, the Abbés Lacordaire and Gerbet submitted to the Papal decision without reserve or objection, and the newspaper was finally given up. M. de Lamennais likewise submitted to the encyclical letter, but under reservation which showed the violent struggles of his mind, and he declared that thenceforth he would cease writing on religious or ecclesiastical questions. This seemed suspicious to the conclave; what they required was absolute and entire submission, not merely a conditional adhesion. After a long correspondence between the interested parties, M. de Lamennais consented to adhere *purely and simply*, "convinced," he said to the Archbishop of Paris, "that by signing this declaration, he declared implicitly that the Pope was God, and he was quite ready to sign it explicitly for the sake of peace." This ironical language revealed the bitterness of his heart; rebellion lurked beneath this deceitful appearance of submission.

He retired into the country, to the obscurity of his estate of La Chesnaie, and it was there, between the years 1832 and 1833, that he broke the last ties which bound him to the Catholic Church and the Papacy. What terrible combats must have torn his soul! What storms! What sorrowful thoughts! What a solemn crisis! Think of this man, the greatest, the most powerful defender of Catholicism in the nineteenth century, when solitary, meditative and gloomy, walking beneath the old oaks of Bretagne, he debated with himself on abandoning the communion to which he had devoted efforts almost superhuman, and walking in a new path. He has himself, in his later writings, and especially in the long preface to his third "*Mélanges*," let us into the secret of those inward struggles. The fundamental principle that overruled these reflections was always the same, the authority of universal testimony, of common consent. It is this testimony that gives the certainty of being right, but the chief of the Roman Church separates himself more and more from the voice of the people, from the will of the present generation; he shuts himself up with blind obstinacy in detested and superannuated maxims. What the world approves the Pope condemns; what the world condemns the Pope approves. How, then, can the Roman Pontiff be right in contradicting the general opinion, and attacking the universal consent? And if he has not truth on his side, what becomes of his authority? And if his authority be lost, how can Catholicism subsist, with its dogmas, its ecclesiastical institutions, its worship, and its hierarchy? The foundations of the edifice are broken, and all is crumbling, all falling into the abyss.

Such were the meditations of M. de Lamennais. Whilst a prey to these conflicts he wrote "*The Words of a Believer*," as if to seek relief and expression for his mental suffering. The work did not appear till a year afterwards. "*Living in the country*," he said, "*where the inner life has more energy, a crowd of thoughts and emotions presented themselves to my mind, such as we may fancy suggested by the sad scenes that are really passing in society; these so absorbed and wearied me, that I thought it would be a relief to write what I felt so forcibly.*" Hence "*The*

Words of a Believer.' I had no intention at the time of having them printed. But later, the public calamities still increasing, the sort of lethargy that seemed to come over men of the greatest courage, and also the necessity of an act on my part that should define to all the position I wished to take, whilst yielding for the sake of peace to the demands of Rome, determined me to publish this volume."

The book named "The Words of a Believer," appeared in the spring of 1834, and marks the third date or phase in the opinions of the Abbé de Lamennais. From that time he was decidedly an outcast, banned by the Pope and the Catholic Church; he was called deserter, apostate, renegade, among the clerical party; and on the other side he was admitted into the ranks of the democrats and republicans as a devoted friend, nay, almost a prophet! The book produced an extraordinary sensation, and had a prodigious success. More than 100,000 copies were sold in the course of a year. The different countries of Europe, especially the Catholic, started with astonishment; governments were shaken, and princes asked themselves if their crowns were not also likely to be engulfed in the revolutionary torrent. The Vatican trembled with rage and fear; it seemed as if a mine had been sprung under the Holy See, threatening to reduce it to dust by a terrible explosion. The Pope hastened to fulminate a special encyclical against this book, *small in size, but formidable in mischief*. "We are grieved," said Gregory XVI., "to recal here all the impiety and audacity which has been accumulated in this detestable production to bring about the overthrow of all things human and divine. We reprove and condemn the book called 'The Words of a Believer,' and command that it shall be for ever reprovved and condemned."

The Revolutionists, on the contrary, received with open arms this deserter from the Church, and M. Lerminier, in the "Revue des deux Mondes," pronounced him *courageous, great, sublime, the only priest in Europe!*

What, then, was this book which called forth so many anathemas and so much praise? It is difficult to describe it correctly to those who have not read it. The author pursues no regular plan. He gives us the warm effusions which proceed from his heart as the lava es-

capades from the crater of Vesuvius. The style of the prophets and evangelists is imitated; sometimes he is bitter and violent; sometimes gentle, simple, and tender; but he always preserves a biblical cast.

The ideas are as varied as the language. Here M. de Lamennais traces with a gloomy pencil the likenesses of kings, accusing them of horrible crimes, denouncing them with furious cries of hate and revenge; there he preaches peace, union, the pardon of injuries, brotherly love, the duty of prayer; and his tender melancholy expressions resemble a melodious hymn. It is the most extraordinary assemblage of mysticism and republicanism, of religious aspirations and demagogic passions which can well be conceived, all portrayed with inimitable talent.

The work begins with Christian invocation. "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of good will. Let him who hath ears hear. Let him who hath eyes open them and look, for the times draw nigh. . . . Tell me, whence cometh this confused noise, vague, strange, which we hear on all sides? Place your hand on the earth and tell me why she trembles: something, we know not what, is shaking the world; it is the work of the Almighty. Is not every one in expectation? Is there one heart that does not throb with emotion?"

Further on he recommends charity, but excludes princes from this society of love. "You are children of the same father, and the same mother has nursed you. Why do you not love each other as brothers? And why do you look upon each other as enemies? He who does not love his brother is accursed seven times, and he who is the enemy of his brother is cursed seventy times seven. Wherefore princes, kings, and all whom the world calls great have been cursed; they have not loved their brothers, but treated them as enemies. Love one another, and you will not fear either nobles, or princes, or kings. . . . The law of God is a law of love, and love does not exalt itself above others, but it sacrifices itself to others. . . . If you are asked how many you are, let the answer be, 'We are one.' For our brethren they are ourselves, and we, we are our brethren. . . . You have but one day to pass on earth, see that you pass



it in peace—peace is the fruit of love; for to live in peace we must know how to bear many things. No man is perfect; all have their faults. Each man is a burden to others, and love alone can render the burden light. If you cannot support your brethren, how will your brethren support you?"

Here also are some touching exhortations upon prayer: "When you have prayed do you not feel your heart lighter, your soul happier? Prayer makes affliction less grievous, and renders joy more pure. . . . What do you on earth, if you have nothing to ask of Him who placed you there? You are a traveller seeking a country; do not walk with your head down. One must raise his eyes to know his road. Your country is heaven, and when you look at heaven, is there nothing that stirs within you? Does no desire urge you on? God is Himself your first need, and to pray to Him is to begin to possess Him. . . . There are always scorching winds which pass over the soul of man and dry it up, but prayer is the dew which refreshes it."

We may also quote some excellent reflections on toleration and religious liberty: "What can be more senseless than to say to men, Believe, or die? Faith is the daughter of the Word; it penetrates into the heart with the Word, and not with the dagger. Jesus went about doing good, drawing to Him by His goodness, and touching by His gentleness the most obdurate hearts. His Divine lips blessed, and cursed not, except the hypocrites; He did not choose hangmen for His apostles. The spirit of Jesus is a spirit of peace, of mercy, and of love. Those who persecute in His name, who search consciences with the sword, who torture the body to convert the soul, who cause tears to flow instead of wiping them away, these men have not the spirit of Jesus."

This same writer in another place pronounces against the Pope the most bitter reprobation under the thinnest disguises. "Who is this old man," asks he, "who speaks of justice, holding in one hand a poisoned cup, and with the other caressing a harlot, who calls him *Father*? He says, It is to me that the race of Adam belongs; who amongst you are the strongest and I will distribute it to them? And what he has said he does, and from his throne, without rising, he assigns to each his prey,

and they all devour, devour, as hunger only increases."

These extracts which we have posely multiplied will suffice to give an idea of "The Words of a Believer," which is certainly one of the most powerful works ever composed in the French language. After reading it M. C. Briand exclaimed, "It is a priest opening a revolutionary club in a steeple. These are the men of the Easter celebration."

Rome affected to confound M. de Lamennais with the heretics of times. She declared the proposal of his book "false, rash, slanderous, leading to anarchy, contrary to the Word of God; impious, scandalous, already damned by the Church, especially in the case of the Vaudois, the Waldenses, the Hussites, and other heretics stamp." But the more fiercely the Pope of the Papacy burned against the author of "The Words of a Believer," the more vehemently did that author attack the Pontifical See.

His work on the "Affairs of France" and the preface to the third "Mémorial" were already named, are proofs of the power of the Protestants themselves have submitted the doctrines, the positions, the acts of the Church of Rome to a more severe and searching criticism. M. de Lamennais appears like a judge upon his tribunal, and to the bar, like so many criminal arguments of the apologists of the Church. It is now no longer the phorical style of "The Words of a Believer," but the calm, cool, and firm language of a powerful dialectician. The Jesuits, nor the other friars of Rome, undertook to refute or point the arguments of M. de Lamennais; they dared not; they could not. Their manner of meeting this remarkable antagonist was more convenient; they were overwhelmed by reproaches, lavished curses upon and then raised their eyes and to heaven, as if demanding a miracle to convert this apostate! One knows the method of the Jesuits.

Convinced that he had nothing to do with Rome and her parties, M. de Lamennais employed his leisure in discussing political questions. He published the "Book for the People," a small work intended to instruct the labouring classes in their rights and duties. It contains some good

written in good style, but the general tone is vague and declamatory. Those who would exercise any real influence over the popular mind must propound doctrines clear, simple, and definite. Our author no longer had any such to give, and he endeavoured to make up for that deficiency by pomp or violence of expression; a very poor means of success.

We will not enumerate the titles of all the political pamphlets of M. de Lamennais; it would be a task both fastidious and useless, for these *brochures*, sprung from peculiar circumstances, are now deservedly forgotten. The democratic priest possessed, in a very high degree, what Dr. Gall would call the *bump* of pugnacity, or, in other terms, like the knights-errant of the middle ages, he wandered from place to place, clad in his armour, seeking wrongs to redress, enemies to vanquish, blows to deal in favour of the oppressed; and, in order that he might justify to his own conscience the combats he undertook right and left, he very much overstated the faults of the governing, and the wrongs of the governed. Hence a one-sided system of polemics often false, always exaggerated.

Those who are fond of quarrelling have often to suffer troublesome consequences, and this happened to our author; having published a pamphlet entitled the "Country and the Government," in which the power of the parliament and the ministers of Louis Philippe were the objects of the most violent abuse, M. de Lamennais was cited before the Courts by the Procuror-General, and being no longer protected by the ecclesiastical character he had abdicated, he was condemned, December 26th, 1840, to a year's imprisonment and 2000 francs fine.

Here we see at last within the walls of a prison the man who, by his genius and his first services to the Romish Church, might have obtained the cardinal's hat. In place of the most eminent dignities he had nothing but poverty, the anathemas of the sacerdotal authority, and the rigours of the civil power. He calmly supported these indignities without murmuring, preserving outwardly a firm and collected demeanour; but inwardly he seems to have been a prey to the most painful agitations. Of this we may find traces in the "Critical Discussions and Miscellaneous

Thoughts," which he composed in prison. "My soul," he exclaims, "wherefore art thou sorrowful? Is not the sun beautiful? Is not his light pleasant now when the leaves and flowers, with their thousand different hues expand under his rays, and all Nature is animated with new life? The sun is beautiful, his light is pleasant, the little bird, the insect, the plant, all Nature has again found life, but I sigh, because this life has not come to me, because the sun has not risen on that region of souls which remains dark and cold. Whilst waves of light and streams of fire flood another world, mine remains black and icy! Well may they weep who have no spring!"

Whilst thus struggling within and without, M. de Lamennais was engaged upon a work of pure and abstract science—the "Sketch of a Philosophy," of which four volumes have appeared; the two others which should complete this vast undertaking doubtless exist in manuscript, and are eagerly expected by literary men.

In spite of the talents and reputation of the author, the "Sketch of a Philosophy" found few readers in France. The book was too speculative and metaphysical, consequently too difficult for the superficial minds of that nation. He would have been better understood by the Germans, who take an extraordinary pleasure in plunging into the depths and obscurities of subtle abstraction. We shall not undertake to analyse the complicated system of this profound thinker; it would be quite out of place and character in a simple biographical notice. It will suffice to point out as clearly as possible some of the leading features of the book.

M. de Lamennais has preserved his theory of the general opinion, or common consent. He undertakes merely to show in more precise terms that which is at the bottom of all beliefs, and of all the knowledge of humanity. He nevertheless discloses in various parts a new system, and takes constantly as a groundwork the data of his own individual reason. He is positive, dogmatic, trenchant; the tendencies of his mind contradict the demands of his system.

The first volume treats of *God and the universe*, or *creation*. M. de Lamennais deems power and intellect to be the essential attributes of love. He represents these Divine properties as dis-

distinct substances in the unity of God, as *persons*; and in this wise he infers, by metaphysical speculation, the *three persons* of the Christian Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This singular attempt to prove one of the most profound mysteries of evangelical doctrine by means of rational arguments, was equally opposed by orthodox Catholics and philosophers. The former accused him of rashly transferring into the regions of intellect and logic that which belongs entirely to revelation and faith. The latter reproached him with still wearing some of the links of his old chains, and making freethought subordinate to the lucubrations of the schoolman.

In speaking of the universe, or creation, M. de Lamennais tries to discover the connexion between the infinite and the finite; that question everlastingly started by the human mind, and to solve which every investigation has failed. Our modern philosopher reproduced in many of its features, under new forms, the *emanation* theory of the Neoplatonicians of Alexandria. He maintains that the world is an *effluve* from the Divine Being. "O God!" he exclaims, on finishing his demonstration, "that which thou createst thou drawest from thyself! Thou bestowest thyself to thy creature. . . . His being is somewhat of thy being; his substance somewhat of thy substance; his power, his intelligence, his life a participation of thy power, thy intelligence, thy life."

In the following volumes M. de Lamennais treats of *man* considered in himself, and of his *activity* in the different spheres of life—*industry, art, and science*. He seeks first to explain the existence of *evil*, both *moral* and *physical*. In his eyes evil is simply the effect of the *limit* put upon finite things, a necessary imperfection, an inevitable condition of created beings; consequently there is no evil for him in the ordinary sense of the word, no original sin; the fall of Adam appears to him to be a myth designed to show how man has acquired the consciousness of his own personality. In short, in the theory of M. de Lamennais, good and evil are no longer radically distinct, they are only different degrees of the same thing; evil is good limited; and good in its turn, as far as it can be accomplished by the creature, is always *evil*, in this sense, that it is not *absolute* good.

M. de Lamennais applies in matters of religion, both to *natural* and to *supernatural* questions, the same process of assimilation between ideas which mankind has always separated. He does not admit the intervention of the supernatural element in creation; he declares it impossible, contradictory; and here his opinion approaches that of the philosopher Hume. No miracles, no prophecies, no action beyond the general and constant laws of nature; no appearance of a Being who belongs not entirely to humanity—Jesus Christ was a simple man, endowed with superior spirit. M. de Lamennais thought that Christianity, by freeing itself from all that is supernatural and miraculous, would revive full of youth and vigour.

The other subjects are of minor importance; there are some chapters upon *art*, impressed with admirable beauty. The author explains how the plan of the *Christian temple* has given rise in succession to all the arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. The chapter upon the art of oratory contains also some ravishing passages, in which the marvellous skill of the language rivals the justice and sublimity of the thoughts.

But, as a whole, this "Sketch of a Philosophy" is only another attempt in the inexhaustible field of metaphysical speculation; the problems of science are not better explained there than they had been before; mysteries remain mysteries still; and the Word of God, with its simple and popular doctrines, its Divine precepts, and its sublime examples, will always have an influence, not only on the common people, but on the greatest minds, immeasurably more salutary than those gigantic efforts of human reason which often serve to show more solemnly its own impotence.

Although he had renounced Christianity in consummating his rupture with the Church of Rome, the Abbé de Lamennais was brought back to religious questions, or, at least, to those that appeared such, by the secret inclinations of his own heart; and in 1846 he published a new French version of the "Four Gospels," with notes and reflections at the end of each chapter. The version is a model of fidelity and conciseness, and it has been profitably used by pious men. But the notes and reflections are not very satisfactory. The author, without perhaps being ab-

to account for it himself, considers all the facts and teachings of the Word of God in a political point of view. The resurrection of Jesus, for example, he treats as the resurrection of the *people*. Salvation is the development of truth and love in the world; the communion is the symbolical union of all classes of *earthly society*, and so on. With such a treatment, Christianity becomes the code of democracy, and the great image of eternity vanishes before the ephemeral concerns of this every-day life.

While M. de Lamennais was engaged in his literary labours, the revolution of February 1848 came on to shake France and Europe itself to the very foundation. Louis Philippe vanquished without having fought, descended from the throne, and again travelled on the path of exile. The republic was proclaimed, and universal suffrage instituted. The people declared itself sovereign; all the laws were changed; a new era of greatness and prosperity was promised to the present generation; it seemed, if one could believe the orators, clubs, and democratical journals, that the golden age was about to revisit the earth.

M. de Lamennais, as one of the chiefs and the best writer of the republican party, was naturally called to take a part in these events. In concert with several friends he started a daily paper called the "Peuple Constituant." Talent was not wanting in the editor-in-chief; but the occupation of a journalist little accorded with his habits. A journalist must every morning extemporise two or three columns on the affairs of the day; he needs a quick conception, an elastic intellect, if one may so speak, and a style capable of adopting itself to all the variations of the public mind. M. de Lamennais was hardly suited for this; his mighty intellect and classical taste required more space, more time, and more liberty.

We must render this justice to M. de Lamennais to say, that in the most critical moments he opposed the aberrations of the vulgar socialists. Socialism, which threatened to dissolve family ties, to abolish property, to oppress the human conscience, and to submerge individuality into the chaos of the pretended popular will, did not excite in him the least sympathy. He vigorously defended from such excesses the sacredness of marriage, the rights of the lawful proprietors of land and of capital, the

inviolability of thought, the individuality of the man. So well did he defend all this that the conservatives more than once invoked his opinion to refute the declamations of the socialists.

But if he remained faithful to certain principles of social order and domestic duty, the editor of the "Peuple Constituant" fell, on the other hand, into dangerous exaggerations. He had persuaded himself that all the good qualities of our nature belong to the poor and lowly, all the worst to the rich and powerful. He represented the lower orders as innocent victims, all but martyrs, and the members of the higher ranks as oppressors, covetous, and merciless beings, executioners! The distinction of the Bible between the good and the bad was transferred by him to social life, and applied to the various ranks of the nations. How erroneous! How imprudent! No! all the virtues are not found with the one class, nor all the vices with the other. There is good among the high, and bad among the low; so that an impartial observer would be embarrassed to decide whether the largest amount of moral disease exists in the higher or the lower sections of society. By drawing these chimerical pictures M. de Lamennais provoked, contrary to his intention, no doubt, the resentment of the populace; he furnished them with motives of hatred against the superior classes of the State, and thus exposed France to the greatest dangers. But the "Peuple Constituant" did not last long; it disappeared after the fatal days of June, when the government required journalists to furnish a security, which the editor had not the means of paying.

Another mission was reserved for him—the citizens of Paris, called to the exercise of universal suffrage, elected him as one of their representatives at the Constituent Assembly. He obtained more than two hundred thousand votes. It was a striking proof of the popularity he had gained by his democratic preaching; it was also a pledge of hostility against the Ultramontane party. For, imagine the man condemned, excommunicated by the Pope, yet chosen from among so many others by the great majority of the Parisians to be one of the legislators of France! It was impossible to manifest a more complete contempt for the thunders of the Vatican.

Many people hoped that M. de La-

menais would play a brilliant part in the new Legislative Assembly. Their expectation was deceived. An able writer is not always a good speaker. The art of the pen and that of the tribune are very distinct. Some eminent men, both in ancient and modern times, have united these two talents. In others it has been quite the reverse. Mirabeau spoke admirably, but wrote badly; M. de Lamennais, on the contrary, knew how to write, but did not know how to speak.

Even in the days of his Catholic fervour he had never practised preaching. We would not even affirm that he ever delivered a single sermon; his natural timidity, and the weakness of his voice would never have allowed him to rule the immense crowds that congregated in the Roman Catholic cathedrals, and he would not compromise his reputation by the chance of a failure. In 1848 he was sixty-six years old; his body was worn out by constant work. With the forehead bald, the face thin, and bearing marks of suffering, he might be seen walking with difficulty, bent double beneath the weight of age and thought, to advance humbly towards his seat, to stoop over the papers before him, then remain in an attitude of calm meditation. How could he have faced so turbulent and undisciplined an auditory as the Constituent Assembly? He spoke only once, in a few words taking upon himself the responsibility of a newspaper article threatened with judicial proceedings; he had surmounted his natural timidity in order to accomplish a duty.

His colleagues, profiting by his popularity, gave him more than one proof of confidence; they named him member of the committee charged with framing a new constitution. M. de Lamennais accepted this duty; but, although he had drawn up, himself, in his newspaper, the plan of a popular charter, he took very little part in the proceedings of the committee. Not only was he unable to speak well, but he had none of the qualities which secure influence in a parliamentary assembly. He could not organise an intrigue, nor strengthen a *coterie*, nor satisfy either the ambition of the one, or the vanity of the other. M. de Lamennais was eminently a man of study and meditation; he was wanting in those elements which make the public man.

Nevertheless, in 1849, when the second and last assembly of the Republic, the Legislative Assembly, was elected, his name figured foremost on the list of the representatives for Paris. The people considered it of importance to preserve in parliament the old priest, the illustrious writer, the approved democrat, the firm tribune, who had defended their cause for the last twenty years. M. de Lamennais was, in the Legislative Assembly, what he had been in the former one; that is to say, a stranger to all the little stratagems of a politician, silent, peaceful, always voting with the most advanced friends of democracy, rejecting reactionary measures, no matter by what pretexts they were supported, and maintaining a position which was not without dignity or grandeur. Even his adversaries showed him respect.

Presently the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851, burst upon the nation. It is unnecessary to recal the particulars of this bloody drama which is still in the memory of all. On investing himself with the dignity of Dictator by the aid of the army, Louis Napoleon pronounced sentence of banishment against the principal chiefs of the republican party; but he did not think it necessary to include M. de Lamennais in the number of the proscribed. Why? Because he did not fear him; he knew that M. de Lamennais was a man of the pen rather than a man of action, and as he possessed ample means to prevent him from publishing any new work, Louis Napoleon allowed him to remain on his native soil.

M. de Lamennais retired to his humble lodgings in the Rue du Grand Chantier, a quiet part of Paris. Friends used to visit him, and ask for strength and hope which he did not himself possess. The missionary of democracy, the apostle of the Republic, was downcast and sad. His confidence in the energy of the French nation had been deceived. His expectation of a golden era of liberty and glory was only a vain dream. He saw his country quickly bending beneath the sway of a military dictator, and the people seeking their own temporal welfare with an ardour he had hoped would have been directed to nobler ends.

It seems that, ever urged on by the desire to write, M. de Lamennais had begun a translation of Dante, the great

poet of the middle ages. He intended to affix numerous notes to this translation, to explain the ideas and events of a period when Roman Catholicism reigned without obstacle or control. The questions of scholasticism which found a place in the poems of Dante, were also to take theirs in the annotations of the modern thinker. But while engaged upon this immense work, M. de Lamennais was attacked by a fatal disorder, and he rapidly approached his end.

At the news of his dangerous condition all clerical influences were set in motion; the Archbishop of Paris sent several times to request an interview with the illustrious invalid. Jesuits, priests, and many old friends continually besieged his door, and even ladies of the highest rank tried every means to gain admittance to induce him to be reconciled to the Church. The clergy were desirous, at any price, to extort from M. de Lamennais a retraction, a last act of submission to the Papacy. All these obstinate efforts were in vain. The author of "The Words of a Believer" remained immovable in his refusal; he did not admit a single priest to his chamber. What were his thoughts and impressions in those solemn moments? It is a secret between God and his conscience.

He expired on the 27th of January, 1854, having nearly reached his seventy-second year. He requested in his will that he might not be buried in any church,

and that no funeral ceremonies should be performed over him. The government, fearing a grand manifestation on the part of the democrats and the workmen of Paris, hastened to announce in all the journals, and by bills on the public places, that only twenty persons, the most intimate friends of the deceased, would be allowed to attend his funeral. This order was strictly executed. The troops were under arms, ready to suppress the least opposition to the will of government. The body was taken direct to the burial-ground, and cast into the common grave for the poor. No discourse over the tomb, no monument, nothing to indicate the spot where lie the remains of the great writer. As his *cortège* passed through the streets thousands of citizens stood at their doors with head uncovered, and preserving the most profound silence.

Let us also bend over this grave so recently closed. M. de Lamennais fell doubtless into many grave errors. The frequent changes of his opinions diminished the authority of his name, compromised his character, and weakened the effect of his genius. But no one can deny that he always loved and sought for the truth. He was sincere even at the cost of heavy sacrifices; and sincerity is at least some excuse if it is not a complete justification. Let us leave it to God to pronounce a just and sovereign judgment.

G. DE F.

### JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

JOHN CHURCHILL, afterwards DUKE of MARLBOROUGH, was born on the 5th July, 1650, at Ashe in Devonshire. He was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, the representative of a family of note, who had been driven into exile by Cromwell, in consequence of his Royalist sympathies. His elder brother dying in infancy, John became heir to the declining fortunes of his father. The rudiments of his education he received from the parish clergyman, a man of great learning and piety, whose example inspired that zeal which he always manifested in behalf of the Protestant faith. Soon after the Restoration he was placed at the school of St.

Paul's, and there he is said to have imbibed his passion for a military life from the perusal of "Vegetius de Re Militari." At a very early period, before he could derive much benefit from his new instructors, he was called to other and more stirring scenes.

At fifteen he was appointed page of honour to the Duke of York. His decided inclination for the profession of arms attracted the notice of his patron, who asked him in what manner he should provide for him. Young Churchill threw himself on his knees, and begged for a commission in the Guards; and his request was immediately granted. The beauties of St. James's were already

loud in their praises of his graceful manners and handsome countenance; but, quitting their seductions, he seized the first opportunity to signalise his prowess, and embarked as a volunteer, in 1666, in the expedition against Tangiers, a British dependency then besieged by the Moors. In the frequent sallies and skirmishes of the war he gave the first indications of his active and daring character, and returned home, his blushing honours thick upon him. In 1672, when England united with France against Holland, he accompanied a detachment of 6000 men, sent abroad under the Duke of Monmouth; and shortly after his arrival on the Continent, was appointed to a company of Grenadiers. Always at his post, and never wanting in ability, he served with distinction under the greatest generals of his age, Turenne and Condé, and with the sympathy of kindred genius caught their spirit and designs. Turenne, who constantly called him his "handsome Englishman," at the siege of Nimeguen predicted his future greatness. His confidence in him was great. A lieutenant colonel having abandoned a station he was enjoined to defend to the last extremity, Turenne exclaimed, "I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret, that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who has lost it!" The wager was instantly accepted, but the event justified the assertion of the general. The next year, at the siege of Maëstricht, when the storming party advanced, at the head of his own company he planted the banner of France on the rampart. The enemy sprang a mine, and rushing forward recovered the work. Nothing daunted, with eleven others he followed his colonel, the Duke of Monmouth—who afterwards generously conceded to him the whole honour of the exploit—traversed the ditch, penetrated through a postern into the half-moon, and seconded by the bravest of the soldiers, regained the lodgment. For this service Louis XIV. publicly thanked him at the head of his army, and promised him his influence with Charles II. for future promotion. The interest taken in his behalf was proved by his rapid advancement. In 1674 he was made colonel of an English regiment, vacant by the resignation of Lord Peterborough; and in that rank he appears to have

served during the German campaign of Turenne, and under his successors till 1677, when he returned to London. The *grand monarque* little suspected how formidable a foe he was nurturing in his own armies.

Colonel Churchill now exchanged his military labours for attendance on his patron, the Duke of York, who, in 1678, had appointed him gentleman of his bedchamber, and afterwards raised him to the post of master of the robes. The brilliancy of his youthful reputation, the gallantry of his bearing, the witchery of his eye, and beauty of his whole figure, speedily made him a central object of admiration at Court. He had previously abandoned the fascinations of pleasure for distinction in arms, but now there was no incentive to a second denial, and he plunged with all the energy of his character into the vortex of dissipation. From his dissolute habits he was redeemed by his marriage, in 1680, with the celebrated Sarah Jennings, the favourite attendant of the Princess Anne. Remaining attached to the service of the Duke, he was for some time without a settled home, being hurried from place to place, sometimes despatched on missions of importance abroad, and sometimes accompanying his Royal master during his banishment from Court. On one occasion they were both nearly shipwrecked, but the Duke made the greatest effort to preserve his favourite's life, and succeeded, though many of the Scottish nobles perished under his eye. Colonel Churchill had early obtained a regiment of Foot, and when, in 1685, the duke ascended the throne, he was raised to the rank of brigadier-general. He was sent to Paris, to notify his sovereign's accession to Louis XIV., and on his return he was created a peer by the title of Baron Churchill, of Sandbridge, in the county of Hertford, a title which he took from an estate there, which he had acquired in right of his wife.

Of the political and religious feuds which had agitated the Court of Charles II., Churchill was an interested but inactive observer. Confiding in the solemn promises of James not to interfere in the national religion, he regarded the conduct of that party who would have excluded him from the throne or restricted his liberty as unjust and unconstitutional. "Though," said he, "I have an aversion to Popery, yet I am

no less averse to persecution for conscience sake. I deem it the highest act of injustice to set any one aside from his inheritance, upon bare suppositions of intentional evil, when nothing that is actual appears to preclude him from the exercise of his just rights." But as the designs of the last of the Stuarts began to develop, having remained true to his Protestantism, when conversion from it was construed into an act of merit, the claims of gratitude and duty upon him seemed daily to become more at variance. "If the king," said he, when on an embassy in Paris, "should attempt to change our religion and constitution, I will instantly quit his service." Happy would it have been for the memory of Marlborough had he more promptly obeyed the spirit of his words. He was now soon called to evidence his loyalty on the field of battle. On the invasion of the Duke of Monmouth he was appointed to the command of the forces stationed in Salisbury, and at the head of his small corps rendered essential service by his activity and vigilance. But he continued encroachments of James, who trampled on the liberties and shocked the feelings of his subjects, demanded of Lord Churchill some decided step. He was among the first of his nobility to address the Prince of Orange, to whom he wrote, that though he "could not live the life of a saint, if occasion required he would show the resolution of a martyr." With his Majesty he expostulated earnestly, and "as he had been bred a Protestant, and intended to live and die in that communion," he warned him of the consequences of re-establishing Romanism. When the Prince of Orange landed, the deluded monarch confided to Churchill a corps of 5000 men destined to oppose his progress, and raised him to the rank of lieutenant-general; and Churchill—to his shame be it said—instead of at once withdrawing, as a patriot who preferred public interests to private friendships, played the traitor to his former benefactor, actually led the forces as far as Salisbury, and then deserted to William. His departure was the signal for a general defection. Behind him he left the following letter, which might have been accepted as a complete justification of his conduct, had he simply joined the ranks of the revolutionists:—  
 "Sir,—Since men are seldom suspected

of sincerity, when they act contrary to their interests, and though my dutiful behaviour to your Majesty in the worst of times (for which I acknowledge my poor services much overpaid) may not be sufficient to incline you to a charitable interpretation of my actions; yet I hope the great advantage I enjoy under your Majesty, which I can never expect in any other change of government, may reasonably convince your Majesty and the world that I am actuated by a higher principle, when I offer that violence to my inclination and interests, as to desert your Majesty at a time when your affairs seem to challenge the strictest obedience from all your subjects, much more from one who lies under the greatest obligations to your Majesty. This, sir, could proceed from nothing but the inviolable dictates of my conscience, and a necessary concern for my religion (which no good man can oppose) and with which I am instructed nothing can come in competition. Heaven knows with what partiality my dutiful opinion of your Majesty has hitherto represented those unhappy designs, which inconsiderate and self-interested men have framed against your Majesty's true interest and the Protestant religion; but as I can no longer join with such to give a pretence by conquest to bring them to effect, so I will always, with the hazard of my life and fortune (so much your Majesty's due) endeavour to preserve your Royal person, and lawful rights, with all the tender concern and dutiful respect that becomes, &c.\*"

The last sentence would almost seem to indicate an identity of purpose with that implied long after by the duchess. "I do solemnly protest," she said, referring to the accession of William, "that I was so very simple a creature that I never once dreamed of his being king. I imagined that the Prince of Orange's sole design was to provide for the safety of his own country, by obliging King James to keep the laws of ours, and that he would go back as soon as he had made us all happy; that there was no sort of difficulty in the execution of this design; and that to do so much good would be a greater pleasure to him than to be king of any country upon earth." If it were so, the vacillation of Marlborough after the Revolution

\* Archdeacon Coxe's Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough.



might be more easily explained, but it would not remove all mystery, and could not wipe away the disgrace attaching to his conduct. Possibly circumstances led him beyond his intentions. In the convention Parliament he voted for a regency; and when in the violent conflict of parties there appeared no alternative but to recall James, or place William on the throne, he absented himself, from motives of delicacy, from the House of Peers. In the subsequent arrangements Churchill took an active part; he was sworn a member of the Privy Council; and two days before the coronation of the new king, created Earl of Marlborough. Then again retiring for a time he meddled little in public business, except in endeavouring to secure, in opposition to William, the settlement of a revenue on the Princess Anne. He was afterwards successfully employed in the Netherlands against the French; and, on returning, went over to Ireland, discomfited the insurgents there, and won the plaudit of his sovereign—"I know of no man who has served so few campaigns so fit as you are to command." Yet at this very period, Marlborough, with the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, his intimate friend, and many others, was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with the exiled Stuart. If, as has been pleaded, this procedure was prompted by the general fear of his return, and the wish in that case to secure an indemnity, it was mean and dastardly; and the promises made to James, even if illusory, were still treacherous to William; and if indeed Marlborough did not originally design the expulsion of the former, he yet betrayed an inconsistency fatal to his honour, and that must ever remain a blot on his memory.

In 1691 the Earl accompanied William to the Continent, and in the course of the campaign gave further proof of his merit. His success excited jealousies at home, and his wife's petulance and his own reported expressions made him many enemies. Suddenly, on occasion of some quarrel between the Princess Anne and her sister Mary, he was dismissed from all his offices, both civil and military; and the Princess Anne was ordered to remove Lady Marlborough immediately. This she refused to do. To an offer made by the Countess to withdraw, she replied with tender expostulations. In one of her notes, using

the well-known pseudonyms adopted to avoid the stiffness of Court etiquette we find her writing:—"I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman goes home; and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of the joy of her life; for if that day should come, I should never enjoy another happy minute; and I swear to you I would shut myself up and never see a creature." The intrigues of his Countess are not, however, sufficient to account for the disgrace of Marlborough. He had offended the king by complaining of his Dutch favourites, and there might be, moreover, some secret suspicion entertained of his unfaithfulness. These events occurred in January, 1692. In the following May the Earl was arrested and sent to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, together with the Earls of Huntingdon and Scarsdale, the Bishop of Rochester, and several other persons. Letters were produced in proof of their association with King James; but these were soon discovered to be forgeries. The prisoners were all liberated excepting Marlborough, and he shortly after was admitted to bail, and ultimately, a few months later, altogether released. But his name had been struck off the list of Privy Counsellors with those of his two sureties; and he remained without any civil or military employment till 1701, when he was appointed to be governor to the young Duke of Gloucester. "Teach him," said the king, "to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."

A most important event now occurred. The death of Charles II., of Spain, was the signal for new and protracted conflicts. He had bequeathed his possessions, whether in the old world or the new, to the Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin of France; and thus the grand aggressive policy of the Bourbons seemed about to be realised in the absorption of Europe. Long prior to the decease of the old monarch a treaty of partition had been secretly negotiated by Louis XIV. with England and Holland, which, at a later date, was supplanted by another between the same Powers. The Spanish dominions were to be divided between the contracting parties; France was to receive Naples, Sicily, Guipuscoa, and Lorraine; or

condition of renouncing any other succession, the Archduke Charles, second son of the Archduke of Austria, was to obtain Spain, the Low Countries, and the Indies; but by secret articles annexed, it was agreed that England and Holland should share the colonies beyond seas. Nefarious as were these transactions, Louis, the prime mover, meant them as a cover for still baser designs. Acting treacherously to his new allies, and gratifying his own ambition, he privately informed the declining monarch of the existence of the treaty. The intelligence threw him into consternation—he protested, but in vain; the French Ambassador quitted Madrid, the Spanish at London received his passports; an army was gathering along the Pyrenees, and war and destruction seemed inevitable. Charles called his counsellors together, and in accordance with their suggestions, rather than submit to the dismemberment of the empire, bequeathed it to the Duke of Anjou. Thus Louis XIV. gained his object, but he had now to brave the indignation of those he had outwitted. The Emperor of Germany declared against this infringement of his rights; the Dutch, their barrier down, trembled before the advancing waves of French domination; England had an insult to avenge as well as a danger to avert.

William III., alarmed at the position of affairs, and passing sleepless nights, in which he saw the labours of long years completely frustrated, at once called Marlborough to his councils and took him into full confidence, as the only man of his time uniting the qualifications of a thorough soldier and thorough statesman. They embarked together for the Hague in July, 1701, to negotiate treaties, and bind together in firm alliance all the enemies of France. The task was one of great difficulty; but Marlborough was equal to the emergency, and succeeded in soothing jealousies, reconciling discordant views, stimulating the indifferent, and inveigling the corrupt. The death of William III. in March of the following year, did not materially affect these results of his diplomacy. Queen Anne had not been three days on the throne ere she conferred on his lordship the envied garter. The next day she appointed him captain-general of the English forces at home and abroad, and soon after made him Master of the Ordnance. On the 28th

of March he was again at the Hague, where his presence was hailed with transports of joy, and in a few months arrangements were completed for taking the field.

It is interesting to remark the feelings that animated the future victor, as he left the shores of his native land once more, to take the supreme command. He sailed from Margate, and we find him writing on shipboard to his Countess: "It is impossible to express with what a heavy heart I parted with you when I was by the water's side. I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I knew I should have exposed myself to the company. I did for awhile, with a perspective glass, look upon the cliffs, in hopes I might have had one sight of you. We are now out of sight of Margate, and I have neither soul nor spirits, but I do at this minute suffer so much that nothing but being with you can recompense it."

Marlborough had to contend with a formidable foe. Around Louis XIV. clustered the greatest names that France had produced; the homage of genius and the achievements of energy imparted a lustre to his reign that dazzled and blinded by its surpassing brilliance. The victories of his generals had created a belief in the invincibility of his arms; 200,000 soldiers awaited his commands; and all the dominions of Spain, rich in treasure and in men, lay at his feet; the Peninsula, Flanders, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, and distant colonies of ample revenues were ready to furnish him with means, and to aid him in his objects; while Bavaria, as an advanced post in the heart of Germany, promised to be a most serviceable ally. And not the least important advantage in his aggressive movements was the concentration of power in himself, which, with wise counsellors and resolute warriors, enabled him to animate with one will the vast body of his empire. England, on the contrary, was fresh from political struggles, and her armies numbered but 40,000 men; Austria was harassed by an insurrection in Hungary, and threatened continually with a Turkish invasion; but Holland, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and some of the smaller German States, Prussia also and Denmark lending slight aid, increased the resources of the confederates, and placed them on an almost equal footing

with their enemy. One element of strength was wanting—identity of interest and purpose—and it proved the great obstacle to speedy success.

The Earl was fifty-two years of age, but as handsome as ever, and full of health, when he placed himself at the head of his army. The main body of the Allies was assembled in the vicinity of Cleves; the French, under the Duke of Burgundy and Marshal Boufflers, were upon the Meuse. Marlborough soon found the difficulty of cordially uniting the heterogeneous and capacious generals under him in his plans; and the Dutch field-deputies—civilians whom the States-General usually sent with their armies, to watch over the progress of events and advise accordingly—were sorry companions to an active and courageous commander. The French made an unsuccessful dash on Ninewegen; and the allies attacked and took, in the middle of May, the small fort of Kaiserworth, on the right bank of the Rhine. Reinforcements rapidly coming in, Marlborough resolved to commence offensive operations. Advancing upon the fortresses of the Meuse, he besieged Venloo, which was carried by storm, the English grenadiers first surmounting the breach. Stevenswart, Ruremond, and Liege also fell in succession; and thus, in one campaign, the navigation of the Meuse was freed, and Spanish Guelderland was conquered. He had advanced far into the enemies' territory, and was enabled to take up his winter quarters amidst fertile fields.

As he was descending the Meuse in a barge, on his return to London, where his presence was much needed to direct the Cabinet, he was surprised by a French partisan in search of plunder, and only escaped capture through the instrumentality of his servant, who thrust into his hand an old passport. "Till they saw me," he wrote to his wife from the Hague, "they thought me a prisoner in France, so that I was not ashore one minute, before I had great crowds of the common people, some endeavouring to take me by the hand, and all crying out 'Welcome!'" In London he was greeted with equal enthusiasm; and shortly after his return was created Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. His lady was now all-powerful at Court; in her own words, she had begun to be looked upon "as a person of consequence, without

whose approbation, at least, neither places, nor pensions, nor honours, were bestowed by the Crown. The intimate friendship with which the Queen was known to honour me, afforded a plausible foundation for this opinion." But while these honours were yet in their "newest gloss," as if to remind him that rank and fame were no talisman to charm away the sorrows of the heart, death took from him his only son. The loss was most severely felt, and with tender images of the departed rising before his eyes, in the hurry of the march or the quiet of his tent, he entered on his next campaign.

Early in 1703 the contending armies were again in the field. The King of Portugal now sent in his adherence to the Grand Alliance, and the Duke of Savoy only waited an opportunity to do the same; the rebellion of the Protestants in the Cevennes, fostered by Marlborough, tended to distract the attention of Louis XIV.; but on the other hand, the Elector of Bavaria had surprised Ulm, and opened up a communication with the French on the Upper Rhine. In May, Bonn surrendered to the Allies, and Huys in the following August, yet Marshal Boufflers studiously avoided a general engagement. Marlborough was for breaking through the French lines between the Meuse and the Moselle, but the Dutch objected, and the campaign closed without any serious disaster, but before any decided progress had been made.

Meanwhile a grand plan conceived at Versailles was in course of development. There it had been resolved to throw the bulk of the French forces into Bavaria, and to operate against Austria from the heart of Germany. "For this purpose Marshal Tallard, with the French army on the Upper Rhine, received orders to cross the Black Forest, and advance into Swabia, and unite with the Elector of Bavaria. Marshal Villeroy, with forty battalions, and thirty-nine squadrons, was to break off from the army in Flanders, and support the advance by a movement on the Moselle, so as to be in a condition to join the main army on the Danube, of which it would form, as it were, the left wing; while Vendôme, with the army of Italy, was to penetrate into the Tyrol, and advance by Innsbruck on Salzburg."\* The

\* Allison's Life of Marlborough.

united armies, which it was calculated, after deducting losses, would muster 80,000 combatants, was to advance by the valley of the Danube like a rolling torrent to overwhelm Vienna, while a detachment penetrated into Hungary to aid the already formidable insurrection there. Marlborough, by means of secret information, obtained full intelligence of this magnificent design. The house of Austria was threatened with annihilation, and he saw the danger immediately impending. Arrived at the Hague in January, 1704, and encouraged by the prospect of having 50,000 British troops under his command, he proposed to commence operations on the Moselle, leaving General Overkirk to act on the defensive in the Netherlands with the Dutch and a portion of the auxiliaries. This was, in fact, only part of a bolder plan, which he thought it prudent to conceal at present. Against even so much as he dared to avow objections were strongly urged; and it was only by dint of determination, backed by the instructions of his own Cabinet, that he overcame them. The States-General ultimately intrusted him with powers that they would have withheld had they fully fathomed his project. Prince Eugene was the only one of the Allied generals in the secret, and with him, indeed, the plan appears to have been at least in part arranged. "The English general was to advance vigorously against Villeroy in the Low Countries, and force him either to accept battle or retire to the Moselle or the Rhine. In either case, as success was not doubted, he was to cross over into Germany by the Electorate of Cologne, advance as rapidly as possible into Bavaria, and either form a junction with Prince Eugene, who commanded the Imperial army in that quarter, or, by threatening the communications of the French army in Swabia, compel it to fall back to the Rhine. The great object was to save Vienna, and prevent the advance of the French into Hungary.\*" On the 19th of May Marlborough started on his expedition; the very next day came messages imploring him to stop, followed by others from different quarters beseeching his assistance. Halting a day to quiet these alarms, he wrote assuring the States that the attention of the enemy would be concen-

trated on himself and his sudden movement, and begging additional reinforcements. As he advanced, auxiliaries came dropping in like rivulets to swell the rushing stream. The duke wrote numerous despatches and sent in every direction to secure all possible aid. The march was rapid, but so well conducted that the soldiers suffered neither from fatigue nor hurt. At Mentz, the Elector, on seeing them, exclaimed, "These gentlemen seem to be all dressed for a ball!" Here the ranks were still further increased; but here, too, came the news that the Elector of Bavaria had been reinforced by the French. Still pressing forward, to the bewilderment of the foe and, if half-hearted friends spoke true, to his own certain ruin, on the 9th of June Marlborough crossed the Neckar. The next day he met Prince Eugene, and the two illustrious chiefs deliberated on the course to be adopted. They were soon joined by the Margrave of Baden, an obstinate old man, who had once gained a brilliant victory over the Turks on the Danube, but who had recently given conspicuous proof of his incapacity. Marlborough had wished him to have remained on the Rhine, that he might have Eugene as his companion in arms; but the Margrave was unwilling to act on an inferior field, and as senior claimed even the supreme command. The Duke consented to share it with him on alternate days, and Eugene was despatched to keep watch on the Rhine; but these arrangements, mortifying in the extreme, fettered the energies of the invader, and by the dissensions they sowed, threatened seriously to impede his success. A portion of the force, too, was now reclaimed by the States-General, for Overkirk had been baffled in an attempt on the hostile lines. True, however, to his purpose, and manfully combating every difficulty, overcoming by the suavity of his manners where the force of his logic was unavailing, Marlborough continued to advance. At length he came in contact with the foe, on the Schullenberg, a height overhanging the town of Donawert, where a detachment of 12,000 French and Bavarians occupied a strongly intrenched camp. Taking advantage of his day of command he pushed forward his troops, and as the sun first fell upon the Danube and the mountain on the morning of the 2nd of July, the attacking columns were set in

\* Allison.

motion. A rivolet, a thick wood, and a ravine added to the strength of the enemy's position. Soon after noon the assailants charged up the hill; a terrible fire swept them down, and the bold bayonet sallies of the French from behind the works increased the confusion and carnage. A desperate conflict ensued, which resulted in complete success on the part of the Allies. The intrenchments were carried, and the vanquished in the struggle and flight lost 7000 men and thirteen standards. Marlborough had 1500 slain and 4000 wounded; but among the former were eight generals, eleven colonels, and twenty-six captains. The Margrave claimed this victory as his own; but the majority of people thought otherwise, and gave honour to whom it was due. Four or five days later the broad and rapid river Lech was crossed, and the army entered the heart of the Elector's country. Rain soon surrendered, and Aicha was carried by assault. The Elector, compelled to retreat under the guns of Augsburg, left his hereditary dominions entirely to the mercy of his enemy. Marlborough made numerous attempts to detach him from the French alliance, and when these failed, in the vain hope of bringing him to terms, ravaged the country with his light troops, levying contributions, and burning villages with savage ferocity even as far as Munich. A negotiation was at length consented to; perhaps in sincerity, but probably to gain time, for the approach of Marshal Tallard with the French army through the Black Forest caused him to break it off, and hazard all on the fortune of war. Prince Eugene, too weak to resist the progress of Tallard, had made a parallel march, and after narrowly escaping an attack from the combined French and Bavarian armies, that must have overwhelmed him, also effected a junction with Marlborough.

The crisis of the campaign had now arrived. Instead of the foaming torrent that was to have deluged Vienna, the Allied armies were in force upon the field. The Duke of Vendôme had failed to penetrate through the Tyrol, and Marshal Villeroi was far in the rear of Marlborough. The Margrave of Baden having undertaken the siege of Ingoldstadt, the two commanders were left free to act as they chose. On the 12th of August they resolved to fight. "I know the danger," said the Duke in

reply to a remonstrance, "but a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, to make amends for disadvantages." At midnight he himself received the sacrament with great solemnity; and at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 13th, he rode forward with Eugene to reconnoitre the enemy. The French position was in places strong. Marshal Tallard was on the right, resting on the Danube, and having the village of BLENHEIM in his front; in the centre was the village of Oberglaue, occupied by fourteen battalions; the left, under Marshal Marsin, lay in front of Lutzingen, and consisted of twenty-two battalions of infantry and thirty-six squadrons. The French numbered 60,000 combatants, about five thousand more than the Allies, and with a great superiority of artillery; but there was one fatal defect in their arrangements—not to be overlooked by the eagle eye of Marlborough—that in case of disaster portended utter ruin. Their line was strongly supported at each extremity, but weak in the centre, and the wings, where the great body of infantry was placed were so distant, that assistance could not be easily transferred from one to the other. Between Oberglaue and Blenheim was a screen of horse, consisting of eighty squadrons, supported by only two brigades of foot.

Eugene commanded the Allied left, opposite Marshal Marsin, and Marlborough the right. The French army stretched along the crest of a hill; the plain to be crossed was low, and intersected with streams and ditches cut to drain the swampy meadows. Eugene, to facilitate the advance of his troops, was compelled to fill the broadest rivulets with fascines. While this was doing, Divine service was celebrated along the English lines. The cannon began to play on both sides; but it was noon when Marlborough, taking a frugal meal in the centre of his staff, received word that all was ready on the left. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "to your posts!"

The morning was hazy, and the French were scarcely prepared for an attack, when the tide of battle came rolling upon them. The first efforts of the Duke were directed on Blenheim; within the village were twenty-six battalions and twelve squadrons of the French and every entrance was obstructed by palisades; Lord Cutts headed the Eng

columns; the rivulets were crossed in finest order, and when within thirty fathoms of the enemy, they received a deadly volley without wavering. General Marlborough led the first line, and struck his sword on the palisades before he gave the word to fire. But the barriers were insurmountable, and half of the assailants fell in the endeavour to break them down. A charge of cavalry on the flank threw them into further disorder; the colours were taken and sent flying; a terrible combat ensued, and a bleeding mass of assailants reeled in confusion. Marlborough now moved forward his cavalry on the weak flank of the line between Blenheim and Oberglaau. The village of Unterglaau, in the middle, was set fire to, to stop their progress; but the troopers dashed through the conflagration, crossed a stream beyond, and began to deploy. They descended to another stream, and only, before they could form on the opposite side, the whole front line of French horse came like a hurricane upon them, while the raking fire of the artillery and cannon from the adjoining villages threw their flank into confusion. It was only by the arrival of a timely aid, and the bringing up of successive supports, that an entire defeat was prevented. Meanwhile at Oberglaau matters went still worse. Prince Holstein, who led the Hanoverians in that quarter, had been charged immediately on crossing the stream; his troops were driven back, the Allies were broken through, and he himself a prisoner. Marlborough hastened to the spot, led up in person some squadrons, fell on the disordered victors, completely turned the current of the battle. On the extreme left the battle raged with equal obstinacy; and dauntless courage and skill of Marlborough alone at length secured success.

Duke now placed himself at the head of the cavalry between Oberglaau and Blenheim, drawn up in two long lines. The trumpets sounded, slowly advanced, then faster, and faster—a wave rushing to the strand—to look upon the bravest chivalry of France, for the banners of almost all nobles were fluttering there. But the fire of cannon and musketry was too much for them; they recoiled sixty paces, and then dashed forward with resistless valour. The ridge of the hill was won; the French discharged their

carbines, and immediately wheeled about and fled. The impulse of victory spread along the whole line of the Allies. Marshal Marsin, cut off from all aid, was compelled to retreat. Tallard had scarcely rallied his troops, when again at the head of his cavalry Marlborough swept upon him. Breaking into two bodies, again the French fled, part towards Sonderheim, and part in wild disorder to the Danube, in which numbers were drowned. No course was left but to surrender. The Duke on the parapet of a bridge wrote with a coarse pencil on a slip of paper to his wife:—"I have not time to say more, but beg you will give my duty to the Queen, and let her know that her army has had a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two of his generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Park, will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two, by another, and more at large.—MARLBOROUGH." Blenheim was yet occupied by 12,000 men, but the darkness of night and their complete isolation rendered their situation hopeless. They made a most gallant resistance; and not till the houses caught fire, and the gunners, by the light of the flames, played with unerring certainty upon them, would they lay down their arms. The soldiers submitted to their fate with despair and indignation; and the regiment of Navarre burnt their colours and buried their arms, that they might not become the trophies of the victor. In the battle Marlborough's wing lost 5,000 men, and Eugene's 6,000. The French lost 13,000 prisoners, including 1,200 officers; and their killed and wounded amounted to 14,000; but their total loss, including those who deserted during the calamitous retreat to the Rhine, was not less than 40,000 men.

The results of this victory were the most important and glorious. By one blow Austria was saved, Bavaria crushed, and the French army scattered to the winds. Scarcely 12,000 men reached the Rhine. Marlborough, following the fugitives, laid siege to Landau, which, with Treves and Traarbach, was soon taken. Villeroy, who occupied a strong position in a camp constructed to cover the town retreated in dismay; and the Allies were left to exult in the decisive issues of the campaign. Marlborough, meanwhile, repaired to Hanover and

Berlin, to stimulate the Cabinets of the different Governments to sustained exertion. Everywhere honours and emoluments awaited him. He was created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and a tract of land in Germany was erected into a principality in his favour. Arrived in England, the acclamations of the multitude greeted him, and the thanks of the Houses of Parliament. The Queen conferred upon him the extensive honour and manor of Woodstock, and the Royal Comptroller commenced there a magnificent palace. Addison made his achievements the subject of a poem, and by the homage of genius added lustre to his fame:—

"Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,

That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel by Divine command,  
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Blides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The plan conceived by Marlborough and Eugene for the campaign of 1705 was bold in the extreme; but notwithstanding the vigorous preparations of the French to retrieve their recent disaster, innumerable delays occurred amongst the Allies, and it was not till June that they appeared upon the field, and then only with inferior forces. Marshal Villars was, however, unwilling to risk a battle with the formidable Duke; and the latter soon began to complain that he was "much more afraid of starvation than of the enemy." Operations were commenced on the Moselle, but Villeroy moving forward along the Meuse, attacked and carried Huys, and by his rapid and unchecked advances threw the whole of Holland into consternation. Another cross-march was necessary on the part of Marlborough to stop his career. At midnight he ordered the troops to be under arms, and without giving any intimation of his design, marched them immediately to the rear. Thus escaping the vigilance of his antagonist Villars, he hastened to the Meuse, caused Villeroy to retreat, recaptured the conquered fortresses, and restored the aspect of affairs. Through the misconduct of some German troops, who on the approach of the enemy had burned instead of defending the stores

at Treves and Saarbruck, he was vented from at once completing design, and making an irruption into the French territory. Villeroy, for defensive measures, had taken position almost impregnable in but Marlborough, as soon as he got the consent of the generals of the United Provinces, resolved to attempt its conquest. By a successful feint induced his adversary to weaken his centre, and then making a sudden break through the lines with such success as to render them not tenable. The French retreating fled themselves again behind the where the Duke was eager to follow them; but the Dutch refused to follow him, and positively communicated intention to the enemy, thus, as he "ruining the campaign." Foiled in his object he resolved to turn the position and defiling to the left, soon threw himself between Villeroy and France. His manœuvres extended over groundwards immortalised. On the 1st of August a skirmish took place in the plain of Waterloo; but the French retired into the forest of Soignies covering Brussels. Now was the moment of advantage, and Marlborough perceived it. On the 18th, he reconnoitred the field, and moved forward his columns to attack. The command was given to bring up the artillery to commence a cannonade; but General Slangenberg, a Dutchman, had contrary to express orders, permitted baggage to intermingle with the troops, and great delay was caused in consequence. At noon everything was ready but the Dutch deputies and generals still hesitated. "Gentlemen," said Marlborough, "I have reconnoitred the ground, and made dispositions for attack. I am convinced that cautiously, and as men of honour, we not now retire without an action. If we neglect this opportunity we are responsible before God and man. I see the confusion which pervades the ranks of the enemy, and their discomfiture at our manœuvres. I leave you to judge whether we should wait to-day, or wait till to-morrow. I am indeed late; but you must consider by throwing up intrenchments in the night, the enemy will render the position far more difficult to attack. Slangenberg declared an advance impracticable." "Murder and mass

he exclaimed. "I disdain," replied Marlborough, "to send troops to dangers which I will not myself encounter. I will lead where the peril is most imminent. I adjure you, gentlemen, for the love of God and your country, do not let us neglect so favourable an opportunity!" But all was in vain; night found them debating, and the next morning the obstacles dreaded were tenfold increased. "I am," said Marlborough, as he retired from the field, "this moment *ten years* older than I was four days ago." Nothing remained but to retrace his steps, and destroy the lines he had taken. Not until one hundred and ten years later was Waterloo to echo with the cannon of contending armies.

The jealousies of the Allies were a source of weakness to them, and imposed on the Commander of their forces the most obnoxious restraints. Almost as difficult as his task on the field were the diplomatic duties devolved on him among Courts and Cabinets. "It is very fortunate for us," remarked Lord Sunderland, "that he can bear what he does; for, without any compliment to him, he is the life and soul of everything here abroad; and, without him, the whole confederacy would be in confusion."

Affairs in Italy had assumed a gloomy aspect, and there accordingly Marlborough proposed to open the campaign of 1706; but in this, as in a thousand other instances, his purposes were frustrated. Placing himself at the head of the troops, he now resolved to surprise the fortress of Namur, the capture of which would turn the flank of the French lines. Villeroi, determined to cover it, marched out to stop his advance and give battle in open field. His army numbered 62,000 men, and his opponent's 60,000. The position occupied was the summit of an elevated plateau, forming the highest ground in Brabant, and immediately above the two sources of the Little Gheet. The troops were posted on the crest of the hill where it curved inwardly, and in front were marshes. On the extreme left was the village of Autre Eglise, in the centre the villages of Offuz and Ramillies, and on the right that of Tavières, on the banks of the Mehaigne. The mass of the cavalry were posted behind Tavières, and in their rear the ridge rose so as to command the whole

field. Here, then, Marlborough determined to throw the weight of his assault. To this end he made a false attack on the left wing, which induced Villeroi to draw a large body of infantry from his centre to reinforce the threatened point. Then, availing himself of a rising ground on which the front of his column on the right was placed, he directed the second line and the columns which supported it, just as the front had reached the edge of the plateau, where they obstructed the view of those behind them, to halt in a hollow, where they could not be seen, and immediately after, still concealed from the enemy's right, to defile rapidly to the left till they came into the rear of the left centre. The horse were similarly strengthened from that quarter, while the fire opened on Autre Eglise concealed the transfer. A vehement assault was immediately made on Tavières, which convinced Villeroi of his error; for he had now no reserve of foot to support his troops. Ordering fourteen squadrons of cavalry to dismount, he moved them forward; but the Danish horse advancing on their flank hurled them back in confusion. Another charge broke the first line of French cavalry; but, disordered by their success, the victors were repulsed by the second line, which unexpectedly bore down upon them. Disaster was now imminent, and instantly putting himself at the head of seventeen squadrons at hand, and first sending for the reserve, Marlborough dashed to the rescue under a dreadful fire from the enemy's batteries. He was surrounded by some French troopers who recognised him, but he fought his way out. He next tried to leap a ditch, but his horse fell under him; and when mounting another horse, his equerry, who held the stirrup, had his head carried off by a cannon ball.\* The danger of their beloved general revived the spirit of the troops. The reserve galloped up, then formed in three lines; and the whole Allied cavalry with loud shouts rushed impetuously on. The French fled, and the top of the hill was gained. Marlborough, whose eagle eye let nothing escape, ordered his reserve of infantry to march on Ramillies, where a violent conflict was still raging. Here, too, he was completely successful. Villeroi bravely strove to avert his fate, and to

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\* Allison.



assume a new position; but the Duke gave him no time. Again the trumpets pealed, and as the whole army advanced, panic struck the French abandoned themselves to flight. It was a universal rout. The British horse did not draw bridle for five-and-twenty miles. The loss of the French in killed and wounded was 7000 men, and in addition to that, 6000 prisoners were taken. The Allies lost 1066 killed, and 2567 wounded; in all, 3633.

Villeroi retired towards French Flanders, and Marlborough made a triumphant entry into Brussels on the 28th of May. From this single battle resulted the acquisition of Brabant and Flanders. Most of the principal towns immediately surrendered; Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and Oudenarde capitulated soon after; Ostend was speedily reduced; Menin, the fortifications of which were deemed a masterpiece of Vauban's, was taken by assault; and the campaign concluded with the capture of Dendermonde and Ath. Splendid was the reception of the victor when he quitted the field. The Emperor offered to appoint him—and his own Queen authorised him to accept the honour—Viceroy of the Netherlands, but he declined it, the Dutch dreading the ascendancy of English power amongst them. The jealousy between the Imperial Court and the United Provinces was now, too, culminating; and the latter prepared to make a separate treaty with the French. Fortunately, the great diplomatic abilities of Marlborough prevented a rupture, and secured a public renewal of the alliance. Again, on reaching England, were the thanks of Parliament voted to him; and the better to testify the national gratitude, an annuity of 5000*l.* was settled upon him and the Duchess and their descendants male or female; while the dukedom, which stood limited to heirs male, was extended to heirs female, in order that "England might never be without a title which might recal the remembrance of so much glory." But beneath the current of popular applause lay the quicksands of party. The Cabinet was convulsed with differences, and the fame and influence of Marlborough made him enemies as well as friends. Tories who had never forgiven his desertion of James II. were now abetted in their hatred by envious Whigs.

New complications were threatened on

the Continent in the spring of 1707. The victorious Charles XII. of Sweden was at Dresden, and the northern Powers of Germany were distracted by his presence. Marlborough visited him there, and by his skill allayed the fears of the Allies; but his hopes, as he placed himself once more at the head of his soldiers, were doomed to disappointment. The Dutch, delivered by the victory of Ramillies from immediate peril, constantly procrastinated, and thwarted all his plans. The summer passed in useless manœuvres, and the winter found him again at home, the Parliament querulous, and the clamour of faction emboldened. As the head of the war party, the domestic calamities under which the country suffered—caused, in main-part, by the changes and uncertainties consequent on revolution—were ascribed to him. A new female favourite, the celebrated Mrs. Masham, was more over supplanting the Duchess at Court, and was in close league with Secretary Harley. The charge began to circulate that he prolonged the contest for selfish purposes. At this juncture his successful measures in averting a threatened invasion of the Pretender restored him to popularity; but though his power seemed boundless, it was in reality undermined.

On the resumption of arms everything indicated a vigorous campaign. The Duke of Vendôme was in the Low Countries with 100,000 men, and Antwerp, it was discovered, was about to be treacherously opened to him. Marlborough, apprised of this, moved forward and foiled the enterprise; but, being inferior in numbers, he was unwilling to commence decisive aggressive operations, although he would not have declined a battle. For a month the tardiness of the Allies condemned him to inactivity. The Duke of Vendôme, a courageous and able man, meantime had resolved to make an eruption on Ghent, which lay in the centre of Marlborough's water communications, and then to reduce Oudenarde, the defences of which were out of repair. If successful, he would thus drive the English back to Antwerp, and deprive them of the fruit of their late conquests. Ghent was taken, as proposed, and Oudenarde, only saved from a *coup de main* by Marlborough's vigilance, was also invested. Marlborough, thrown into a fever by excessive anxiety, was greatly

eved by the arrival of Eugene in his camp, who, though he could not bring up troops in time, hurried to render his personal aid. The two generals resolved to attack the enemy in his position before OUDENARDE. By a bold movement they first threw themselves between the Netherlands and France, and, cutting off his communications, compelled him to fall back. Eager to bring on an engagement, Marlborough pushed forward his forces across the Scheldt; and, while

his main body was still half a league from that river, Vendôme, thinking to overwhelm the vanguard which had crossed, drew up hastily in battle array. At the issue of the first encounter a general action inevitable. The Allies had scarcely completed their dispositions when the tempest burst. The whole right wing of the French rapidly bouching, pressed onward and outflanked their left. The peril was extreme; a few moments and they might be severed from the friendly ramparts of Oudenarde, while behind them lay the deep, impassable Scheldt. Leaving Eugene on the right, Marlborough hurried to the post of danger. Every bridge, every ditch, every wood, every enclosure was obstinately contested; and one unbroken line of fire showed the desperate energy of the intermingling combatants. On the extreme right of the French, Marlborough reserved a hill unoccupied, and immediately ordered his reserve of cavalry to advance and seize it. The movement was executed with promptness, and the horse wheeling in a vast semicircle under the enemy's wing, which in the hour of victory was pushed far forward from the centre, completely enveloped it. All resistance was overpowered, and whole regiments were cut down or taken prisoners. Vendôme made a gallant but ineffectual effort to deem the fortune of the day; and might falling upon the field alone enabled him to withdraw the remainder of his army. As it was, he lost 6000 men killed and wounded, besides 1000 prisoners and 100 standards, while the Allies were weakened by 5000 men.

Marlborough now proposed an immediate advance on Paris, but as it was thought too hazardous, he commenced the invasion by laying siege to LILLE, the strongest and most important frontier fortress. It was garrisoned by Marshal Boufflers with 15,000 choice troops,

and the Duke of Vendôme, reinforced to 100,000, was at hand ready to interrupt the operations. Communication by water was impossible, and the nearest dépôt for ordinary military stores for the Allies was twenty-five leagues off. Sixteen thousand horses were requisite to transport the train, which in a line of march extended over fifteen miles. Prince Eugene, notwithstanding, safely conveyed the moving mass. Lille was invested, and Vendôme advancing to its relief, Marlborough, who commanded the covering army, by a skilful parallel movement defeated his design. Eugene was wounded in an assault on the town, and for a while the direction of everything was devolved on the Duke: the night he spent in the tent watching Vendôme, the day in the besieging lines. At length, after a brave resistance prolonged through sixty days, the town surrendered, and, six weeks later, the citadel also.

All parties began now to think of peace, and negotiations commenced; but the rigorous terms imposed by the Allies were more than the pride of the Grand Monarque could endure. He was willing to concede much, but not all. Enormous bribes were offered to Marlborough to secure more favourable proposals, but he turned from them with coldness and contempt. Louis then appealed pathetically to his people, and called on them to sustain the glory of France. The national sympathy and enthusiasm were kindled. All ranks and parties vied in contributing their property and their services to the war; and Marshal Villeroi was soon in the field at the head of 112,000 men. Marlborough at length, after vigorous remonstrances at the general lethargy, appeared with nearly the same number—a heterogeneous mass, made one by the recollection of past successes and by confidence in their leader. He first laid siege to Tournay, and took it after a protracted struggle, and the loss of many lives through the explosion of mines. Mons was the next fortress on the road to Paris, and having turned the lines of Villars, he sat down between it and France. An engagement became daily more imminent. Marshal Boufflers hurried to the camp of his companion in arms, to serve as a volunteer under him. The Allies, leaving a few squadrons before Mons, defiled 90,000 strong to

the undulating ground on the south. Marshal Villars, with 95,000 fresh and eager soldiers, was ready for the fray, marching across the plateau, which was woody and intersected with streams, towards the little plain of MALPLAQUET. Marlborough and Eugene proposed an immediate attack, but were overruled. For two days they lay inactive, hoping for reinforcements, while the enemy diligently threw up intrenchments, and strengthened the natural advantages of their situation by the most formidable defences. "We are again," said the soldiers, as at length they advanced, "about to make war on moles." The forest of Tasnière lay on the French right, that of Lauvière on the left, and there were but two approaches through the woods upon the centre. A demonstration in rear was first made, and meanwhile the position of Tasnière assailed in front and flank. The troops charging the centre left 3000 killed, and twice that number wounded, on the ground, and were only saved from destruction by the reserve supporting them. After a severe conflict in the forest of Tasnière, victory declared itself for the Allies. Villars, alarmed at their success, drew his infantry from the centre to reinforce his left. Marlborough saw the weakened point, and ordered the cavalry to charge. The intrenchments were broken through, the few defenders beaten down; a grand battery of forty cannon, hastily limbered up, and moving at quick trot, followed the assailants, and, placed in the midst of the enemy, played murderously upon them. Villars was already wounded; Boufflers gallantly endeavoured to restore the day; but finding all in vain, retreated in perfect regularity. The Allies, too exhausted to pursue, laid down to sleep. "The battle of Malplaquet," observes Alison, "was a desperate duel between France and England. . . Nothing had occurred like it since Agincourt; nothing occurred like it again till Waterloo." The French loss did not exceed 14,000; the Allies lost in all 18,250, of whom two hundred and eighty-six were officers killed, and seven hundred and sixty wounded.

The capture of Mons completed the campaign, and left but two fortified places in the possession of the French on the great road to Paris.

In England, Marlborough was again received with great *éclat*; but it was the

flash of sunshine from between looming clouds. Harley and Mrs. Masham had not ceased their machinations, and an imprudent request to be made captain general for life gave a new handle to their animosity. As the plot thickened he proposed to resign the command, but was overruled by the counsel of friends. He could not, however, forbear writing a strong letter to the Queen, complaining that all his services could not protect him "from the malice of a bed-chamber woman."

It being resolved to continue the war, the Duke and Eugene met at Tournay in the ensuing spring. The fort of Montagne was taken the first day after operations commenced. Then, by sudden and secret movements, they succeeded in breaking through the French lines and laying siege to Douay. Villars approached within musket-shot of the Allies, yet dared not risk a battle. Douay was taken, and afterwards Bethune. Villars now displayed great skill in constructing new lines, so situated as to impede the progress of his enemy into France; but he still declined fighting, for he waited the issue of intrigues that threatened the overthrow of the Whig Cabinet across the channel. He doubtless thought what Torey had said, "What we lose in Flanders, we shall gain in England." St. Venaut next capitulated to Marlborough, who then invested Aire. The loss of a convoy, and the falling of heavy and continuous rains, protracted this siege to an unusual length. Sickness prevailed to a great extent; the troops were for the most part up to the knees in mud and water; and there was no possibility of finding a dry place for their lodging. "Take it we must," said Marlborough, "for we cannot draw the guns from the batteries." But the conquest was dearly purchased; seven thousand men were killed and wounded, and the sick had swelled to double that number.

These achievements were not sufficiently brilliant to shame the cabals of detractors at home. The national debt, which at the revolution was only 664,000*l.*, had already reached 34,000,000*l.*; and the popular clamour laid the startling fact to Marlborough's charge. Many of the Whigs distrusted him, and perhaps not without reason after the tergiversations of former years. The Tories made overtures to him coupled with threats of impeachment

which he rejected with dignity. Soon the first blow fell upon him. The Duchess was dismissed from her appointment as head of the Queen's household and keeper of the privy purse. He himself was accused of every meanness and crime; his courage even was denied; and he who had been the idol of princes and people, was treated as the lowest of men.

It was with reluctance that Marlborough retained his command of the army; but it was well for his fame. The great aim of the French during the winter months had been to construct a line of defence that should serve them in good stead for their conquered fortresses. A series of field-works had been thrown up, and art and nature made subservient to their strength, which extended over forty miles from Namur to the coast of Picardy. Behind them Villars awaited the opening of the campaign, under orders to avoid a battle, for secret negotiations were in progress with England. The Marshal boasted of his lines as Marlborough's *ne plus ultra*. He was mistaken; by a succession of manœuvres and stratagems his opponent completely deceived him, induced him to concentrate his forces in the fear of an attack, and then by a night march broke through them to the south without firing a shot. Friends and foes were confounded at this bloodless victory, which was more honourable to Marlborough than a great battle. Mr. Secretary St. John wrote to him, that they would have been "glad to have purchased it with the loss of several thousand lives." Without delay Bouchain was now invested and conquered; Quesnoy only remained to be taken. But on the 28th of September the preliminaries of peace—respecting which the Duke had not been consulted—were signed; and finding that nothing more could be done, deeply chagrined he returned to England. By these preliminaries, afterwards embodied in the famous Treaty of Utrecht, all his labours were brought to nought, and terms granted to France that, as a victor, she could scarcely have secured. In vain he expostulated with the Queen. In her speech to Parliament she said: "I am glad to tell you, that notwithstanding the arts of those who delight in war, both place and time are appointed for opening the treaty of a general peace." Lord Anglesea, in the debate that

followed, spoke of "some person whose interest it was to prolong the war." Marlborough rose, and, turning to where the Queen sat, said:—"I appeal to the Queen whether I did not constantly, when I was plenipotentiary, give her Majesty and her Council an account of all the propositions which were made; and whether I did not desire instruction for my conduct on this subject. I can declare with a good conscience, in the presence of her Majesty, of this illustrious assembly, and of God himself, who is infinitely superior to all the powers of the earth, and before whom, by the ordinary course of nature, I shall soon appear to render account of my actions, that I was very desirous of a safe, honourable and lasting peace, and was very far from wishing to prolong the war for my own private advantage, as several libels and discourses have most falsely insinuated. My great age, and numerous fatigues in war, made me ardently wish for the power to enjoy a quiet repose, in order to think of eternity."

This speech made a great impression in his favour; nevertheless, his enemies brought forward an accusation against him of fraud and peculation in the management of the Flemish campaign. His reply demonstrated his innocence; but nothing could avert the threatened stroke, and he was dismissed from every situation he held!

"The dismissal of Marlborough," said Louis XIV., "will do all we can desire." And so it was. Although Paris itself was in jeopardy from the Allied arms, the Treaty of Utrecht—that "indelible reproach of the age," as Pitt called it—was signed, and the original object of the war ignored by the acknowledgment of a Bourbon as rightful possessor of the throne of Spain.

Marlborough now retired to the continent, not returning till the death of Queen Anne, when he was again restored to his offices, and made captain-general and master-general of the ordnance. A few years more, and the changing and eventful scenes of life closed for ever on his view. He died on the 10th of June, 1772, in the 72nd year of his age.

His remains, first interred in Westminster Abbey, now lie in the chapel at Blenheim. Not without faults as a man, but a true patriot, and matchless soldier, that palace is both the monu-

ment and emblem of his fortunes—it was commenced at the public cost when the country echoed with his praises, it

was finished out of his own purse when the consciousness of his desert was all that remained to him.

### MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THERE is a cheerful-looking cottage in the neighbourhood of Reading, with two even rows of windows, and a neat paling in front enclosing a small garden; at that quiet abode, on the tenth day of this new year, MARY RUSSELL MITFORD breathed her last. It was not the home of her childhood, for she was born at Arlesford in Hampshire, in December, 1786; but it was the home of her age, of her patience, her suffering, and her death.

We must run back over a period of nearly seventy years, and leave the cottage for a large house in a country town in the north of Hampshire, where the infant Mary, at the side of a grave and home-loving mother, learned to read before she was three years old. Her father, Dr. Mitford, was a physician; an impulsive, warm-hearted, extravagant man. In his reckless and fitful way he was passionately fond of his only child, often seating her on the breakfast-table, that she might exhibit to some admiring guest her proficiency in letters.

Her first introduction to literature was through her maid Nancy, who read to her from "Percy's Reliques" till her love of the old volumes became so great that when only five or six years of age she poured over them herself, her ringlets overshadowing the time-worn page as she read. When speaking of this, she says with a sigh, "Ah, well-a-day! sixty years have passed, and I am an old woman, whose nut-brown hair has turned to grey, but I never see those heavily bound volumes without the home of my infancy springing up before my eyes." When she was about ten years of age, she chose for a birthday present a lottery ticket, and it turned up a prize of twenty thousand pounds. This was soon spent by her father. He, however, put her to school in London, and then amused himself by building a large house about four miles from Reading. She returned home at the early age of fifteen, to cultivate in retirement the society of the Muses, and to enter-

tain with enthusiasm the idea of becoming an author.

When about three-and-twenty, she had fairly commenced her literary life, launching every year upon public opinion some little volume. With many living literary persons she became acquainted; and her friendship with them was characterised by a beautiful freedom from envy. We can discover no hard thoughts in her heart, no bitterness on her tongue. Her writings were to her a source of constant, healthful, mental exercise, productive of cheerfulness and contentment.

Yet, in spite of her own glad spirit, in spite of the habit so natural to her of looking at the brightest side of everything, the conviction at length forced itself upon her, that her father was not sufficiently careful. All Mrs. Mitford's large fortune was expended—and she did not live long after this sad loss—and legacies left to Miss Mitford by her opulent relations were also frittered away. We can comprehend how an unselfish heart like hers still loved him, still clung to him; but how she could keep the persuasion that he was great and good, we cannot tell. Hitherto she had written for pleasure, just because she could not help it; now necessity urged her to turn her talent to some account. Still in the neighbourhood of Reading though no longer in the large house built by her father, she pursued her literary career. She wrote for the *Annals*, and her name soon ensured her a handsome remuneration. She looked around her on the green fields and murmuring brook, and writing down the secret thoughts they suggested, completed that well-known volume, "*Our Village*;" which established her literary fame. It appeared first in number in the "*Lady's Magazine*," after having been rejected by Campbell the poet for the "*New Monthly*." The style of the work is easy and natural; it is characterised throughout by a healthy elasticity of thought, fresh as the mountain streams which so charm her fancy. ] abounds in graphic description and

esque touches; and a rustic, a gipsy encampment, or a ring man she sketches to the Though she did not reach the height in prose that Crabbe did in, there is a similarity between—both turn from the grand and ag to take their scenes from the on-place things around them. e had more fervor than Miss rd, it is true; but both wrote of and pigsties, and brick-floored; and both, though not in an degree, espoused the cause of the

As we read "Our Village" we t see the young forest leaves ung before us, and inhale the frae wafted to us from the cottage ns. On every page there is a e perfect in its way. But Miss rd is certainly not so familiarly inted with human character as ature. She loses her enthusiasm s fettered by reserve, when she pts to pourtray the heart. There vant of depth and womanliness her in these delineations, and she with them as she deals with the rds and brooks she so loves—ing on their appearance, and ag lightly over their tastes, sympa-sorrows, and joys, which minds of rent mould would so philosophi-so feelingly have exposed. She not fathom the intensity of passion, ough always thoroughly in earnest, perience of life lay within a very d range. In depth and compass ough she was deficient, but she nature as a lover meets his mis-and always kindles into enthu-at the sight of her fair face. delicate and graceful are the es she gives to the trees of the and the flowers of the sod. A style, a garden door, a low-browed ge, old chimneys, dusky corners, lering palings and hoary apple become beautiful under the magic nce of her pen.

s saddening to remember that the r of all this pleasant reading was no r the light-hearted girl, but the toil-woman. In person Miss Mitford hort and rather stout; in conversa-d manner she was in general ani-, but her prevailing characteristic ound sense. She perhaps was a very ersonification of the old English woman. Day after day she toiled port her father, and few, as they her lively stories, would have

dreamed of the sorrowful heart which had given them birth—yet sorrowful we can hardly say, for there was a buoyancy of spirit about Miss Mitford which would not allow her to yield to care. During the long morning she attended on her father as nurse, companion, and friend, and her voice retained its pleasant tone, and her smile its brightness. She received his visitors; she read to him till he was weary; she gave him no lectures on economy; there was no bustling housewifery to suggest the need of it; all was luxury and ease about him—kept so by the midnight toil of his indefatigable and unselfish daughter; and whilst the editors of the *Annals* sent her in their ready gold, they did not pity her, for they did not know that laudanum was the stimulus of her labour.

Miss Mitford also wrote several tragedies, but, although acted at some of the principal theatres, they were not successful. They were neither impassioned nor impulsive; and though carefully and delicately arranged, they lacked the strength and feeling, the vigour and pathos, necessary in dramatic composition. But when she gets amongst her orchards and her wild flowers, then she is herself again. The green summer light amongst the trees was to her a happiness; spring flowers were her children; mosses, fungi, corals, shells, her pets. It is said she was prouder of her powers as a floriculturist than as an author, and that her garden rivalled her books. Be this as it may, about the year 1831 she was most cordially received in London; and so courted, flattered, and lionized, that, half-killed by excitement, she was glad to return to the shadows of her own dear elms. She became so celebrated that her cottage was a place of literary pilgrimage. Not only did the talented and illustrious of Great Britain and the Sister Island seek her society, but from the Continent, and from America, she received the visits of able men.

In 1842 her father died, and then she took up her abode at Swallowfield Cottage. His affairs were in such a state at his death, that Miss Mitford was compelled to accept relief from a subscription amongst her friends and zealous admirers. A little while after this she received a pension from the Queen, so that the remainder of her life was free from pecuniary anxiety.

Her works were very numerous and

popular. In tragedy she wrote "Julian," "The Foscari," "Rienzi," and "Charles the First." They were acted, and then died a natural death, for they were never heard of more; and yet, by one of those intellectual weaknesses by which persons of more than common mind are often troubled, she fancied it was through her dramatic compositions that she would be immortalised.

Her "Memoirs of a Literary Life" is the most fascinating of all her works. It has the charm of unselfishness. She stands in the back-ground, and places the friends of her heart and her mind one by one before the reader. When she peeps out, she does so prettily and modestly—sometimes with a playful grace, causing us to laugh, or arresting our attention by a touching tribute to the memory of her childhood. She follows in no beaten track, applauding authors who have attained to popularity; but she strays into the cross-roads of literature, and brings out of the shade authors whose names we might have heard, but on whom, we are ashamed to say, we had scarcely bestowed a passing thought.

But we must say a word about the green lane where many of her later reflections had birth. In the country, on a sultry June day, it is no unpleasant thing for a lover of literature to be seated under a shadowy elm tree, or on the roots of a fantastic beech, with the song of birds, the buzz of insects, and the gentle murmur of the river all blended into one soft harmony; whilst the air, fraught with fragrance from the hayfield, occasionally wafts to you the merry voices of holiday children. Just there, where the tall trees form a verdant wall, where two or three farm-houses with their gable ends are in sight—each standing snugly in its own orchard—you may see Miss Mitford pouring over Ben Jonson, or communing with some other poet of the past—Robert Herrick, or George Withers. There is a softened expression on her face, and now, as she looks up, her eyes become suffused with tears. Ah, we guess the cause—the large white mansion where her youth was spent is in sight, and the small church embowered in trees still gives to the close of day a gentle chime breathing of peace and holiness! Her maid sits at her side hemming flounces, and wondering how her mistress can find so much to think of out of a book, and then stitch, stitch goes her needle, while

her thoughts turn to her rustic lover. A pretty little merry dog dances about them, but the coward is agitated by the sight of a drove of cows; his bark becomes terribly discordant; and then again all is quiet. The solitude is completed, except indeed—to use her own words—that now and then a village youth and maiden will steal along the sheltered path. Perhaps they come, she says, to listen to the nightingales, for which the place is famous; perhaps they come to listen to the voice which each prefers to all the nightingales that ever sung. That secluded lane was a spot very dear to Miss Mitford; we know this by the earnest way in which she described it. "Towards the end of it," she writes, "a bright clear brook comes dancing over a pebbly bed, bringing with it all that water is wont to bring of life, of music, and of colour. Gaily it bubbles through banks adorned by the yellow-flag, the flowering rush, the willow-herb, the meadow-sweet, and the forget-me-not; now contracted into a mimic rapid between banks that almost meet; and so the little stream keeps us company, giving on sunny days an indescribable feeling of freshness and coolness." Further on, down by the bridge, gipsy tents, between the months of May and November, were always to be seen, pitched under the hedge, whilst sundry donkeys grazed about. One gipsy woman, a vendor of baskets, who petted Fanchon the dog, and talked of his predecessor that slept under the rose tree, became a favourite with Miss Mitford, who tells us that the simple fortune-teller trusted, with a singular knowledge of human nature, to the power of the future upon the young, and of the past upon the old. "To me she spoke of happy memories, and to my companion of happiness to come."

About three years before her death Miss Mitford was injured by a fall from her pony phaeton, and was from that time confined to her room. She could still look out on the spreading fields and green trees, and take comfort from them; she could inhale the balmy air as God's message of goodness to her, and could be thankful; and when decrepitude stole over her, and life was ebbing fast away, she calmly leaned on Him who had supported her all her days and, trusting only to the merits of her Redeemer for salvation, gently entered into rest on the 10th January 1855.

## GNATIUS LOYOLA.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA was born—to borrow the language of a famous historian of his Order\*—"in the one thousand four hundred and ninety-first year after the Son of the Virgin, when, about eight years before, that terror of the world and fearful pest of the Catholic Church, Martin Luther, had come to light. Thus did God, who foresees things future, raise up succour to cleanse away the poison, at the same time that Satan brought out his own minions to scatter it."\* On this point, most people in this country think differently from the Jesuits, and so do we; but we have no objection to let an admirer of Loyola speak of him in his own way. The world can judge.

His father, Don Bertran, was Lord of Loyola and Oñez, in Guipuzcoa, a province of Biscay, and the Castle of Loyola was his birth-place. Through successive generations this family had flourished in military glory, and Ignatius grew up from infancy with an expectation of winning honours for himself upon the field of battle, and with a profound admiration of that martial discipline which gathers the force of thousands around one, arms that one with the power and bravery of them all, impresses on the whole army something of the character of its captain, and, in compensation for the self-sacrifice of submission, returns to each his dividend of praise. There is a grandeur in this conception that fascinates what mind soever it possesses, whether it be the mind of a field-marshal or of a soldier's child. Little Ignatius brought the spirit of a soldier into the world with him, and in his boyhood the charm of it carried him quite away. He burned for glory. He was insatiably athirst for praise; and, even when his manner of life was changed, that ardour glowed unquenchably, and that thirst could not be satisfied. The young nobleman, like others of his class, was sent to Court, not to school, emulated the highest examples of chivalry, was of noble bearing, and conspicuous

for beauty among the pages in the Palace of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Few traces of his early life remain; for every historian seems in haste to pass over his boyhood, forget his family, and note the hour of his second birth—if one may venture, without profanity, so to repeat a phrase that is consecrated to express an infinitely more momentous change to him who is the subject of it, than this man underwent within the walls of Pampeluna. Here it was, when defending the citadel against the soldiers of Charles V. in the year 1521, that Ignatius, being then thirty years of age, received a bad gun-shot wound in his right leg and a contusion in the left. He was carried off the ground, and by favour of the enemy, who took the place instantly on his fall, found himself conveyed in safety towards his father's dwelling, the Castle of Loyola.

Here his sufferings became very severe, aggravated excessively through the unskillfulness of the surgeons; splinters of bone worked their way out through the wound below the knee, and it seemed inevitable that, at best, the limb would be deformed. Then it was that the visions of military renown began to fade away, but only to give place to others. After much anguish, he once more essayed to walk, but found the limb considerably shortened. The rude surgeons prescribed mechanical force to lengthen it, and for that purpose applied an iron machine. They tortured him, but no Procrustean contrivance would suffice to stretch the leg; he ceased from the dolorous experiment, and being very lame, gave up the thought of military command, and sought for something to beguile the wearisomeness of days and months unoccupied. Tales of knights-errant were the first aliment on which his imagination, balked of its fairest hopes, strove to feed. From those fictions he turned him—perhaps for variety—to others, and perused the "Life of Jesus Christ," as portrayed by some monkish pen, and went through that noted collection of wonders, the *Flos Sanctorum*, the "Flower of the Saints." It was romance in a religious form; but the devotion of an exceeding active and ardent mind to such romance could not waste itself in

\* To account for a peculiarity of expression that will be frequently apparent in this account of the founder of Jesuitism, it is desirable to inform the reader that it is taken chiefly from the authorised history of the Society of Jesus, by Nicholas Orlandini, and from the "Life of Ignatius," by Ignatius Maffei.



dreams; and as custom had sanctioned, by numberless examples, transition from the most worldly life to one of asceticism, Ignatius resolved to make the change. So far he followed the stream of custom, just like his imperial contemporary, Charles V.; but while Charles took shelter in the Church to escape the vexations of the empire, Ignatius did so in order to employ himself in the wide circle of influence which a "religious life," as it was called, would surely open to him. He could not go halting at the head of a regiment, but the monastic habit might cover that defect, if it did not quite conceal it, and notwithstanding the marring of his figure, the *man* was not a whit less capable of great achievements.

How far we may venture to repeat what is written concerning his devotions, his peculiar veneration for St. Peter, the apparition of that Apostle to him, revelations of the blessed Virgin and of the Saviour, and sundry other prodigies that have been taken to adorn the tale of this extraordinary man, it is not worth our while to discuss. They were all recounted when he was to be canonised, but now-a-days the more prudent encomiasts of the founder of the Order of Jesus allow them to pass in silence. And so shall we, preferring rather to relate matters of plain fact. As soon as recovered health permitted, he secretly left the Castle of Loyola—according to a custom that bade all religiously-disposed men desert their homes—cast off a tender attachment to a young lady of Castile, bent his steps towards the famous monastery of Montserrat, where a wonder-working image of the Virgin attracted the devotions and the offerings of pilgrims; on the way made a voluntary vow of "chastity," or, to speak more correctly, of celibacy, in order that he might be more worthy of the favour of Mary, and presented himself before her altar.

But it now behoves him to proceed in full consistence with the character that he purposes to assume. He has learned from "*Amadis of Gaul*," and such romances, how the knight-errant should be initiated into the services of chivalry, and, according to the same ceremonial, he gives himself up to Mary and futurity. To receive the order of chivalry, be it remembered, the postulants kept vigil through one entire night, standing under arms; and Loyola, already sworn

to be knight of Jesus and Mary, spends a night before the altar of the Virgin, consecrating himself with prayer and tears to a more arduous warfare. On the dawn of day he hangs up his sword on a pillar of the chapel, therewith resigning the military profession, takes off his rich garments—badges of luxury that he renounces—and gives them to a beggar; then, covered with sackcloth, bound round him with a piece of rope, he sets out on foot, a distance of three leagues, for the town of Manresa. This is on the 25th of March, Feast of the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin. In the garb of a voluntary penitent he presents himself at the gate of the hospital of St. Luke, and prays for admission. Here he enterprises a conquest of flesh and blood, an immolation of his former self upon the altar of a new devotion. His hair, that has hitherto been nourished with fond vanity, is condemned to be uncombed, unclean, matted. His beard grows long, and so do his nails, like those of the royal fugitive from Babylon. The sackcloth is never changed, nor the body washed, nor the head uncovered, day nor night. Sleep is denied the body that, with a relentless Manichean self-persecution, must be punished for its past rebellions, save only a short involuntary slumber when it sinks each night upon the bare ground, and even then some friendly devotee rouses him at midnight, that he may pray kneeling on his bare knees. Thrice every day he scourges his naked, rebellious flesh, and many times daily he recites appointed prayers. On six days of the seven he eats but once in the twenty-four hours, and then only a little bread, and that bread he has begged. On Sundays only he allows himself a taste of something better. The intervals of prayer and flagellation are taken up in begging, and the abundant alms which the people of Manresa give to this heroic penitent he again distributes among the poor. When thoughts of home—the splendid Castle of Loyola—rise within him, he repels them as if they were fiery darts of Satan, rushes into the company of beggars, and fights against each thought of rest or comfort as if it were an angel of temptation from beneath. Strange figures dance before his eyes when dizzy with exhaustion, and strange dreams haunt him amidst feverish and uninterrupted slumbers. Hunger, thirst, emaciation

are now counted as but familiar and in sufficient chastenings, so long as human faces can be seen, and human voices heard; and he aspires to imitate Him whose miracles mortal cannot imitate, by going into a wilderness, there to hunger, and there to wrestle with spiritual foes.

He therefore betakes himself to a hiding-place. About six hundred paces outside the gate of Manresa there is a cavern, covered from view with brambles, and fit only to be a den for beasts; into this lair he goes. Here he strives to make penitential exercises perfect; and here, seated on a crag that overhangs the river, with eyes fixed on the ever-flowing stream, he abandons himself to meditation concerning the warfare whereupon it is his ambition now to enter. Scantiness of education must be supplied by intense reflection; poverty of knowledge must be compensated by affluence of imagination. In truth, his austerities are such as an inveterate superstition prescribes, and such as they who long for celebrity prosecute in hope of outstripping all competitors for spiritual fame; and they present a notable similarity of mental illusion on the humble banks of the Llobregat and on the margin of the vast Ganges. But beyond this foolish emulation there lies a grander object—we say not, that it is *better*—and amidst these Buddhist-like beggars he is framing a scheme that, since those days, has been crowned with brilliant and terrible successes.

These pages may not be covered with a recital of the visions which many writers have detailed. Let it suffice, in regard to a turning-point in this most eventful life, to borrow a few lines from the pen of the Jesuit Jouvency: "This light, divinely shed on Ignatius, gave him to see, as by the withdrawing of a veil, the mystery of the adorable Trinity, and other secrets of religion. During eight days he lay like one deprived of existence. And what did he see in those ecstasies of spirit, as well as in many others that he experienced in the course of life? This is what none can tell. He had traced those heavenly visions upon paper; but, shortly before his death, he burnt the book, that it might never fall into the hands of men. But some pages escaped his observation, and by these it may be easily conjectured that, from day to day, he ceased not to be filled with

greater favours. Forthwith he was rapt away sweetly in contemplating the dignity of the Lord Christ, and his incredible charity for the human race. *As Ignatius had a military genius*, he set Christ before him as a General fighting the enemies of the Divine glory, and calling all men to range themselves beneath his banner. *Hence arose the desire of forming an army, of which Jesus should be the Chief and Emperor*: the device, 'AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM'; the object and end the salvation of men. *It was under this image that the Society of Jesus at once presented itself to the imagination of Ignatius.*"

And this gave rise to the composition of the book known as "The Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius Loyola." The original conception of his great Society appears in this manual in "the second week," under the title of "contemplation of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, under the similitude of an earthly King calling out his subjects to the battle." And these are the words of Ignatius:—

"I must imagine that I hear that King speaking to all his subjects thus: 'I intend to subdue under my dominion all the regions of the infidels. Whoever, therefore, will attend me, must make ready, and use no other food, nor clothing, nor anything else, than what he sees me use. He must persevere with me in the same labours, watchings, and other chances, that each one may so far share my victory and happiness, as he has been partaker of my labours and my troubles.'"

As the devotee advances to the fourth day of the second week of these Exercises, he finds the same idea further developed in the "Meditations on the Two Banners:—"

"Christ is on one side, and Lucifer on the other. Each calls men to himself; each marshals them under his banner. And there is a vast field near Jerusalem, where the Lord Jesus Christ appears, supreme Chief of all mankind. Again, there is another field near Babylon, where Lucifer stands forth as Captain of the wicked and the enemies." Each of these chiefs sits upon his own throne, harangues his forces, and makes ready for the war. A more correct representation of the respective positions of the two parties that were to carry on this warfare, from that time to the present, could not have been devised, to our apprehension, if we Protestants did

but own Lucifer for our captain, and if we could but indorse the praise claimed by Ignatius for the Jesuits, that the Saviour of men is the head of their Society. Mohammed, say the Arabs, was illiterate, yet he produced the Korân, a book written in the purest Arabic, which those who overlook the fact that he had helpers attribute to Divine inspiration. A less wonderful work was the composition of the "Spiritual Exercises" in plain Spanish, by a man of high birth and extensive knowledge of the world, yet the Auditors of the Roman Rota attributed the performance to supernatural illumination; and Pope Paul III. confirmed the book, with all its contents, in general and in particular, exhorting "the faithful" of both sexes and of all ages to adopt it as the guide of their devotions. The Jesuits, certainly, form their mental habit on its meditations, they ponder it with minute application in their "retreats," and there can be no doubt but the use of the same spiritual or intellectual mould, in conjunction with all the provisions of a most exact discipline, imparts a unity of character, purpose, and policy to the whole company, however its members be scattered over the world, which gives it immense power—an image, perhaps, of the spiritual unity and invincible strength of soul that also characterises the vast brotherhood of those who, without any rigid external conformity, draw a common principle from the one book that is written, beyond controversy, by "supernatural illumination." Manresa has often boasted that this manual was written within her bounds, where, indeed, the scheme of the Society was first devised. And it is remarkable that in that place, after nearly losing his life by excessive austerity, Ignatius reached the wise conclusion that the service on which he was entering required care of the body for the sake of the mind, and that a prudent abstinence from similar exploits of self-mortification, except when required for the attainment of some special end, has distinguished his followers.

Already revered as a prophet by the devout folk of Manresa, he took staff in hand, walked ten leagues to Barcelona, and, refusing money that was offered him to defray expenses, embarked for Italy under privilege of poverty—which was in those days equivalent with board and lodging at least, everywhere

free—set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Gaeta was his first landing-place; after Gaeta, Rome. At Rome, the Pope gave him a blessing to help him on his pilgrimage, as it would do with as many as respected it, but it served him for little between Rome and Venice, in consequence of an epidemic sickness which indisposed the timorous Italians of those parts to admit strangers into their houses. However, he persevered, and in due time had the satisfaction of entering Jerusalem, where he hastily saluted the "Holy Places," and then, in obedience to the very reasonable jealousy of the Turks, who would not suffer pilgrims to remain and multiply within their territories, returned to Venice, bearing the additional honours of a sacred pilgrim, and thence again to Barcelona. Many were the misadventures of that pilgrimage. From some cause or another he failed to satisfy every inquirer, and was once seized by the Spaniards—who were then at war with the French in Lombardo-Venetia—on suspicion of being a spy, and again by the French under the same suspicion. Not to pry into the cause of so general a mistrust, nor to ask whether it was his fault or his misfortune that he came before both parties in a questionable shape, the reader may be content to know that after passing through so varied an ordeal, Ignatius became persuaded that he should not venture again upon the broad stage of life until qualified by such an education as would place him on a level with the clergy. A devotee—a mendicant—a pilgrim—no one of these characters could command respect in an age when Europe was bursting the shackles of barbarism, and even the ecclesiastics began to despair of shrouding humanity in ignorance.

At Barcelona, then, in the thirty-third year of his age, the man who had passed an honourable and luxurious, but uncultured, youth—the soldier who had played the hero in defending the citadel of Pampeluna—the "saint" who had been reputed to hold intercourse with Heaven, and to drink in wisdom at the fountain head of inspiration, yielded manfully to the necessity of his position, and went into a school where the first elements of grammar were taught, sat down among the boys, became a child again, learnt nouns and verbs by rote, submitted to the rough discipline of the place, and when the tasteless elements

were mastered, but not before, left that *ludimagister* and put himself under the private teaching of one Jeronymo Ardebal, a good Latinist, who taught him for nothing, while he kept himself alive by following the vocation of a beggar! The mind that could so adapt itself to all conditions, and climb the steepes that hinder myriads of aspirants whom fortune has the most favoured from reaching "the height where fame's proud temple shines afar," was confessedly a prodigy. But he was bent on fame, and would brook no denial.

Father Nicholas Orlandini piously believes—if *him* we may believe—that persons who peeped into the chamber of Ignatius when he was engaged in prayers at night, saw him exalted sublime in mid air, and emitting a radiance that filled the place. We look not into chambers. More credible it is that his incomparable perseverance in study, religious discourses, and extreme energy of character, attracted many admirers, that of the admirers a few became emulous of his attainments and presentiment of his future eminence, that they strove to associate their names with his, but that one after another they dropped off, just as untried recruits desert the ranks or turn their backs even before the hour of battle. But Ignatius bravely persevered, and, after having spent two years at Barcelona, learning Latin, proceeded to the University of Alcalá, there to graduate in philosophy, or, as we should say, in arts. From Alcalá he went on to Salamanca, and after a short residence and some troubles, he decided to finish his literary toils in Paris. The brief taste of Salamanca, we imagine, must have satisfied him that it was not a place for the display of either genius or ambition. The sages of that seat of learning were alarmed at the originality, or at the religiousness, of the transfugee from Alcalá, and, to stay the conflagration which their fears beheld already raging in the colleges, they put him and one of his friends into the prison of the Inquisition. Such a mind as his, they conceived, could not be free from the taint of Lutheranism, now spreading with the rapidity of pestilence, throughout the world. He had written a book too, a book to help devotion, a book of *spiritual exercises*, and they concluded that surely that book must be Lutheran. The Inquisitorial dungeons were nearly full,

but there was yet room, and Ignatius and his friend were conveyed into prison. The other prisoners, desperate, broke out and escaped, but these two remained quiet, charmed the Inquisitors by their loyalty to ecclesiastical authority, gave a good account of their faith, and were set at liberty.

At the University of Paris we find our hero in the beginning of the year 1528, in presence of the proudest body of savans in Europe, and probably listening to the lessons of no less unlikely a man to be master of the founder of Jesuitism than the sturdy Scottish Protestant, George Buchanan, who, not yet openly enlisted among the confessors of Evangelical truth, taught in the College of St. Barbe. The liberality of some friends in Spain enabled Ignatius to live in Paris without begging, and even to break the weariness of study by an excursion into Holland, and thence to England. In England, we may note, he would hear strange discourses. The Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey were hopelessly busy in labours to harmonise the wishes of Henry VIII. concerning his divorce, and the policy of the Court of Rome in its relation with the Emperor of Germany, the Queen's uncle. Persecution too, was raging both in England and in Scotland, and the monks were sorely discontent because of the suppression of many monasteries by Wolsey and the Pope. Enlightened by the affairs of England, Ignatius came back to Paris, there to resume his Latin studies, and to essay a beginning of the enterprise that he had sketched for himself dimly when ruminating in the cavern of Manresa.

And now success began to attend his efforts for the formation of a new society. Pierre Lefevre, a native of Savoy, and Francisco Xavier, a young gentleman of Navarre, were his first disciples. The attachment of the second of these was a grand conquest, for no one had ever treated the peculiar notions of Ignatius with more contemptuous derision; but the persevering Spaniard abandoned every feeling of resentment to the signal purpose of overcoming a wit whose contempt, if not vanquished, might have crushed his purpose. He therefore paid him the most flattering attentions, often took the position of an inferior, did obeisance to his vanity, and in a few months thoroughly imbued him with the same spirit of heroic asceticism that

had burned within himself when doing penance at Monserrat and at Manresa. Diego Laynez, Alfonso Salmeron, Nicolas Alfonso de Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez, all Spaniards, afterwards joined the party, became the first members, with Ignatius himself, of the Society of Jesus, and Laynez eventually ascended to the dignity of General. Yet passing clouds did sometimes obscure the sunshine of prosperity. On his return from England, he found that evil reports had come before him; and the Sacred Inquisitor, that pious and learned man, Matthew Oti, "summoned him into his presence to answer to charges of heresy and immorality." The charges, however, could not be substantiated, and he is said to have been acquitted, even of "light suspicion." And afterwards, even when the young men already named had gathered round him as their leader, the head of his college, James Gouvea, moved by suspicion, accused him of withdrawing the students from their duties under a disguise of piety, and intermeddling with the affairs of the college. For some time the protestations of Ignatius, that he had avoided things that might have led him to "evangelical perfection," in order that his studies might not be interrupted, and that he had not meddled with other people's matters, were unavailing. Gouvea was resolved to punish him—man that he was!—according to the custom of the college of St. Barbe. That custom was to assemble all, masters and pupils, and in their presence to strip the culprit bare and flog him with rods. Astounded at the thought of such indignity, Ignatius ran to Gouvea at the very last moment, pathetically exposed his anguish, and so far did he prevail, by an outburst of the eloquence that was afterwards to subdue higher personages than Gouvea, that the irate professor cooled into pity, took the supplicant by the hand, led him straight into the midst of the collegiates, who had come to witness the castigation, and in the best humour conceivable pronounced him innocent. Such were the vicissitudes of his voluntarily-protracted pupilage.

Enough now of the beginnings of Loyola. Let us describe the birth of the Society that glories in him as its founder.

Having acquired a commanding influence over his six companions, he called

them together to consult on the long-cherished scheme. His proposal was that they should all set out in a body for Palestine, either to contemplate the "Holy Places," or to recover to a profession of Christianity the populations that had lapsed into Mohammedanism since the fall of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Once united in this purpose, he trusted that all would persevere, even unto death, and they all enthusiastically promised to be faithful. Not, however, trusting in a sudden impulse of enthusiasm, he gave them six months to consider the matter, but, at the same time, to confirm their purpose by the prosecution of such studies as would tend to decide them for its execution. After this well-calculated preparation, he took his companions to the Church of Montmartre, about a mile out of Paris, and there, in a subterranean chapel, they joined in partaking of the host, Lefevre, the only priest among them, officiating, and then bound themselves secretly by solemn vows. This was on the 25th of August, 1534, Feast of—as they say—the *Assumption* of the Virgin Mary, a day chosen that their new born Society might then be cast into the lap of Mary triumphant! Their vows were, (1) to live unmarried, (2) to live in perpetual poverty, and (3) after having finished their courses of study in Paris, to go to Jerusalem, or if, on reaching Venice, and after waiting there a year, they should find it impossible to proceed to Palestine (for circumstances were such as to render this alternative very probable), then to go to Rome, cast themselves at the Pope's feet, and swear obedience without limitation of time or place.

It is a fact of too great significance to be passed over in silence, that the first effort of Ignatius, after the sacramental vows at Montmartre, to devote himself to the cause which he deemed most sacred, was made in accelerating the progress of a sanguinary persecution. About three months after the vows, a sudden onslaught was made, in Paris, on the advocates of the Reformation. *Balançoires estrapales*, or swinging machines, were erected in the streets, on which living men were suspended and put to a slow and horrible death by dipping them into fires underneath, and hoisting them up again writhing with torment. Matthew Oti, already mentioned, discharged the functions of his office

bief Inquisitor with the utmost and Ignatius, "through his concern for the Catholic interest, was accustomed to send to his tribunal persons that were condemned to abandon their insane opinions, in order to be reconciled to the Church." Of the processes of inquisition and reconciliation we cannot stay to speak, but those who have read of them will understand what was the particular object of service that Ignatius then rendered. Some one, perhaps with a view to tribulation, again delated the author of the "Spiritual Exercises" to the Holy See, but his friend, Matthew Otilio, for the book, read it, pronounced it good, requested a copy for his own use, and effectually protected Ignatius against all suspicions of heresy.

He then directed his new companions in study from their studies, and not to devote them to the disturbing influence that might fall on them through leaving their homes for any length of time. He charged himself with the care of assisting in the arrangement of the moral affairs of Xavier, Salmeron, Laynez, in Spain, while they continued in the University of Paris. In the beginning of the year 1535, he set out for his native place, and was received with warmest welcome, but thinking it inconsistent with his vows and duties, he refused to lodge within the walls of Loyola, and chose a neighbouring hospital, or poor-house, for his solitary abode. At the same time, though a layman only, the discipline of the Church of Rome permitted him to preach, and his eloquence attracted vast congregations that it became necessary to leave the churches and address the people in the open air.

Many pages might be covered with details of prodigies and miracles that are said to have performed in Spain; leaving what is exaggerated or doubtful, we may venture to state that, being appointed to meet all his companions in Venice, on their way for the time, he went with some of them to Rome, obtained the benediction of the Pope, for himself and them, with permission to be ordained priests by the Bishop, and accordingly they were ordained in Venice by the Bishop of

Before entering Rome, he declared that he had seen the Saviour in vision, and received the promise of divine protection; and to this the Jesuits attribute the designation of

their Order as the *Society of Jesus*. The Pope, for his part, was assured that the associated pilgrims would consecrate to himself all their talents and all their labours. At Venice, where they spent the time required by their vows in waiting for a ship for Palestine, which could not be had, they acquired high repute for achievements of ascetic piety and charity, and then returned to Rome, always travelling on foot, as it became religious persons to do. After encountering some difficulties, such as always are to be expected by that class of suitors at Rome, Ignatius received permission to constitute his brethren with himself into a society, wrote the celebrated "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus," which it would have been marvellous if the Pope had not confirmed, and on the 27th September, 1540, had the profound satisfaction of witnessing the publication of the Bull *Regimini militantis ecclesie*, which gave definitive sanction to his Society.

The next thing to be done after the constitution of the Society was to elect a President, or as the Roman style names him, a *General*. Ignatius, of course, was the first man to move in proposing this election, and accordingly he proceeded to consult his brethren. Of these there were no more than two then with him in Rome, Salmeron and Corduvio. Bobadilla was in the isle of Ischia, performing the part of peace-maker between some parties that were at variance. Lejay was at Brescia opposing his polemic powers to the preaching of the Protestant religion there. Brouet and Strada, two newly-attached brethren, were at Siena, labouring to reform some irregular monks. Laynez was preaching at Padua. Rodriguez and Xavier, the latter of whom afterwards became so famous, were at Lisbon, introducing a new system of popular catechising. Leffevre, delegated by the Pope, acted as theologian in a Diet at Worms, to oppose the advances of the Reformation in Germany. Some younger adherents, not yet named in history, pursued their studies in Paris and elsewhere. Thus were the persons henceforth to be known as Jesuits already inducted into those peculiar services that the newly-authorized Society offered to the Church of Rome. We cannot examine in this place the memorable Bull that created this Order, nor describe its

original constitutions, without digressing from biography into general history, and must therefore confine ourselves to what is personal in relation to Ignatius Loyola.

In conjunction with the two associates whom he had with him in Rome when the Pope granted permission for the organisation of the Society of Jesus, he wrote to the others, desiring them to assemble in that city for the election of a General, or, at least, to send their suffrages in writing. Those in the Isle of Ischia and Lisbon sent their votes for Ignatius, referring to the fact that it was he who first united them in the work begun; and the others, after some days of prayer and other ceremonies, unanimously chose him to be their chief. Indeed, he had always acted as such, and been so regarded both by them and by the public. How much he wept, how much he besought them to desist from the imposition of so dread a burden, and how many intreaties and what arguments, and even threats, it became necessary for those brethren to employ, in order to subdue his repugnance to the honour thus conferred, it is quite needless to narrate. The issue of that transaction was, that Ignatius Loyola, the founder, became, as was to be expected, the first General of the Society of Jesus, and received from all the others—except, perhaps, Bobadilla—the homage and obedience required by the letter and spirit of the constitutions.

And no mortal, not even the Pope himself, ever enjoyed so absolutely the obedience of his inferiors, as Ignatius and his successors in the generalate of this Order. It seemed good to his brethren, when they met to decide on the fundamental rules for future government, to prescribe the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The obedience was to be perpetual and unreserved, one of their number being invested with ample powers over the rest. As a first principle of discipline, they agreed that all should imitate the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself up to be a perfect offering to His Father for the salvation of mankind; and that each, in his lesser measure, should imitate Christ, by giving over all his property to the common good, and by surrendering his body in entire chastity. The soul, also, was to be presented as a spiritual victim on the altars of heavenly obedience; and, to that end, one should be

chosen “whom all might obey on earth as if he were Christ, by whose words they might swear, and whose will, however slightly intimated, they would regard as equal to that of a Divine oracle.”\* Beyond such a head they could not possibly appeal; and his commands, however contrary to their own reason or desire, it would be nothing less than mortal sin to disobey. As the staff in the hand, serving only for passive obedience—as the ball on the table, moving with undeviating precision according to the impulse it received—as the echo to the voice, having no modulation of its own, a sound only responding to a breath,—so the soul and body of the Jesuit were to be kept in unreserved obedience to the General. And if the individual member of the Society was bound to go whithersoever the Pope might send him, or undertake any service the Pope might require, even this offering was made in anticipation of all events by the General himself, who, for his part, vowed absolute obedience to the Pope, just as all the brotherhood vowed absolute obedience to himself. It was as if Ignatius were Christ, and as if Paul were God the Father. And however contrary we may perceive this universal passivity in a corporate body to be to manly and moral responsibility to the supreme Lord of heaven and earth, we cannot but confess that the error of the principle is only in its application. If it had been Christ, instead of Ignatius, whom those devotees chose to be their absolute master, and if their successors had consecrated themselves to *that* Master with equal submission, their Society would have been as lovely and as blessed, as it has often been the object of suspicion, fear, and execration.

The new General was forty-nine years of age. He would never sit for his portrait, but we have descriptions of him, and copies of an imperfect picture painted after death. His head was bald. His complexion dark. His features bearing the trace of penitential mortification. The forehead large; the nose rather long, and slightly curved. The eyes large and bright, but set deep in their sockets. The temper of the man was ardent, but his mind reflective, and by severe discipline trained to a habit of self-control that might bear the appearance of meekness and abne-

\* S. Ignatii Vita. Auct. Joan. Pet. Maffeo. Lib II.

gation. He was of middle stature, and although lame, so contrived to walk that, aided by the covering of a long robe, he could almost conceal his lameness, and whatever be the judgment of Him who seeth not as man seeth, we may believe that the exterior of this personage presented the most perfect semblance of a pious and great man. Like all other members of churches or communities who display activity and perseverance in the use of superior abilities, he was, from the first, an object of jealousy to many, and also of mistrust. They knew not what use he might make of his power, and it is remarkable that the Bull which gave being to the Society of Jesus limited its number to sixty.

The first miracle that the advocates of his elevation to the rank of saint ascribed to him, after his election, was the casting a devil out of a young Biscayan. The first work that credible history records was the conquest of a Lutheran, and we relate it in the words of Orlandini, thus: "In those days had come from the Transalpine parts to Rome a young man, furnished by nature with excellent talents and gifts, but so far corrupted with the contagion of the Lutheran pestilence that, not content with his own ruin, he was endeavouring to bring as many others as he could under the same delusion. But while this person was all intent on scattering his poison far and wide, to the perversion of sound minds, the matter was made known to the sacred magistrates [the Inquisitors], and he was taken into custody. And when the magistrates had themselves, and by competent theologians, laboured in vain to bring this perverse youth to a sound mind, that they might leave nothing untried, they delivered him to Ignatius to be healed, and for that purpose kept in custody in our [the Jesuits'] house. Ignatius and his associates received him blandly, and with gentle hands frequently applied to him timely remedies. And at length, either the care of the prudent physician, or the conversation of the Fathers, prevailed." In short, another agency was now established for counteracting the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century—the art of Jesuitism, in addition to the force and the terrors of the Inquisition.

We cannot but admire the sound policy of the General when we observe how he conducted himself within doors, in perfect adaptation of every action to

the usages of collegiate life, and the standard of sanctity acknowledged in his Church. Allowing, therefore, for confusion of ideas, the high and the low, the grave and the ridiculous occupying positions in the ecclesiastical mind just the reverse of those they took in every other, we must confess him to have been a man of equal energy and penetration. "First of all," says Maffei, "he applied his mind to the establishment of domestic discipline" in the house newly occupied by his brethren and himself—"a discipline that might be considered worthy of such an institute, and worthy of the professors of Christian philosophy. To encourage others, therefore, and to lay the foundations of true humanity in the minds of the young beginners, he sometimes employed himself in the most dirty parts of the kitchen work, and performed that service with as great alacrity and diligence as if then, for the first time, he was entering on the task of amending himself, and but just starting on the career of a spiritual life. Yet those things did not divert him from graver matters, time being so apportioned that he could perform one duty without neglecting the fulfilment of another. To this he added a supreme love of poetry, an extreme frugality in food and clothing, while in exacting from every one the fulfilment of his duties, and in punishing them for misdemeanors, he tempered rigour with a wondrous lenity, and in providing for the necessities of all, whether of mind or body, he displayed a more than paternal care and vigilance. And when to those offices of charity he added appropriate and opportune exhortations, both in public and in private, it was not in the least difficult for him to imbue the minds of all with the spirit of the new Society, as those minds kindled, spontaneously, with the love of duty and religion, and to mould them into those manners, and accustom them to that way of living which—if earthly things may be compared with heavenly—would make it seem that, within that building, angels dwelt in human bodies. For there were no complaints, no evil speakings, no murmurings to awaken suspicions or to estrange minds. Rather was there a lively contest for pre-eminence in self-abasement and mutual submission—a vast alacrity in receiving and executing the commands of their superiors—a wonderful



candour and simplicity in offering advice and making explanation—an intent custody of sight and sense—an ardent love of prayers and of solid virtue—and, what necessarily follows, an admirable concord amidst a great variety of nations, age, and temper.” Such is the picture which a Jesuit draws of the first occupants of his house at Rome, and considering the skill of its head, and the enthusiasm which quickens all young communities, his representation,—the moral part excepted,—may not be exaggerated.

Sooner or later, the diligent prosecution of any enterprise assuredly works out its own reward. So did Ignatius reap the fruit of long labour and many mortifications. He rose to honour now, and began to be exempt from many lesser cares. The inmates of his house had hitherto been mendicants; in order to live from day to day they had to go into the streets and beg, and however confident and calm the head of that rapidly-increasing family might be, he could not but feel that beggary is a precarious profession. One of the chief men of Rome, member of a Papal family and of good standing in the Church, renounced his benefices and presented himself as a postulate for admission into the Society, and was gladly welcomed. Clad in the habit of the Order, he went out to beg, in common with the humblest novice, and being well known and highly favoured by the clergy, brought home splendid alms. By his efforts the Society soon had its own church in the street of St. Mary, not very large, indeed, but very commodious, and situate in one of the best parts of the city.

The first use made of that newly-acquired building was most remarkable, and amounted to nothing less than the production of a new instrument that Ignatius and his successors would employ for the extension of their influence, the exaltation of their Church, and the wearing out of opposition. This instrument was the teaching of the young. Not education of a very choice quality, but still *education*. The early Christians made use of education so far as the laws and customs of a dominant Paganism would suffer it, and *catechising* was prosecuted by the most eminent of their teachers, by the Cyrils and the Clements, with triumphant success. Yet catechising had, for ages upon ages, been disused in Rome. The mass of the people

were made sure of by the clergy, and therefore they were not instructed. But Ignatius had always maintained that the spirit of inquiry that possessed Europe would be fatal to his Church unless enough education could be given to the multitudes to occupy their mind and shut out the ideas propagated by Luther, Calvin, Beza, Zuinglius, and the rest, by giving them ideas purely Roman, and by engaging priests, monks, and people in the *business* of the Church. Having now a standing-place in Rome, a pulpit of his own, and being saved from the life-wasting toil of itinerancy—which never did repay, and never will repay, the labours of those who try to influence the public mind in cities—he made use of that pulpit for the instruction of children and youth. On forty-six successive days he stood there as a “teacher of babes.” A truer master they might have had, but not a *wiser* one. There he stood, and there he catechised. The poor, delighted with the homage thus paid to the parental heart by one who would have accounted it a sin to be himself a father, except mystically, sent in their children by hundreds, and came themselves to hear the catechist. The rich sent theirs too, for in the Church all might be equal. Nor was this all; some of the proudest Romans came to share in the benefit of those catechising, and the powerful mind of Ignatius Loyola could infuse its own favourite dogmas into the simplest sentences, and while seeming only to catechise half-clad infants, could sway a vast power over the notions and the dispositions even of “the sacred College.” The same idea he would repeat, reiterate, and reiterate again, to stamp it in by stroke upon stroke, and compel the memory of a multitude to carry it away and keep it. Then, to relieve his audience from the weariness of repetition, he would make some bold digression, startling by the suddenness, if not the brilliance, of a new thought, fling it, so to speak, into the imagination of rich and poor, and give it to the city for a household word. Here was tact worthy of imitation anywhere. Other Jesuits did the same. Each one of them led on a similar movement within his mission. Catechetical services were held in many of the chief cities of Europe. Houses were purchased and colleges built and crowded. Three years only passed away

the publication of the first Bull of Pope Paul III., enchanted by the fidelity and zeal of their new disciples, confirmed his grant and added it besides, neither being able to limit the Society, already to himself invaluable, to the small number of sixty professed members.

There are always eddies in the tide of popularity—or it is often a tide, followed by as low a neap. The more good, or bad, or clever a man may be, the more surely will he excite a reaction somewhere against him.

Such was again the fate of Ignatius. They say that he had provoked the wrath of a licentious courtier by attempting the reformation of his misdeeds, placing her in refuge within the Society. This gentleman, they say, vented his wrath by the house with stones, attacking Ignatius, and threatening to assault him personally. He ran through the ranks of the Jesuits, and circulated his prejudice and others. It is easy to understand how such a man could gain the ear of the Cardinals, and the Pope himself, unless the reason of his allegations counteracted or justified his vehemence. Indeed, as they say he was, by the nature of his vicious indulgences, not to be expected that little credit would be given to his accusations, whatever accusations might have been, he could bring some tangible proof in support of them. And it is suspicious that his biographers are silent on this point. The commonplace, they say, "lighter than the leaf," suddenly turned against Ignatius, and poured on him all the scorn of contempt. From day to day his hatred grew more bitter, and they directed against him with fearful intensity. So furious were the people that they durst not show his face out of the door, shut himself up in the cloister, and even there. The Cardinals divided, some thinking him a heretic and others not; but the prevailing opinion was that so hot a fire could not have blazed without some kind of fuel. Ignatius, if they did not drive him off, at best showed him a discouraging mistrust. Fearing the consequences, he made application to the Pope, asking for an inquiry into the matter. An inquiry was made by the Pope and Governor of Rome, and the

issue of it was favourable to himself. The adversary was reproved, but not punished, and required to keep silence under a severe penalty. There the matter lay, and there we let it rest. What the charges were we know not, and Ribadeneira says that they were too bad to be repeated. Neither were they all, for a certain priest declared that Ignatius and his brethren revealed confessions, were guilty of heresy, and committed crimes not to be named. This man fared harder than the other, for he was deprived of his benefices, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment for crimes not then divulged, but afterwards revealed by time. The crimes, however, are not revealed by the Jesuits, and we therefore cannot estimate the degree of retributive justice that guarded the reputation of their founder, at the cost of his accusers.

Again able to appear in public, the General and his Company resumed their various labours. To give some idea of the system that grew up under his control, we will borrow the summary statement of Crétineau-Joly :\*

"The company exercised its ministry in six kinds of houses. The General distinguished them under the names of professed houses, colleges, pensionates or seminaries, novitiates, residences, and missions.

"The *professed houses* were destined to the direction of souls, to confession, to preaching, to catechising, to attendance on the sick, and visitation of hospitals.

"The *colleges* are public schools where the instruction is more or less complete, according to the importance of the foundation; it may embrace 'humanities,' as far as theology inclusively. Colleges, with their churches, should possess property in proportion to the expense necessary for professors and all the charges of instruction, for religious service, for the library, and the cabinets of natural history. [But this last provision would not be made in the Sixteenth Century.] Pupils are only admitted as strangers, and pay nothing for their learning.

"The *seminaries*, or *pensionates*, receive scholars on payment. These establishments are of two kinds—with classes or without. The latter frequent the classes of the neighbouring college.

\* "Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus." Tome I. Chapitre III.

"The *novitiate* is the house of trial where those who aspire after admission into the Company are admitted to the exercises of spiritual life. These exercises are continued during two years.

"The *residences* are professed houses, or colleges, in germ.

"*Missions* are residences in foreign countries."

And here, too, we gain a glimpse of the peculiar policy of Ignatius Loyola. He classified the constituencies of his Company after the manner thus developed, and it might have been supposed that he would use every advantage of experience, and make such improvements in them as events might require. But he would suffer no innovation. If anyone proposed the slightest fundamental change, under the idea of making anything more perfect, he opposed it so vigorously that the proposal could never be repeated. "*What is better*," he would say, "*destroys what is good*." He wished, therefore, to keep what he considered good, without risking it in trying for something better. He had created, and was determined to preserve. But we must return to him at Rome.

Contemplating all classes and sorts of men as the objects whereupon the Society would have to bestow its labours, he led the way in every direction. We have seen him begin with children and the poor. The sick were also taken under his charge, and the hospitals received his agents into their wards. Within his college of St. Martha were collected female penitents who had once led an abandoned life, and it was the placing a woman there that raised the vengeance of her paramour as was just now noticed. His attention was also given to the Jews, at a time when some proposed to repeat the severity of Claudius, and drive them all out of Rome, and even expel them from the Papal State, lest, as it was feared, "they should pervert the Christians." A singular Pontifical constitution of the year 1542 had, in effect, prohibited the conversion of Jews, by determining that converts should be deprived of all their property under the notion that it was ill-gotten, the fruit of usury extorted from Christians. But when the project of robbing and banishing them altogether came to be seriously entertained, Ignatius foresaw the loss that Rome would eventually suffer, and proposed rather to bring the Jews over to the Church, and to obtain

a repeal of that part of the constitution which so directly repelled any that might be willing to be proselytes. In this he succeeded, and having thus won the good opinion of the Jews, applied himself to their instruction, gained the ear of many, baptised some, removed them to his own house, had them taught trades, and then transferred them to the houses of Romans, or saw them raised to such a position that they could have houses for themselves. Wiser than his countrymen, if not more humane, he also obtained an exemption of the children of converted Jews from the infamy that still descends to them in Spain. With like zeal he exerted himself for the erection of homes for orphans—a numerous class in Rome—and for outcast girls. And observing that the Romans cared little for singular confession, and that many died without it, he applied for, and obtained, the revival of an old law, compelling physicians to refuse to visit any sick person before he had sent for a priest to give him the sacrament of penitence.

At this time the Company received overtures from certain ladies that well-nigh brought it into new difficulties. One Isabel Rosella, a rather elderly lady of Barcelona, who had first aroused Ignatius to give himself to study, hearing that he had reached the pinnacle of fame, could not resist a very natural inclination to see the man to whose fortunes she had given so decisive a turn. Some other ladies, catching the enthusiasm, also bent their eyes Rome-ward, and she and they boldly embarked for the eternal city, desiring there to unite themselves to the Company, and live according to its rule. The General could not but acknowledge his gratification at the visit of these ladies, and showed them as much civility as the restrictions of his Order would allow, but he told them that it was too much engaged in weighty occupations to undertake the care of women. Dona Isabel, however, was a lady of energy and perseverance. She reminded him of the sacred obligations of their old friendship, set forth the justness of her desire, and when she found him impenetrable to all her arguments and intreaties, she had recourse to courtly arts. If not of noble birth, she came from a noble city, and therefore confidently made application to "the Princes," that is to say, the Cardinals, and en-

aged several of them to advise the Pope to command him, by virtue of obedience, to undertake the charge. The Pope easily consented, and Isabel found herself in the pleasurable position of conquest over a man who had never before been conquered. Ignatius heaved a sigh, while the Iberian sisters gathered themselves together under the quivering wing of his most reluctant patronage. Jesuitesses, however, they were not. They were an affiliated sisterhood without a name; it was the duty of General Ignatius to fashion them right by holy discipline, and he began, willing or unwilling, to bear the burden, or to seem to bear it.

A home—we know not where—was provided for those ladies, and there they might soon taste the sweets of holy obedience. Their spiritual Superior never dealt superficially with his business, and many days had not passed when their complaints grew to an overwhelming multitude, and to those complaints it behoved him, as the supreme authority, to give a patient hearing. Then their tender consciences needed much comfort, and of their inane and curious questions there was likely to be no end. In short, he groaned under the burden, and complained that it cost more labour to govern a few women than to keep the whole Company in order from the Netherlands to India. Towards Dona Isabel, whose indomitable spirit bore some resemblance to his own, he did entertain all proper feeling of esteem; but when he looked upon the sisterhood, saw how restless they were, and how cumbersome they would certainly become, he recollected the troubles into which his care for others of the sex had already brought him and his brethren, and calculated the detriment that the Company would be almost sure to suffer from such a connexion. He foresaw that swarms of "religious women" in Rome and in all provinces would hang upon the skirts of the Society if the door just opened were not shut again; he trembled at the thought of scandals that would certainly arise, and reduce that Society to the level of all others in public estimation, and resolutely made up his mind to put an end, if possible, to the perilous innovation.

But how to do it?—as everything of great importance should be done; that is to say, with every circumstance of solemn preparation. First, then, he

caused many extra masses to be said, for several days, and prayers for direction to be added, raising, of course, the expectation of the whole fraternity, and impressing the recent sisterhood with a salutary awe. From the altars he proceeded to the Papal closet, fell at the Pope's feet, prayed for a hearing, and unfolded the whole tale of his discomfort. The toil, he declared, was more than he could bear. The work lay not within his original vocation, and after all there was no hope of good fruit, but every prospect of mischief that might be irreparable. He begged and prayed to be released from that obligation, and, by a special brief, to have the Society exempted for ever from the management of women. The prayer was granted, and Apostolic letters dispatched to that effect; Dona Isabel and her sisterhood returned to Barcelona, and the great Society retained its integrity, and conserved its independence.

Whether the world has been the better or the worse in consequence of the divorce of ladies from the Jesuit brotherhood, is one of the numerous questions that lie beyond the scope of a biography, but the writer ventures to express his own opinion that ladies were not created for subjection to such absolute and relentless control as that of a Jesuit Superior.

Singleness of purpose, severe self-discipline, a truly military power of governing that, but for his lameness, might have raised him to the command of armies, invest the founder of this wonderful Society with the character of a hero, and attract the reverential regards of all hero-worshippers. His employment, too, of moral means for the defence of his Church, if he had been satisfied with moral means alone, might have won for his memory the praise of humanity. Never before had the force of persuasion been tried so earnestly. Here and there a tender-hearted man had proposed to substitute catechisms for curses, had interposed good offices for the protection of the persecuted, and quoted from the writings of the elder Fathers many sentences condemnatory of prevalent severities; but none had yet instituted a catechetical system. The Franciscans preached more gently, and begged; the Dominicans thundered from their pulpits, instructed the troopers how to gain merits for their souls by the extermination of heretics. There was a

milder, as well as a harsher custom in the Church, but no one before Ignatius Loyola set up colleges for the counteraction of heresy, or undertook to establish an extensive system of juvenile teaching; and although the teaching was exceedingly superficial, and it remained for Aquaviva, a succeeding General of the Company, to raise their system somewhat nearer the requirements of the times, the praise of beginning to move in the direction of humanity must unquestionably be awarded to Ignatius Loyola. We should be glad if that praise could be awarded without reserve. But this very Aquaviva, in his capacity as General, together with the other high authorities whose concurrence was indispensable to the publication of the first authenticated history of the Order, desired that the world should know of an act of another kind, the relation of which exhibits their founder in entire agreement with the most cruel of his contemporaries, and effectually disproves any allegation of lukewarmness which the Dominicans—ever jealous of fame—might have made against him. The facts are these.

The Waldensian and Lutheran doctrines were finding considerable acceptance all over Italy. The former, from remote ages—the latter, from innovation. Venice, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza were moved by a deeply-penetrating spirit of inquiry. In Venice, the civil authority undertook the work of destroying heresy by putting heretics to death; but while the doge and the senators did service to the Church by their zeal, they gave great umbrage to the Pope and Cardinals by their independence, for they would not commit the administration of their Inquisition to any Roman agent. There, and at Modena, young Jesuits did their best to put down heresy. At Parma and Piacenza, two of the original members, Lefevre and Laynez, plied their utmost powers of argument to confound the preachers, but their eloquence was but a breath to blow off the flame on one side of the torch, and make it flare more furiously on the other. They reported the insufficiency of sermons, and their brethren from Venice complained of the officiousness of the Senate, a body of laymen who paid far too little deference to clerical prerogative. The part then taken by Ignatius is so remarkable that it should not be stated in any other

words than those of Orlandini, which come under the imprint of the Society itself. He writes thus:—

“Ignatius, having received information of these disturbances, found an opportunity of conversing with the Pope, and not only related to him what troubles had arisen at Parma through wicked men, but also the great mischief to the Christian republic that was spreading in Venice and in Modena. He represented that unless effectual measures were taken to the contrary, the plague would soon spread over all Italy; and he repeatedly made grave complaints to many of the Cardinals, especially to Burgensis and Theatinus, to whom the Pope had confided the duty of opposing it. Moved by their authority, besides the deference paid to Ignatius, and under great anxiety and fear lest the poison, once received into the veins, should run through all the members of the Church, his Holiness formed a new tribunal of six Cardinals, excelling in wisdom and zeal, who, with supreme power, might exercise inquisition over heretical and depraved persons, and who, placed in this charge, as on a watch-tower, might exert severe vigilance over every part of the Church, that they who contumaciously departed from the truth might be quickly given over to it; and that, by making examples of merited severity, they might pluck up all the shoots and roots of heresy.”\*

This distinctly traces to Ignatius the institution of the Congregation of the Holy Office at Rome, a proceeding which brought all the inquisitions then existing into one body, for the first time called “the Supreme and Universal Inquisition.” It points out who instigated its formation, and to what bold and governing mind is to be attributed this master-stroke of discipline. We cannot stay here to point out its vast importance to the Court of Rome, nor even to demonstrate the analogy that appears in the two great systems of the “Society of Jesus” and the Inquisition, but we could not make our sketch of this life and character complete without marking a fact that has been almost, if not entirely, overlooked. With regard to the controversy between the Reformers and the Church of Rome, in general, it is enough to remind the reader that Ignatius regarded himself

\* Hist. Societatis Jesu. Pars. I., Lib. IV. A.D. 1543.

as leader of the army that was to conquer the former, and assure the eternal triumph of the latter. Like all great generals, he did his best for victory, and was not the least nice as to the means. He would be merciful when he could afford to be so.

A good general guards himself, with all possible precaution, against the mistakes of his allies. He does not suffer them to direct any part of his forces, nor does he intermeddle with the movements or the discipline of their divisions. He estimates their probable value in the campaign, and according to that estimate he disposes of his own troops. But these forces must not be distracted, for on them first he calculates, whether for an assault or for a safe retreat. Ignatius did the like. And although his position at Rome placed him in communication with the Sovereign and the Princes, he steadily discouraged the Provincials from making themselves conspicuous at royal courts. The Spanish Provincial, for example, Araoz, incurred his grave disapprobation, for being frequently seen among the courtiers at Madrid.

But the greatest cause of apprehension lay not here. He dreaded the effect of ecclesiastical honours on his brethren far more than the favour of Kings, and put forth his utmost energy to prevent the ingress of such a distracting influence among them as cupidity of Church preferments. And although he may not have avowed it, there was another and weighty reason that must have presented itself to his mind. The centre of the Order was in Rome. The members, everywhere else, were missionaries, or, in other words, they were soldiers on foreign service, and looked towards Rome, the seat of government, of authority, and of honour, as their head-quarters and their home. Whatever promoted foreign settlement also tended to weaken the attachment to the central power, and whenever a soldier settled abroad, he formed a new attachment that interfered with his allegiance to the Sovereign at home. To take charge of a parish, for example, would be to accept a new ecclesiastical superior, under obligations incompatible with obedience to the old one; but to become a bishop would be to renounce the vow of absolute obedience to the General, and transfer it to the Archbishop and the Pope, and, worst of all, to contract cer-

tain ties of patriotism with another adopted country. Hence the mind of Ignatius was utterly repugnant to every proposal for calling a member of his Company to any preferment in the church.

Maffei relates, at great length, an example of this repugnance. The Bishop of Trieste had died, and that diocese was infested, as they said, with ravening wolves of heresy. Ferdinand, King of the Romans, anxious to fill the See with a man whose energy would be likely to subdue the rising spirit of Lutheranism, wrote to Lejay, then in Trent, on occasion of the Council, offering him the mitre. Lejay felt some difficulty in accepting so high a dignity and so large a revenue, for the bishopric was very lucrative, consistently with his vow of poverty, and in spite of the jealousy of his General, and therefore sent back a letter of refusal. But the King had set his heart upon Lejay, and instantly dispatched a courier to Rome, with one letter to the Pope, asking that, by an act of authority, he would require the priest to submit to the episcopal charge, and another to his Ambassador, instructing him to urge the prayer. A rumour of this correspondence reached Ignatius, who ran to the Apostolic palace without losing a moment, found easy access to his Holiness, represented the incompatibility of episcopal honours and revenues with the poverty and humility of a Jesuit, and implored him to refuse the application of King Ferdinand. The Pope smiled at the simplicity of Ignatius, and after long colloquy, endeavoured to change the conversation. But the General was very sad, kept to the point, and would not leave the Papal presence until he thought he had made some slight impression. But the Pope was as unwilling to miss a suitable man as Ignatius was to lose him. From the Vatican he proceeded to visit all the Cardinals in Rome, trusting to vanquish the whole College in detail, and actually went to every Cardinalian palace, on foot, traversing Rome day and night, in all directions, until he had recounted his objections to every eminence, and received from each one a sarcastic smile or an explicit refusal to let slip so effective a bishop as Lejay would surely make. And now the case of the Society grew desperate. For if the talents of its

members marked them out for ecclesiastical benefices, and if the whole Court of Rome pressed wealth and power upon them, one by one, the dispersion of the whole might follow. No vow could resist the dissolving power of the Pope, and if such brilliant bribes were held up before them, how many would be found capable of resisting the allurements? As a last resource, then, he ran to the Ambassador of his Majesty, and endeavoured to induce him to withdraw the suit made upon his master's application, until further orders, and so put off the appointment of Lejay, which would otherwise be made the very next day. But the Ambassador could not suffer an ecclesiastic to deter him from the execution of his master's orders, and stiffly refused to listen to any such request. Yet it is hard to conceive what could have exhausted the resources of a mind so fertile, or damped a spirit that was never known to flag. Ignatius bethought him of a fair penitent, whose confessions were steadily poured into his ear, and although ladies might not be safely received into the Society, the influence of a lady, in a case of extremity, was not to be despised. He obeyed the happy thought, and laid his case before Margaret, daughter of the Emperor of Germany, then at Rome. The lady could not possibly resist the desire of her confessor, and she therefore undertook, on her own single responsibility, to forbid the Ambassador to proceed in the application for the appointment of the presbyter, Lejay, to the see of Trieste. The Ambassador consented to suspend his action for a period specified; Ignatius wrote a letter to the King of the Romans, representing that the admission of mitres into the Society would endanger its existence, and offering him their best services and prayers if he would recall his application to the Pope. Ferdinand yielded, and the Society escaped a peril that, at that time, it had not strength enough to withstand.

Its founder, however, did not so absolutely reject honours as to lose any opportunity of using them to his own advantage. He consented, for example, that one of the Society should be made Patriarch of Abyssinia, when, in conjunction with the King of Portugal, he had concerted a scheme for subjecting that independent Church to the dominion

of the See of Rome, and making Abyssinia a Portuguese possession. And when that Sovereign quarrelled with the Supreme Pontiff, he charged himself with the office of mediator, and after much troublesome negotiation, had the satisfaction of seeing them reconciled to each other, and receiving the accession of power that such an achievement of high statesmanship could not but bring.

And the ascendancy he had so long exerted over his followers, without having been foiled in any effort to enforce his authority, was now as absolute as if he were indeed "God's Vicar." A singular profession of obedience made by them in the year 1548, gave proof of this ascendancy. Colleges had been established in Portugal, and even in India, for general education, but, not as yet, in Italy. Now, however, two colleges were about to be opened, one in the neighbourhood of Rome, and the other in Sicily; both, of course, were to be supplied with masters, and success could only be attained by extreme diligence in the obscure labour of teaching children, not to speak of the menial servitude that must necessarily be borne by some, in order to the domestic order of those establishments under the superior guidance of others. To renounce popular applause, retire from the pulpit, cease to gain honour by waging controversy with unlearned heretics, and shrivel at once into oblivion, would require in the few on whom that lot of servitude might fall, the highest degree of abnegation. To ascertain how far he might expect an unconditional obedience, Ignatius called together all the inmates of his house in Rome, about thirty-six in number, and put a written paper into the hand of each, containing certain questions, of which the substance was whether each one of his children would willingly hold himself ready to be sent to Sicily, or to remain in Rome, receiving most gladly the commands most agreeable to his General, as God's Vicar—would receive with equal pleasure any charge, either for literary service or for manual labour?—would readily undertake to teach, so far as in him lay what he had never learnt?—or, if not sent to teach, but learn, would he be content to learn anything whatever, even from any master?—and finally, would he also accept as most excellent, and most conducive to the Divine glory, the obligation to perform whatever might be re-

quired of him by his superior, and would he altogether bend his judgment and even his senses into subjection to the mind and sense of his superior? He gave them three days for consideration, and summoned them again into his presence. Never did men bow more lowly in the presence of their God than these thirty-six Fathers at the feet of their General. They came as bidden. Each one brought a written answer in his hand, subscribed with his name. That of Canisius—afterwards known as author of the famous "Catechism of Christian Doctrine"—is a fair specimen of the whole. It runs thus:—

"Having deliberated within myself on the questions which were put to me, in brief, by my reverend father in Christ and General, Master Ignatius, I answer, first, that, the Lord helping, I feel myself equally moved towards either part, whether he commands me to remain here at home, or to go to Sicily, India, or whithersoever he may send me. Then, if I am to go to Sicily, I simply profess that it will be to me most grateful to discharge whatever office or ministry may be there laid upon me, even that of cook, gardener, porter, auditor, for example, and of professor of any branch of learning, even if I be ignorant of the same. And from this very day, which is the fifth of February, I sacredly vow, without any hesitation, that henceforth I will care for nothing, as concerns myself, nor will I be ever seen to make any account of habitation, mission, or any sort of convenience for myself, all care and solicitude of that kind being left once and for ever to my father in Christ, the reverend General. To him, therefore, I fully submit everything, humbly offer, and confidently, commend, the government both of my soul and body, with my understanding and my will, in Jesus Christ our Lord, in the year 1548."

It was well for Canisius that the reverend General did not so far take him at his word as to make him porter of the Sicilian College, but rewarded his meek submission by exalting him to places of trust and high repute.

In the year following, the new Sicilian College was opened in Palermo, amidst great popular excitement. The most polished and the most vehement orators that the Society could boast, preached to high and low, in the pulpits of Messina and Palermo. The multitudes were exhorted to confess their sins, and to

walk in processions; and that the fervid piety of those islanders might have some appreciable object, Ignatius sent them a precious gift. The donation consisted of two skulls—skulls left with their mortal spoils by two of the eleven thousand virgins of St. Ursula. They were inclosed in a richly-carved and ornamented coffer, and so profound was the sensation produced by their advent to the Trinacrian isle, that not a few of the populace felt their weary limbs nerved with new strength, and their invalid bodies warmed with returning health. In short, the skulls had miraculous virtue, and the Jesuits had gifts of healing. So nicely did Ignatius adapt his operations to the tastes, the prejudices, and the infirmities of those over whom it was his purpose to exert influence, whether Popes, or Cardinals, or kings, or beggars. Surely this was wisdom!

Many pages might now be filled with anecdotes, illustrative of the personal character of this extraordinary man, and of the policy he pursued in rearing the fabric which his successors enlarged, but never substantially altered. But enough has been related to show what manner of mind his was, and while a tedious recital of his acts as founder of the Society of Jesus would add nothing of importance to this knowledge, a repetition of the marvels related by his eulogists might be mistaken in these days of better sense for an effort to cover his memory with ridicule. We care not to provoke incredulity by repeating, even as fables, tales which it is not possible to believe.

Julius III. entered on his Pontificate in the year 1550. When at the Council of Trent, in capacity of Legate, he had witnessed the zeal of Lefevre, Laynez, and Salmeron, on behalf of the Roman See, and now most readily acceded to an application of Ignatius to confirm the Order instituted by his predecessor, and confer on it some new privileges. And, this point being gained, the founder might well have thought himself in possession of the utmost success that ambition could desire; but perhaps considering that although he had received a double sanction he could only boast of one election, and that many professed members of the Company had not given him their suffrages, except inasmuch as a vow of obedience might be equivalent with a vote of election, and furthermore



desiring that the original form of discipline, framed in the infancy of the Institution, should be revised and brought nearer to his idea of perfection, he took a step that conducted him into a second election, while yet he seemed to offer that election to another.

The Fathers that were in Rome, or near enough to assemble there without much inconvenience, were surprised by receiving a summons to present themselves at a time appointed, together with a long paper from the General, setting forth reasons why he should abdicate his office, and call on them to confer it on another. He declared that, through age and infirmity he was no longer able to fulfil the duties incumbent on him, descanted on the obligations of holy humility, and concluded by a pure and simple deposition of the office. But they did not perceive any correspondent indication of infirmity, nor had his powers of government failed for an instant. At the same time, however, he suffered a loophole to remain through which to return if they did not require him to retire. An answer to that paper was written deliberately, at his request, and dissuaded him from persistence in any such a purpose. The Fathers came to Rome, unanimously refused to let him resign his office, and after much protesting on both sides, he consented to take a few days for deliberation. Before the expiration of the time, a deputation came to him with a plain refusal to submit to any other master, and thus, as the Pope had confirmed the sanction of the Society, so did they confirm the election of the General.

During five years from this time, under favour of the two Popes, Julius III. and, for the few days of his reign, Marcellus II., he gave his chief attention to the consolidation of the Society and the perfection of its constitutions. But the accession of Paul IV. to the Papedom, brought with it an interruption of tranquillity by the outbreak of war between himself and Philip II. of

Spain. The war, if so much it might be called, lasted a very short time, but the troops of the Duke of Alva attacked Rome, and Ignatius, feeling himself really overtaken by infirmity, and unable to cope with the perils and exigencies of the time, and having now no more to do for the Society, left the city, and retired to a villa that had lately been erected for the use of the Jesuit Roman College, intending to surrender himself to undisturbed study. The house, as it would appear, was not yet in a fit state for occupation, and its dampness, even in the heat of summer, was more than his enfeebled constitution could bear. Without any symptom of acute disease, his strength at once began to fail. Slow fever and a daily-increasing languor occasioned concern among those around him, rather than alarm. Physicians were called in, but they pronounced that there was no danger, and prescribed little more than repose and care. Still sinking lower under a weight of lassitude he became unable to quit his chamber, but on July 30th, 1556, there transacted some business of the Society, dismissed his attendants, and fell asleep. Next morning, on entering the chamber early as usual, they found him almost lifeless; no cordial could revive expiring animation, and soon after sunrise he was no more. Thus unexpectedly did this laborious man, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, drop into the grave.

Layne was elected second General of the Society of Jesus, and found it occupying twelve provinces, with about a hundred houses. The *genius* of Ignatius lives to this day in a vastly-expanded institution, but the *policy* of Jesuitism is not to be traced to him so certainly as to his successors. He carried, it is true, the dominion over intellect and conscience to an excessive length, but probably did not foresee what is to ourselves most palpable, that the despotism he established in that infant company would be used for evil by far worse men than himself.

## ANDRÉ MARIE AMPÈRE.

are few characters in the whole of contemporary French history which the mind can dwell with red satisfaction; how many "great" have disgraced themselves by the best actions! how many heroes to a prominent place is now assigned a temple of glory would lose all prestige if closely scanned! Especially amongst the scientific men who butted so much to the imperishable of the Napoleonic era, are we shamed to find the most painful contrast. Laplace, Lagrange, Monge, and Euler had genius of the highest order, but is just the reason why they did have disdained the spurious dignity conferred by embroidered dress—knee-breeches, and patents of nobility. Their master, however, the Emperor of Italy himself, had set the example; "*il aspire à d'être*," said the sarcastic Paul Louis when he heard that the first Emperor was preparing to don the imperial mantle.

in such strange inconsistencies men with unfeigned pleasure to the of a genuine man—a man in transcendent superiority of intellect was combined with simplicity of and a firm belief in religious truth. André Marie Ampère, born in Lioneux, near Lyons, January 20, manifested at a very early age his aptitude for mathematical investigation. He was brought up under his father's superintendence, and the manner in which he went through his ordinary course of studies does the most credit to the distinguished father on whose name he was destined for years to shed so much lustre. In the worst of times: the French Revolution had called to arms the youth of Europe, and whilst the strains of the Marseillaise excited against the tyrants of the coalition bands of republican patriots whom liberty had morphosed into soldiers, the more unfortunates citizens detained at home for their duties or position were falling victims to the tyranny of Robespierre, *plus quam civilia bella* of '92 and '93. During the memorable siege of Lyons, M. Ampère, senior, nobly stood his post as a magistrate in that

devoted city, although he knew full well his fate if the troops of the Convention obtained the victory. He was in the end summoned before the revolutionary tribunal; and, condemned to death for not resigning his duties, he mounted the guillotine with the calm of a man whose conscience is at rest.

The day preceding his execution he had written to his wife a letter, from which we give the following characteristic extract: "I have received, my dearest love, your consoling note. It has acted like a soothing medicine to allay the pain which I feel. My fellow-citizens misjudge me; through the most cruel separation they cut me asunder from a country to which I am so fondly attached, and whose happiness has always been the earnest desire of my heart. I hope that my death may be the seal of a general reconciliation between all my brethren. I forgive most cordially those who have wished, suggested, or commanded the shedding of my blood. I venture to hope that the vengeance of the nation, whose innocent victim I am, will not extend itself to our small property, which was amply sufficient for all our wants—thanks to your wise economy.

Next to my trust in the Almighty, in whose bosom I hope soon to rest, my sweetest consolation is that you will cherish my memory as much as you yourself have been dear to me. You owe me this return of affection. If, from the depths of eternity, where our dear little girl has preceded us, I may be allowed to take an interest in earthly matters, you will be, as well as my dear children, the object of my care. May they enjoy a better fate than their father! May they ever walk in the fear of God—that fear which, notwithstanding the frailty of our nature, worketh in us innocence and righteousness! . . . Do not mention to my Joséphine the trial which awaits her mother . . . let her be, if you can, ignorant of it. *Adieu for my son, there is nothing which I do not expect from him.*"

This is a beautiful parting charge, and a document which a family may with feelings of legitimate pride, exhibit in its archives. We fancy that young André Marie must have felt both humbled in

his own eyes and overwhelmed by the consciousness of a heavy responsibility, when, looking around him at the afflicted circle, he saw his widowed mother and his sister Josephine clinging to him for protection and support. He determined immediately, with God's help, to do his best, and he resumed his studies for the purpose of turning them to some practical account. M. Ampère is more especially known amongst us as a natural philosopher; but his mind was one which could grapple with the whole circle of human knowledge; he has been described as a living cyclopædia, and we shall see him, towards the end of his glorious career, drawing up a classification of the sciences, far superior to that of Aristotle, Bacon, or d'Alembert. His anxiety to peruse Euler and Bernouilli had, in the first instance, induced our young *savant* to master the elements of Latin; he then went through Lagrange's "Mécanique Analytique," making all the calculations for himself. After the death of his father, botany engaged his attention for some time, and diverted him in a pleasant manner from the gloomy thoughts which the horrors of the Revolution suggested. Botany, although a branch of the sciences, has many ties which connect it with the imagination. Read M. Ampère's favourite botanical *vade mecum*—Jean Jacques Rousseau's letters, and say whether it is possible to clothe in more beautiful language the technicalities of natural history, or to associate more poetry with science. Thus the monocotyledons and dicotyledons led André Marie by degrees to an acquaintance with the Muses; he read Horace and Tasso; nay, he wrote verses himself, and sought to realise the new and fresh ideas which were awakening in him, *Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula*.

But what were those ideas? Botany exclusively? The properties of herbaceous plants? The comparative merits of Linnæus and Tournefort? No! no! behold a small manuscript journal with the title, "*Amorum*, 1796," which lets us into the whole secret. There is M. Ampère, whom most of us recollect as a venerable gentleman, intent on equations, consorting with irrational quantities, and deaf to all but surds; there he is, actually courting, even *poping the question*! Who would have supposed it? Amongst the numerous manuscripts left by the delightful old philosopher,

autobiographical memoirs have been found which extend over the greater part of his youth, and from which we shall make a few extracts. When virtue and religion animate the outpouring of youthful affection, it is pleasant to recall them.

"Sunday, April 10, 1796.—I saw *her* for the first time.

"Saturday, August 20.—Went to *her* house, and borrowed Soave's 'Novelle Morali.'

"Saturday, September 3.—M. Cupper having left the day before, I called to return the 'Novelle Morali.' I was allowed to select another work in the library, and took 'Mme. Deshoulières.' Remained one moment alone with *her*.

"Sunday, 4.—After mass I accompanied the two sisters home, and brought back the first volume of Bernardin (de Saint Pierre); *she* told me she would be alone, as her mother and sister leave on Wednesday.

"Friday, 16.—Called to return Bernardin, vol. 2nd. Talked with *her* and with *Ténis*. Promised to bring a volume of plays the next day.

"Saturday, 17.—I brought the plays, and began opening my heart to *her*.

"Monday, 19.—I finished the confession of my feelings; she gave me some faint hopes, and prohibited me from coming back before her mother's return.

"Saturday, 24.—I called with Bernardin, vol. 3rd, and 'Mme. Deshoulières.' Brought home vol. 4th, Pope's 'Dunciad,' and the umbrella.

"Monday, 26.—Took back the 'Dunciad' and the umbrella; saw *her* in the garden, without daring to speak to her.

"Friday, 30.—Took back Racine and Bernardin, vol. 4th; stated my wishes to *her* mother, whom I found in the sitting room, measuring some cloth. . . ."

Such is the course of all virtuous attachments; let the reader contrast with these few memoranda either Mirabeau's "Lettres à Sophie," or the *souvenirs* of M. de Barras! The manuscript book which contains the above is full of interesting particulars, which bring us on gradually to the 15th Thermidor, and the seventh year of the Republic (August, 1799), when the citizen André Marie Ampère, and Mademoiselle Julie Carron, were married, *secretly*, according to the rites of the Catholic Church. The civil ceremony, or registration, took place a few weeks afterwards. This was an important event, in more senses than one,

Ampère; for the circumstances of newly-married couple were not of most flourishing description, and the man was compelled to eke out a maintenance by giving private lessons in mathematics. He received, however, in December, 1801, an appointment under Government, as Professor of Natural Philosophy and of Chemistry, at the *École Centrale* of Bourg (department of Ain), but was obliged to leave behind at Lyons, Madame Ampère, whose constitution, always very delicate, seemed entirely broken down. The correspondence between the husband and during the whole of that period, is extant. We see, on perusing it attentively, the germ of M. Ampère's greatness, and the different ideas which he assiduously propounded in the hope of attracting the notice of the scientific world. All his treatises, written about that time, have never been published; one, "On the Mathematical Theory of the Moon," presented in the first place to Laplace, and next to M. Delamare, was printed, and the connoisseurs examined it formed a high opinion of the author. Encouraged by the kindness in which the last-named gentleman listened to his explanations, and through his calculations, M. Ampère in a few days dashed off a second treatise, which had the honour of being admitted to the Institute at Paris; and at the same time, from Bourg, M. Ampère was admitted to the Lycée at Lyons, as Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. The religious feelings of this now young man had always been strong; but he must bear in mind that he belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, but his opinions on matters of faith were opposed to those entertained by Pascal. He nevertheless lost gradually much of his early fervour, and whilst at Bourg fell into a sceptical state of mind, common with men fond of scientific speculations. The struggle was a severe one; it lasted a long time; but the death of Madame Ampère, which happened in 1803, brought back the doubter to the path of the cross. The following extract from a letter written during this period of transitory spiritual darkness: "I went into the little room above my laboratory, and found the silk pocket-book. I intend to examine its contents this evening, and after having answered your paragraph in your letter, I shall at once write you to send me the two volumes

mentioned below. A succession of thoughts which, for the last hour, have been occupying me, obliges me to ask for those books. The state of my mind is a most singular one: *I am like a man drowning himself in his own spittle*. God and eternity are the chief subjects which haunt my imagination; many curious reflections, too many to enumerate, lead me to ask you to forward La Harpe's French Psalter, which must be at home (it is stitched, I believe, in green paper); and a prayer-book of your own selecting." At that time, M. Ampère, in consequence of his wife's ill-health, had been obliged to leave her at Lyons, but we find that shortly before her death, and when he was still engaged as Professor at Bourg, he gave up everything to be near one to whom he was so fondly attached. We resume and conclude our extracts:—

"April 17 (1803). I returned from Bourg, in order to leave my Julie no more.

"May 15, Sunday. Went to the church at Polémieux, for the first time since my sister's death.

"June 7, Tuesday. Festival of Saint Robert. This day has decided the remainder of my life.

"Tuesday, 14. Entered into a church when a funeral service was being performed. Spiritual communion.

"July 13, Wednesday, AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

*Multa flagella peccatoris, sperantem autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit. Firmabo super te oculos meos et instrum te in via hac qua gradieris. Amen."*

Promotion had come—an appointment to one of the great centres of education in France; increased pecuniary resources would now dispel every cloud, and besides providing him with simple and unostentatious comfort, would also enable him to prosecute calmly the investigations he had begun in the sphere of science; but the stern hand of death struck down in one moment all his earthly hopes, and left him a widower in that city where, ten years before, he had lost his father. This severe trial was evidently decreed by Him who chastens whom He loves. Under the impression of his bereavement, M. Ampère exclaimed:—

"O, my God! I thank thee that thou hast created me, redeemed me, and enlightened me from on high, by causing me to be brought up in the bosom

of the Catholic Church. I thank thee for having awakened me after all my follies, and for having bestowed upon me thy forgiveness. Thy purpose, I acknowledge, is that I should live wholly to thyself, and that all my moments should be devoted to thee. Wilt thou take from me all happiness here below? Thou hast the power to do so, and my crimes have deserved this chastisement. But perhaps thou wilt still remember the voice of mercy: *multa flagella peccatoris sperantem autem, &c.* I trust in thee, O, God, but whatever may be thy decree, I accept it. I would have preferred death, but I did not deserve heaven, and thou wouldst not plunge me into hell. Grant me thy assistance, that a whole life spent in grief may be the means of procuring for me that happy death of which I have rendered myself unworthy. O Lord O God of mercy, be pleased to grant that I may meet in heaven those thou allowedst me to love on earth!"

A few expressions alone spoil the tone of this tender and admirable passage. Condorcet, no doubt, would have shrugged up his shoulders in derision whilst perusing it, as he did when his editorial duties brought Pascal's *Mystic Amulet* to his notice, but it is with very different feelings that we record it here, and we could not close our extracts from the savant's journal by a more interesting quotation.

M. Ampère did not stop long at Lyons. The associations of the place were of so painful a character that we quite understand his eagerness to leave it. In 1804, on M. Delambre's recommendation, M. Lacuée de Gessac named him to the important post of *répétiteur* (assistant tutor), at the Ecole Polytechnique. About that time a new field of investigation opened to him, and diverted his attention from pure science. We have seen him already engaged in botany, studying the Latin poets, drying plants, and writing lyrics; he now ventured into the region of metaphysics. For men fond of such speculations, this was the right time; the Anteuil Society still existed; persecution had imparted an additional lustre to those whom Bonaparte nicknamed *idéologues*, and the Institute was encouraging thinkers, by prizes and other rewards, to the discussion of intellectual problems. In vain did Ballanche, Ampère's wise and constant friend, endeavour to deter him

from researches which he deemed inconsistent with the spirit of religion. "You are," exclaimed he, "on the brink of a precipice; if your head should grow dizzy, I will not answer for you. I cannot help feeling very anxious on your account." Ballanche's gloomy forebodings were not realised. Ampère never allowed metaphysics to withdraw his attention altogether from asymptotes and quadratic equations. He published in various scientific journals six memoirs on mathematical questions, which procured for him his admission, in 1814, as member of the Institute. He obtained besides the following appointments, which no one certainly was better qualified to fill: Inspector-General to the University (1808), Secretary to the Consultative Board of Arts and Manufactures (1808), and Professor at the Ecole Polytechnique (1809).

We cannot attempt any lengthened notice of Ampère's contributions to the wide domains of modern science; they are of the most varied description. It was he who first, in 1809, after witnessing the experiments of MM. Gay-Lussac and Thenard, discovered that chloro is an elementary substance. Seven years later, he published in the "*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*" a classification of the elementary substances, thus applying to chemistry the method which has contributed so much to the elucidation of natural history. By this means he discovered between the properties of various bodies a variety of relations which had never yet been ascertained; he explained phenomena then unaccounted for, and successive experiments have since confirmed the truth of his conclusions. Now the double refraction of light in crystals engaged his attention; now the structure and anatomy of insects; now geology, mineralogy, statics, meteorology; in fine, he was at home in every branch of science. But, when the name of Ampère is ordinarily mentioned, the great philosophical law naturally associated with it, is that of electro-magnetism. When Bonaparte, fifty-three years ago, offered a prize of 60,000 francs to the savant who should make the most important discovery in connexion with electricity and galvanism, he seems to have anticipated the wonders accomplished in our own days; Sir Humphrey Davy obtained the prize, and deserved it; but we may fairly question whether

Ampère's labours did not lead to results quite as important.

Professor Ørsted, of Copenhagen, published a work in 1807, in which he described the analogies between magnetism and electricity. This book contains the following remarkable passage: "In galvanic action the force is more latent than in electricity; and it is still more so in magnetism than in galvanism. It is necessary, therefore, to try whether electricity in its latent state will not affect the magnetic needle." It does not appear, however, that Ørsted thus actually tried the experiment he indicated himself; nor does any one else seem to have made the trial, though we know now that the question would have been determined by merely placing a magnetic needle over the wire connected with a voltaic battery. It was not till 1819, twelve years after he had pointed out the way to others, that Ørsted followed the course he had suggested, and by bringing a magnetic needle into the direction of a voltaic current, ascertained that the conducting wire is itself magnetic. He found also that the nature of the conducting medium is immaterial to the result, and that, whether the voltaic circuit be compelled through metals or through a fluid, the magnetic needle is equally affected; being deflected in one direction when placed over the conductor, and in the opposite direction when under it.

M. Ampère was the one who most successfully worked out the discovery made by Ørsted, and who brought to light its principal results. In order to explain the phenomena produced by the action of the earth on the electric currents, he admitted the existence of a current moving from east to west in a direction perpendicular to the magnetic meridian; he admitted, besides, that this current surrounds the earth, and is chiefly accumulated near the equator. Every portion of this circular current acts really upon a movable conductor fixed in some point or other of the globe; but as the upper parts are infinitely nearer the conductor than the lower ones, their energy is incomparably greater, and it determines the effect. The action exercised upon the conductor by this current may, therefore, be assimilated to that of an indefinite rectilinear current acting from east to west, near the equator, and perpendicular to the magnetic meridian of the point on

the globe where the conductor is placed. This hypothesis accounts for all the phenomena which proceed from the action of the earth upon the currents. It explains, likewise, in the most satisfactory manner, the influence of the globe upon the magnet. If we consider the needle of declination, it must, through the action of the earth's current, take the direction of the plane of the magnetic meridian, its southern pole being towards the north; for, according to Ørsted's experiment, it must be perpendicular to the current, and its southern pole will be to the left of a person placed within the current, with his feet towards the east, his head towards the west, and his face turned towards the centre of the needle. For the same reason, the needle of inclination will have its southern pole directed to the horizon, and its inclination, moreover, will increase, as it goes from the equator to the poles. The hypothesis of a current belonging to the earth explains equally well all the other phenomena produced upon magnets by the action of the globe. The earth's current results, probably, from the combined action of a multitude of elementary currents, which traverse our planet in various directions, and which are produced by contact, by chemical effects, or by the unequal heat which the solar rays communicate to the various substances.

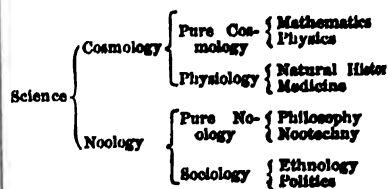
Ampère goes on to ascribe the phenomena of magnets to electric currents; these currents, he supposes, are perpendicular to the axis; in the lower part of the magnet, they move from east to west; in the superior, their movement is from west to east. According to this supposition, the two poles of a magnet are distinguished from one another only by their various situations with respect to the current, if we imagine the observer placed in the direction of the current, and his back turned towards the axis of the magnet, the southern pole is on the right, and the northern one on the left. The situation of the poles is absolutely the same as that of the two poles of the earth relatively to the current which surrounds it. Our author admits also the existence of currents in bodies simply magnetic; but he thinks that in these bodies they assume all sorts of directions, destroying one another, until they are reduced to parallels, under the influence of the magnet.

To explain the facts connected with

the science of electro-magnetism would be beside the purposes of this article; we must leave them and complete our sketch by a few remarks on Ampère's labours as a metaphysician. He came into contact for a short time with the materialist sceptics who composed the Auteuil Society, but in 1816 an influence of a much higher nature was brought to bear upon him through a small knot of thinkers who were already actively engaged in rescuing philosophy from the grasp of the school of Condillac. MM. Stapfer, Marin de Biran, Loyson, Cousin, were the most prominent members of the new coterie, and if Ampère's mind had not been singularly versatile, there is no doubt that he would have contributed as effectively to the progress of metaphysical science as he did to that of natural philosophy; but he was constantly roving from one sphere of knowledge to the other, and it seemed as if in his insatiable activity he must be engaged on everything at once. This circumstance explains the character of the only work M. Ampère left behind him in this branch of knowledge; it is a new scheme for the classification of all the sciences, developed in a series of lectures,\* and then exhibited synoptically at the end of the volume. Ampère was not the first writer who had studied the subject. Aristotle, Lord Bacon, and d'Alembert in the *Encyclopédie* had likewise attempted to show, as it were, the genealogy of human knowledge; but the method they severally adopted was imperfect and artificial. D'Alembert, for instance, arranges the sciences into three great divisions, according as they are connected with the memory, the reason, and the imagination. This threefold classification is an arbitrary one; it is not grounded upon truth, and, as a matter of consequence, there is often a total want of connexion between two subdivisions placed close together, whilst sciences which derive from each other are to be found at the opposite extremes

of the genealogical tree. In the classification of the *Encyclopédie*, mineralogy and botany are put down in the same group as political history; whilst zoology, on the other hand, is located a long way off. As a general rule, it is impossible to take memory, reason, and imagination as the primary data of a natural classification, for such a division is always liable to be impugned by philosophers, nor can we easily discover why certain branches of human knowledge should be described as amenable to the laws of reason rather than to those of imagination or of memory.

Ampère's method is infinitely superior. Looking around him he finds that every *res scibilis* bears upon either thought or matter. He starts, we see, from the same point as Descartes, and his division has the twofold merit of being both simple and natural.



Here the sub-divisions are uniformed by two, the one class comprising the application of the laws furnished by the other; thus physics are the practical development of mathematics. In the same way, natural history leads to medicine, philosophy to nootechny, and ethnology to politics. Ampère's labours on the philosophy of science were the last fruits of his industry and talent. I had been appointed, as already intimated, one of the general inspectors of the French University; towards the end of May, 1836, he started upon his usual tour in connexion with his import duties. When arrived at Roanne, he felt unwell, but determined to pursue his journey; it was all in vain: death had laid its hand upon him, and a brief fever carried him suddenly off at M. seilles, June 10th, 1836, in his six first year.

G. M.

\* "Yacul sur la Philosophie des Sciences." Paris, 8vo, 1828-1845.

## WILLIAM WILLIAMS, OF WERN.

POSSIBLY the eye of the reader never before fell on the name of Williams, of Wern. All great names, however, must some time or other have their first mention; and if such be the case in the present instance our readers will agree with us, that our endeavour is laudable when we seek to snatch from the grasp of oblivion a name worthy to be registered among the goodliest ornaments of this or any other age. He was not a statesman—not a scholar—not an experimental philosopher—not a versifying poet—not a millionaire—knew nothing of railway-scrip, nothing of stock-jobbing—and yet he was a great man; for he had large conceptions of loftiest truths—had large sympathies for mankind in their most momentous predicaments—had the soul of a poet and the tongue of an orator—and passed a life of unsurpassed activity and distinguished moral and intellectual effect. His rare qualities as a preacher and divine exerted on the Principality of Wales an extraordinary influence. Still, thirty years of his life did he spend in no more, in no less, exalted a position than as the pastor of a humble rural congregation. He was a minister amongst the Independents, and died about thirteen years ago, at the age of fifty-eight.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS was born in the year 1781, in the mountainous country of Merionethshire. His father's name was William Probert, and according to a custom in olden time common among the Welsh, but now fast disappearing, the son's surname followed the father's Christian name, and he became William the son of William, or, *anglice*, William Williams. The parents farmed a small quantity of land, and brought up seven children, of whom the future preacher was the youngest but one. From his earliest boyhood he displayed qualities dissimilar to all the other children. Quickness, untiring activity, a buoyant joyousness of nature, and, withal, an occasional touch of daring and independence bursting forth alternately with the more sustained meekness and sweetness of temper, made his father sometimes say, and that with a degree of uneasiness mixed with pride, that that boy was unlike all others in the whole

neighbourhood. He was right: that whole neighbourhood contained none like him. The whole Principality, if we may judge from the event, contained few like him. He was a gem, cast with apparent carelessness on the bleak hills of Merioneth, ordained by Providence to be picked up by and by, and to have its partially-visible beauties more fully developed and admired.

William had but little schooling in youth. His father, probably, was not quite satisfied that schooling could be of much use in driving the team and cutting up firewood. He was, therefore, taught to read the Welsh Bible in the Sunday-school, and there the business of "letters" stopped.

But William was not, therefore, left without any education. The glorious scenes of nature displayed themselves in mighty magnificence around his humble dwelling, and he had an *open eye* to receive them—a better kind of school-room than any four walls, however covered with maps, and prints of birds and quadrupeds! Have you ever perambulated the regions of Carnarvon and Merioneth, so prolific in the beautiful and sublime? What terrible ruins of earthquakes do those jagged sharp-pointed mountains, rising to right and left, before and behind, present! What delicious pictures are those miniature valleys at their base—those glens, so richly draped, nestling in their bosoms—beauty guarded by stalwart might! Among those "galleries of nature," young enthusiastic Williams studied his first pictures, made his first essays at thought, and began to trim the wing of his imagination, following, meanwhile, his father's sheep, and listening to the voices of the elements. On the Sunday, in company with the whole family, as the manner of the people is, he regularly and devoutly attended the preaching of the Gospel in the village chapel. That preaching, too, was in keeping with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery—all sparkling, pathetic, imaginative, soul-stirring. The two great books, nature and Scripture, were opened and made mutually illustrative. Before his fifteenth year he gave pleasing signs of an earnest and devout piety, a piety which, perhaps, might be somewhat sub-



ject to the brand of "Methodism"—simple, and severe, and breathing amid excitement. The impetus given to the mind of the Principality by the preaching of Howel Harris, Daniel Rowlands, William and Peter Williams, &c., had not yet expended itself, and it was in the cradle of this Methodism that Williams was nursed; for his parents were religious people, and regular in their attendance on the preaching of the Calvinistic Methodists. Young Williams traced the first decisive effects of religious truth upon his mind to the ministry of a humble itinerant preacher among the Independents, and with that body of Christians, from that time forth, he became closely allied, and in their communion continued to the day of his death. His religious earnestness became at once apparent. Good people and good books became his indispensable companions. Thirst for knowledge—a sense ever fostered by genuine religion, now grew apace in his mind; but his reading was confined, necessarily, from want of other books, and inability to peruse them could they be procured, to theology, and such only as the Welsh language could then supply. It is questionable whether he had, as yet, even learned the meaning of a single word of English.

The Christian society of which he had become a member discovered the rare endowments he possessed, and soon he was requested to practise his "gifts" by public addresses in the cottage meetings, and at the more private assemblies of the congregation. The attempt was made, and he was considered worthy of encouragement. He obeyed his elders in trying to explain and practically apply the truths of the Bible: but at every step he was made more sensible of his deficiencies, and longed for the means of knowledge. There was no rest for him; he must needs quit the hill side, the sheep and the farm-yard, song of birds and glorious landscape, and seek for a school. His 21st year had arrived before he found one, and it was at this time of life that our hero—never destined, indeed, to become a scholar—began to encounter the formidable difficulties of the English spelling-book. Nine months, the period of his stay here, gave him some slight smattering of English reading and grammar, while his active mind bated not a jot in conning the Scriptures, and modelling

fervid harangues under the name of "Sermons." The taste he had had of knowledge—the mere chink opened to his eye to the treasures of the English language—only sharpened his appetite and made him more determined not to stop where he was. Having returned to his father's house, he felt more dissatisfied than ever with things as they were there. He would see what he could do. At Wrexham there was a Dissenting Academy, presided over by the Rev. Jenkin Lewis. Its course of study was four years. Jenkin Lewis was famed as a theologian—and theology was the very thing Williams wanted to study. This was a clover-field into which his wistful mind resolved, if possible, to enter. But where are the means? There were travelling, books, clothing, &c., to be defrayed, and no money forthcoming from William Probert! A happy thought struck him. Had not his father many years ago, as a reward for childish obedience on a difficult occasion, made him a present of a black sheep, the increase of which had grown into that little flock now grazing on the hill? He would sell off the whole, and with the money set out to Wrexham. No sooner said than done: and the young aspirant, after learning "under difficulties" speedily arrived at the door of the distant lowly Academy.

Here a fearful trial met him, which at once put to the test all his nine months' English acquirements. Mr Lewis happening to be from home, his wife, who was an Englishwoman, inquired of the young man the business he had come upon. Williams was completely nonplussed; he blushed, stammered, and faltered; tried and tried again; but sunk deeper and deeper into conscious disgrace, and was at last lost in the mazy "slough of despond" of his own ignorance. The upshot of his English education was a despairing shake of the head—intended to mean "No English!" But the kind lady called to the rescue an interpreter, and having learned the object of his journey, welcomed him in. He was received into the Academy, and soon became the pride of his tutor and the beloved of all the household.

At Wrexham, he made but slow progress through the tangled wilderness of the divers "Elements." He despaired of English. He despaired of classics. The Bible, pulpit-oratory, the principles of

theology, and human nature, these occupied his attention. No persuasion could induce him to grapple with the points and accents of Hebrew. Of Greek he just learned enough to consult a lexicon. In reference to scholarship, he is reported to have somewhat roguishly remarked to his tutor on leaving, that "few would leave the house honester men than he"—meaning that few would carry away less acquirement. Some friends, not fully understanding the bias and proper *forte* of his mind, urged him to prolong his stay at the Academy. "No! no!" said he, "if I do so, harvest-time will be over while I am whetting my sickle." And so he left, in some sense

"— With academic laurels unbestowed."

Many said, what a pity! A young man of fine endowments, capable of distinguished culture, quits College entirely unbenefited! We agree not in the lament. He left not unbenefited; nor, in a certain sense, without attainment. Of classics, truly, he took little away. The minutiae of English grammar, even, he never attempted to master. John Foster complained of his tongue, that it would not more freely speak, and Williams certainly found his more than equally refractory when bidden to articulate English. As to the mathematics, the *Pons asinorum* never foiled him, for he never approached it! Of all these he washed his hands quite clean, and left, as he said, "an honest man." But the four years at Wrexham, though unhappily not better used in these respects, were not therefore vainly spent. Williams was no loungeur; he was a severe thinker and inquirer. His early disadvantages had disqualified him for the laborious applications of a scholastic course, but from childhood he had been trained to study nature, man, and God. Much as we value learning, we are not of those who say that the routine of a University education is the *only* method of developing *mind*. Williams found in the intricate divinity of the schoolmen a means of culture not far inferior in point of mental exercise to mathematics. The characters of Biblical history served him instead of Solon, Alcibiades, and Cæsar. He studied Job instead of the Iliad; and the Gospels, all in Welsh, instead of the orations of Cicero. The popular preachers who made his valleys ring, served him as models of eloquence

to the grievous neglect of Quintilian. In a word, he left his father's house with the purpose of using his time in the best way to become an *effective preacher*, and with his time and his peculiar bent and aptitude he could not have fallen on a better course than that he pursued.

It was the custom in Wales for preachers, young and old, who were recognised as such by their respective denominations, to travel, as occasion served, athwart the country from end to end, holding a service in each chapel which came in their way. The custom, indeed, is not yet altogether extinct, although daily diminishing in its scale of operation. A tour of two or three months is arranged, notices are sent to all the localities intended to be visited, and in due time the preacher (often two together) wrapped in home-spun cloth of "dread-nought" consistency, oil-cased hat, and leather leggings, and furnished with his credentials, mounts his nag and begins his journey. The first evening he reaches a chapel five miles from home. Next day at noon a service is held at another seven miles further off, and at night at another five or six miles still further. Two, sometimes three, sermons, in as many chapels, are preached every day. Harvest time makes no material difference. The people quit the field at noon, creep up the hill-side to hear the "stranger" from the "north" or "south," as the case may be, and return with greater zest and willingness to their sickles. The "friends" at the chapel give him a shilling or two, seldom more, we believe, to pay the gates and shoe his horse. The most respectable farmer offers gratuitous entertainment. The best things of the house are laid on his table, with treble welcome, and the best stall in the stable is for the "preacher's horse." So he proceeds from place to place, from county to county, zig-zagging his way among hills and mountains—up the slopes to rustic little temples on the heaths—into deep glens where quiet hamlets lie, each with its white-washed chapel and its clustering congregation of shepherds and swains, old women and maidens, whose voice of song makes the hill-sides echo to each other far and wide. The preacher of popular talent thus spreads his name and fame, by a single tour of three months indefatigable labour, from Cardiff to Holyhead. Congregations of pea-

sants, by this means, enjoy on occasions the same ministry as the largest town congregations enjoy. Young preachers, by such tentative flights, try the strength of their pinions, and prepare for higher achievements. These are some of the advantages of itinerant preaching, as it has been practised in Wales—a custom to be reckoned among the chief causes of the growth of the peculiar pulpit oratory, and the overwhelmingly prevalent Dissent of that part of the kingdom—but a custom, moreover, which introduced a species of religious knight-errantry, and which must be greatly checked and curtailed through the present rapid growth of an educated pastorate.

Mr. Williams, while at College, spent some of his vacation time in this capacity of a travelling preacher, and had already gained great *éclat* when his time arrived to quit his unpretending *Alma Mater*. He was now in his twenty-fifth year; had a fine person of moderate stature, a face and eye radiant with expression, a peculiarly full and mellifluous voice, and an impassioned and energetic style of delivery which captivated his excitable countrymen wherever he went. Having been the hindmost in the class room, he was now everywhere by far the foremost in the desk. One serious drawback, however, existed. He frequently displayed so much humour, and what some called levity, said such outrageous things, attacked with so little scruple the most venerable opinions, and was in general so far from obeying the bridle of custom and current doctrine that many good people looked grave and had great questionings and fears. In fact, he was at this time, as he himself afterwards confessed, too raw and untamed—conscious of power, but too unskilful in its use. But the prowess and genius which now wrought rather irregularly were one day to play no inferior part in remodelling the too Calvinistic theology and too formal religionism of the Principality. The advice of his friends, even the humblest of them, he never despised; but listened thankfully, curbing as much as possible the restiveness of his genius, and marching onwards still towards usefulness and eminence.

Declining an invitation to settle as pastor in the south, he cast his lot among a rural and humble people at the village of Wern, not many miles

from the scene of his academic life. Here he had often preached when a student, and his preaching was greatly prized by the simple-hearted people who came to hear. The society consisted of five members—the general congregation was small. But the aspect of the place, in a few years under his effective ministry, was entirely changed. The congregations became overflowing. Another large chapel was built a few miles off, at Rhos, and also filled. But at Harwood, a small Church he had taken in conjunction with Wern, he never could make any way. All his efforts here, all the display of his splendid talents, all his pastoral diligence and affection, seemed to have no effect. He found it like a Gilboa on which there descended neither dew nor rain, and in that same condition it continued. He was in the habit of saying many years afterwards that this place of sterility did him greater good than he did to it; for whenever his popularity elsewhere tended to lift him up, the faintest recollection of this unconquered corner of his vineyard at once humbled his pride. He was successful in originating in the surrounding districts several rural congregations, and building several chapels, such as those at Ruabon, Rhos, and Llangollen. Oftentimes was he called from home on labours of unusual magnitude and to great distances. He traversed the Principality on several occasions, and visited the metropolis and other parts of England on behalf of efforts for the liquidation of chapel debts in Wales. The people everywhere waited for him as “for the rain, and the latter rain.” The ear that heard him blessed him. He was considered by the Churches of his country as public property—so wide and diffusive were his sympathies—so ready was he to obey the call for help whencesoever it proceeded, and so entirely free was he from the narrow prejudices of sectarianism.

After spending some nine years in lonesome toil, he bethought himself of marriage. His chosen one for years was Miss Jones, of Chester, who became a wife seldom surpassed in all the rare qualities required in the pastor's companion.

For thirty years did he labour at Wern, conferring a lustre on the name of that village such as Newton and Cowper did on Olney, or even as the

Great Teacher himself did on Cana and Bethany. Wern is perennially associated with the name of Williams as Hippo is with Augustine's, or Patmos with St. John's. What better test of the significance of the man than that he depended not on a place for his dignity, but gave dignity to the place, however mean. Wern is still a straggling little village, or was so a few years ago, when the writer visited the grave of Williams; but it is illustrious in every corner of Wales—probably by many considered a mighty large city!

We have intimated that Williams came early into collision with the prevalent theology of the Welsh Churches. Here lay one of his most important labours. The theology he confronted had long been highly Calvinistic—verging on the Antinomian. The Methodism of Wales had followed in the wake of Whitefield, rather than Wesley, although in origin independent of either. Certain strict dogmas concerning election, predestination, &c., had taken possession of the chair of judgment; and their abettors, with the knit brows and unsparing hands of inquisitionists, dealt out proscription and anathema to all who dared to preach a more genial and liberal doctrine. The stronghold of this gloomy system was the Calvinistic Methodists, who, to entrench themselves sufficiently strongly against the "Arminian heresy," had fallen back upon the extreme border land of Predestinarianism and necessity. The details of this question suit not our pages, or else the struggle which ensued, one side of which was conducted from the pulpit and platform principally by Mr. Williams, and through the press by the Rev. J. Roberts, and which issued in the very general prevalence of a moderate form of Calvinism, might be, to many of our readers, one of no inconsiderable interest. But for the part Mr. Williams took in the controversy, he was assailed with unsparing virulence; suspicions were cast on his piety: "heretic" was affixed to his name; ecclesiastical frowns and thunderbolts became familiar to him. But he, on the other hand, dealt out merciless argument, pointed with wit and a sparing stroke of satire. His eloquent appeal to the reason—his masterly exposition of Scripture—his comprehensive generalisations forced home conviction, and

in due time covered his adversaries with shame and defeat. The bigotry and ignorance and utter incapacity to appreciate the superior style of thought and argument he was in the habit of presenting, and the bitter hostility he encountered might make appropriate to him the language of Milton, in relation to kindred efforts for other truths:

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise environs me,  
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs,  
But this is got by casting pearls to hogs.

Before attempting to illustrate the *preaching power* of Mr. Williams, we must say a few words of instruction to our readers in respect of Welsh preaching. A style of eloquence subsists in Wales not known in any other country—certainly not known in any other country on the face of the earth. To describe it in brief, we should say that its chief elements are, imagination, passion, and intonation of voice. Poetry abounds in the Welsh pulpit. Every sermon is begemmed with metaphor. Truth is never dispensed as a bare abstraction—it is ever clothed in figure—made instinct with life in some familiar form. Religion is not spoken of, *ex. gr.*, as a principle, but as a person—it speaks to you, and makes proposals. Sin is bodied forth in horrid and disgusting deformity. God is not the "principle of life in nature"—the "eternal and incomprehensible,"—but a Sun that shines, a Father that loves, a King that rules. Add to this the passion and energy which move and confound. The preacher is not a decent, mincing figure whose linen must not be ruffled—whose every gesture seems reluctant, stiff, or studied. He is all alive. Now he breathes love in melting accents—now thunders and storms with wrathful authority. But all his tropes and poetry, all his energy and pathos, were of small avail did he not play another instrument which never fails to charm a Celtic audience, and without which you may as well preach to stocks and stones. He handles his *voice* as doth a songster. In no country in modern times is the voice modulated in public speaking as it is in Wales. The ancients, we suspect, had some sort of intonation. Some semi-civilised tribes are known to use a sing-song method of delivery. The Romish and other priesthoods are great

intoners—those of the Pusey kin in the Church of England ape the practice in no contemptible style. But different from all these is the speaking music of a genuine Welsh preacher. Entirely without art—simply from an instinctive choice of a key and variety of note to strike and please the ear, while congruous to the subject and to its variety of treatment, the skilful preacher pours forth thought and passion, poetry and melody, intertwined in such a flood of subduing power and sweetness that the congregation is often literally bathed in tears. To understand this unique kind of eloquence, one must witness its effects. We cannot fully describe it: nor do we wish to be understood as giving it an unqualified approval; but, at least, as a distinct phenomenon bearing upon the philosophy of rhetoric, it is worthy the attention of the thoughtful.

Now, Mr. Williams, of Wern, was a master of this charming instrument in all its variety of power. His imagination was vigorous and lofty, his feelings rose and fell obediently with the changes of his subject, and he was possessor of a voice never surpassed in compass and elasticity when excitement carried him on “full sail” (as his countrymen say) in his glorious declamations.

A man so superior in intelligence, so original, observant, and genial, and so habitually elevated as to the action of his mind could never ascend the desk without saying things of value. His common things were gems. Great questions in his hand assumed the shape of things familiar. His greatness never appeared more conspicuous than when some knotty point of polemical theology was the theme. We are tempted here to give an extract for the purpose of showing the ease he would display on such occasions; and to illustrate, too, his analytic and philosophic way of unfolding Scripture principles, and his constant aim to rescue theology from the bleak and dreary regions of mere metaphysical discussion, and give it a sustained *practical* direction. The occasion is an Anniversary Sermon—the topic Election. Shade of Thomas Aquinas, be not disconcerted!

“We [divines] have greatly injured the world,” said he, “and have greatly obscured many points of Gospel-teaching by making theology so *mystical*. We have covered what God has made plain. Instead of taking things as the Bible

has presented them, we must mount with them to the clouds, saying that there is some marvellous mystery about them; and so have we invested the truth with a garment of darkness, created controversy and strife, and plunged the world into doubt and perplexity, instead of promoting its enlightenment. For example, take the method of man’s justification before God. What volumes have been written—what mysticism! Who that tried to wade through such productions would not in the end find himself in utter confusion and ignorance? But hear the Lord himself preaching this doctrine. ‘Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner! I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.’ Great Teacher! is that a sinner’s justification! Even that: the guilty is prostrated, having nought to say in self-defence suing for mercy and for mercy alone. This is election in effective operation; and if we had been in the habit of showing it thus in operation, instead of theorising, obscuring, and creating apparitions, we might have prevented much controversy and precluded much secret dislike to this doctrine. I invite you to consider a little further ‘election’ and ‘reprobation’ in their actual development.

“1. There was a young lady who spent her early years in the midst of the gay excitement of fashionable life, alike ignorant of religion and averse to those who possessed it. While still young she was wedded to a young gentleman of tastes similar to her own, and they proceeded for years in the course they had already marked out for themselves—following the pleasures and customs of the giddy and the gay. After the birth of the second child, the husband fell ill, and died. After a short interval, one of her much-loved children faded, and also died; and soon the other was removed, and she was left, like Naomi, desolate and alone. Misfortune had entered her house—one event after

another came in such disastrous succession, that ere long all her substance was wasted away and she was left, not only bereaved of her husband and children, but reduced to absolute penury. She was obliged to quit her mansion, and take to a simple abode. By this time her spirit had been subdued and she had 'come to herself;' but still continued an utter stranger to true religion. Opposite her present lowly dwelling stood a place of worship, and she could see every Sabbath-day numbers of people entering it. She began to reflect on what those people could be doing there—that surely they must be receiving some advantage, else would scarcely so regularly frequent the place. She felt uneasy and unhappy; the reason of her disquietude she could not divine: but at last she yielded to the impulse and joined the crowd on the way to the Christian temple. Nor did she go in vain. The truth spoken seized hold of her mind—light shone into her breast—she saw the glory of Christ's religion, and felt convinced that to experience and possess *that* was all she lacked to secure her happiness in life and in death. She became a humble and devout believer. Those whom before she hated and despised now were her dearest companions. Her life was a demonstration of the reality of her change; and her death was full of peace and joy. What was this? Election at work!

"Again: A person who had once occupied a respectable standing in society, and enjoyed the good opinion of his neighbours, fell into dissolute company, was led to follow their example, became a frequenter of taverns, and at last a confirmed debauchee. Of course, he at once lost character and respectability. With these departed his conjugal and parental affection. The customary visits to public worship were suspended. His reputation gone, his affairs ruined, his domestic comforts fled, his constitution now gave signs of decay, and disease invaded his frame. His heart was robbed of feeling, his conscience was seared, and all prior good impressions had well-nigh been effaced, but yet not altogether so. By a happy circumstance he was induced to abstain from drink, as a trial. The effort was made, and was successful. The spell was broken, his former feelings were gradually re-awakened, the Bible was again perused, the duties of public worship once more

resumed, his mind more and more deeply influenced, and the final result was, that he became 'a new creature,' a useful man in his neighbourhood, and an active member of the visible Church. 'The election hath obtained it.' This is election in its actual work."

Thus would he deal in the palpable and undeniable, the practical and useful, not to the exclusion (as we might show, if space permitted the prolongation of the above extract) of metaphysical considerations, but so as to make their admission free from mysticism, contributory to a sound and rational theology, and promotive of a healthy morality.

But though always masterly and transparent, he was seen in his true greatness as a thinker and orator only on great occasions. His imperial grandeur and eagle flights were to be witnessed when topics of unwonted solemnity and impressiveness laid claim to his mightiest resources. To hear him speak of the greatness of God, of the mercy of redemption, of eternity and its retributions! In the open air, where his voice seemed to swell with congenial expansiveness—on the great annual gatherings of several counties, when before a canvas-covered platform, erected in some amphitheatrical hollow, were standing a forest of five, ten, or fifteen thousand people—after the hills had been resounding with the harmony of their mighty song, and every ear and eye was quickened by excitement of circumstance and worship—then might Williams, of Wern, be seen in his true majesty and happiest mood. We have both seen and heard! For some time previous to rising, he might be observed so absorbed in thought as to be apparently unconscious of all around, his countenance changing with the complexion of his thoughts and emotions, his eyebrows moving, and his whole person variously yielding to the pulsations of the great internal engine then at work. Although he was at the farthest remove from eccentricity, he has been seen at such times sitting on a hedge in the vicinity of the stage, while another preacher was delivering a preliminary discourse, with much of the appearance of one of distempered mind, or at all events, of a most inattentive listener—waving his stick, mechanically turning his head hither and thither, smiling, deepening in colour, compressing his

lips, now with solemn expression, now with a brightly-illuminated face, so that those who happened to observe would wonder what he could be—certainly would be in no way recognising in him the man, who, by-and-by, would play upon that crowd, as a musician does on his instrument, or as the breezes do on the tender cornfield. But now the sermon is over—a few stanzas have been sung—and the faces of a hundred ministers from the platform are turned towards the place where he was sitting. He has already left it, and is seen slowly advancing towards the steps. Slender, and of medium height, with finely-chiseled, meek, but impressive countenance, he moves on through the opening and smiling crowd of his brethren to the appointed place of standing. In a rather low tone, he reads a text, and with much care and fluency, and without waste of time, explains the position and connexion of the passage; and then—which was his almost invariable custom—makes it the basis of some *topic* or *idea*, to illustrate which becomes the duty of the much-expected sermon. The multitude already know where they are (*i.e.*, know precisely what the preacher is about), breathe freely, and prepare to go on. Stragglers gather in, the crowd becomes semi-circular and stationary. Instead of a medley of sides, backs, and faces, it resolves itself into a compact aggregate of faces, mouths, and eyes. Not a whisper is heard, except the preacher's voice. If you see anything move, it is simply a man nodding to his companion, saying by the gesture, "there he is—that is true." He has now made his way through two-thirds of his discourse, and you see his frame all in motion, and his tones all instinct with emotion. There is no violence, no rant, no straining—his gesticulation is careless, but without graceful and natural. His voice is never harsh, however high. But oh, listen to its sweeping melody! Mark those melting inflexions, and how they always embosom tender and affecting ideas! How they kiss the hills, and linger amid the groves and glades. They embrace, and are embraced by, every object on which they fall. It is loftiest truth, and sweetest melody, and fairest scenes of nature, and noblest form of man, met together! And then see his radiant countenance, and his dilated lustrous eye! The soul has left her inner sanc-

tuary, and diffused her spirit brightness over that face! Were he now to cease speaking, and only *look* so—what eloquence and what meaning! But turn and watch the audience. Are they not like the tender corn-field before the breeze? Where do you see a trifle—where a stupid, vacant stare? Has he not seized on every soul—quickened all emotion—opened numberless fountains of tears? Now there is silence—awful silence—now, a murmur of "Amen's" and sighs. Now, a thought so deep and solemn is uttered that every face looks alarm and terror—

"He called so loud that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded."

Now again the tears are started from a thousand eyes by strokes of inimitable skill and pathos. Thoughts, words, and tones wedded with such singular felicity come forth with equal rapidity, ease, and novelty. They are high, low; weighty airy; solemn, playful; terrific and inviting; by turns; but the changes are so ordered the succession is so apt and responsive to the exigency, that the soul of the simple is not more deeply affected than the critical listener is pleased and amazed. When Williams has ceased preaching, the work of the day is over—every one feels the need of seclusion—the soul is full of thoughtful sorrow, peace, or joy.

It is worth noticing that this man who was a prince among his brethren—known, felt, and acknowledged as such and might, in their conferential meetings, say,

"*Sic volo, sic jubeo, et stetero pro ratione voluntas,*

yet never assumed any superiority; and when contradicted and opposed, often times by ignorance and impotence never appeared offended or haughty—never replied with the hoarse and shaggy displeasure of Johnson, "I am bound to find you in reason, Sir, but not in brains." He was gentle, patient, and cheerful, ready to attend to the suggestions of the lowliest, and receive advice from the most obscure. John Elias, then patriarch of the Calvinist Methodists would say, "Brethren, brethren! you say so I shall get angry!" But Mr. Williams would say, "Well, we have all an equal right to think and speak for ourselves, weigh the matter and judge as best you can." In the study of human nature he had few su-

periors—of character he was a quick, though charitable discerner. In the love to nature too generally deemed peculiar to poets, he was distinguished. He seldom spoke without alluding to some fact or aspect of external creation, and his style of preaching in this respect was reverentially fashioned after the loftiest of models. "The Redeemer loved his Father's work," he said, "He loved to observe the lily, to list to the voice of the raven, and muse on the mysteries of the grain of wheat, and ever by such means led the thoughts of His hearers to great moral and spiritual principles. If the great Father so decked the lily, would He not much more clothe his children? He fed the birds and would feed them also. As the seeds sprouted, grew, and reached maturity, so the moral principles of the kingdom of heaven would gradually prosper and fructify. Thus Christ made nature a 'book of reference,' serving, as occasion required, to elucidate the little understood truths of the Kingdom of Grace."

Although he had a horror of geometry, yet had he by some means or other attained to a love and observance of *method* in thinking which was very notable. He carefully watched himself in this respect when preparing for the pulpit—and now and then gently hinted reformation to such of his brethren as were given to mental vagrancy. "I have often thought when hearing a sermon," he would say, "Well, and what can be the *object* of all this fine and fluent talk? The good man had no *point*. At other times there would be too many points, but no *chief* point, and so the preacher brought himself and others along with him into inextricable confusion. In our large preaching meetings [the reader will remember that it is the custom in Wales to have two, or even three, sermons in succession in a single service, and on great occasions, to repeat this twice or thrice a day for two days running] we sadly err. As the human mind is constituted, it is impossible that they should answer much purpose as they are now carried on. One preaches on this subject, another on another quite foreign to it, and so on; so that good is done, as it were, only by accident—not as the result of judiciously-contrived means. 'God is not the author of confusion.' Every large meeting ought to be so planned as to converge upon an intended

result. We are more destitute of system in our endeavours, to serve the world than men are in any other enterprise. Think of a political meeting to elect a member of Parliament, and observe the unity of aim. The speakers come forward: one proposes, another seconds, a candidate, and they speak—not one about the moon and another about the sea, &c., but each about the candidate—his principles and qualifications for the office. They are wise and philosophical so far."

Mr. Rees, of Liverpool, says of the simplicity of his style of preaching—"Whatever subject he took in hand, he invariably invested it with a clearness that was marvellous. He never gave you occasion to say, 'Ah, well, I hope it is true what you say, but I have no conception what you are aiming at.' What he wanted to say he always made plain enough to all his hearers. He paid much attention to things which others would pass by without observing, teaching wise lessons from the homeliest objects. I never remember to have heard him without being angry with myself for not having before seen things as he described them. The simplest and most familiar objects became rich in meaning under a touch of his hand. In his simplicity there was true sublimity—a combination which made him a preacher meet at once for the largest and for the meanest intellect."

During the thirty years he laboured at Wern, he was several times, as might be expected, invited to larger charges, but without effect. He loved his rustic flock, and was beloved by them. He was extensively useful—was more than satisfied with praise and fame—was now, moreover, growing in years, and had become pleased with the thought of laying down his armour and taking his long rest on the field where he had so long fought, and, by the Divine blessing, become so distinguished a champion. But now an event occurred which robbed Wern of its chief attractions and made it fraught with painful associations. Mrs. Williams, the greatly-beloved wife, the helper of his toils, the assuager of his griefs, and his judicious counsellor, was struck down by the hand of death. His spirit after this could find no rest where every object reminded him of the irreparable loss of himself and his four children. But he neither grew morose nor inactive, did not



—argue  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor hate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bore up, and steered  
Right onward.

He resolved to seek relief by transporting himself to other scenes, and undertaking the pastorate of another Church. An opening soon presented itself—the large Welsh Independent Church at Great Cross Hall Street, Liverpool, invited him to settle there. He at once entered with all his heart, with redoubled diligence—but, it has been observed, with less than his former display of popular talent—upon the various duties of that extensive and trying field of ministerial work. For three years he went on and greatly prospered. The congregations increased apace—the machinery of the Church for benevolent and educational purposes were put in motion—new institutions for young men, temperance, &c., were established, and all appeared bright and auspicious. The pastor's descending sun seemed to be gaining in splendour—his head seemed growing erect again after so meekly and lowly bowing in grief and resignation. But suddenly a check was put upon his movements. After three years' happy labour he also was to be taken to his rest. To fulfil an engagement at a temperance meeting in Flintshire, he had to make a lengthy journey by coach through drenching rain, commencing it in a state of high perspiration. Being a rigid teetotaler, he refused to fortify himself by the ordinary precautions—took no refreshments—had no time to change his saturated clothes, but sat and spoke as he was. But before the meeting was over he felt a chill creep over his whole frame. A cold had settled in his system, which no medical skill was ever able to expel. He returned home as a broken reed. His hand was stayed—his noble voice, so elastic and swelling, which we now after so many years seem to hear, was hushed. Overflowing audiences came to his chapel, to hear strangers and bewail the absence of the famous orator. A journey to Wales—a trip by sea—entire abstinence from public speaking, were prescribed; but all to little purpose. A partial brief recovery gave a moment's hope, during which, strange to say, he

\* This voyage was made to Swansea. The writer happened to be staying with the friends by whom Mr. Williams had been entertained near this town, a few days after his departure, and will never forget the deep influence the dying minister had left behind him on the family. So meek, so chastened, was his spirit—so affectionate, so dignified was his bearing!

yielded to the entreaties of his old at Wern, and leaving Liverpool his medical advisers assured could not recover, resumed connexion with them as their past thing could be more affecting. fled from his sorrows; but now r them with a frame broken and t on the brink of the grave. He consolation—that he should so her whose gentle spirit's depar three years before made tho scenes so insipid and repelling; he seemed to think harnight ag some years of labour; but that h faded away, and he was oblige to retire into the shade, amid i able regrets, and courageously i meek obedience to the behests of prepared to bid adieu to earth.

Mysterious coincidences, hot and gloomy, happen! His daughter, at the age of twenty, most tenderly beloved of his, who inherited the virtues and i her mother, sickened, faded, a by his side. They went tog loving companions down the sh of affliction—it was equally el they were both marked for dent seemed also equally ripe. On cation he crawled to her cham with radiant face and throbbing greeted her thus: "Well, El which of us think you shall fir the goal?" "Oh, father! I hope be the first—that you may be yet a while for further service." haps that is best, and I may stronger one to bear the pang ing,—but do you long to go?" for there I shall see — and — ——" "Well! tell them that coming!" So far was the futu from being "*un grand pent*," e great perhaps), as the French sopher has termed it, to the father and child clasping each o the extreme verge of the visible She died in peace. Three weeks e and he also entered into rest. Th laid together in the grave so closed over the mother of the fu But this was not sufficient. I more months, his eldest son, a t for the ministry, followed, and w by their side!

Seldom has the public feelin so convulsed as it was by this w desolation of a family. The neighbourhood—indeed many c

—and to some considerable extent all the Principality, felt the shock and partook in the lamentation; for “a great man and a prince had fallen,” and along with himself there had been gathered in the sheaf of death the best beloved of his heart and of the Churches!

The *cacoethes scribendi* is not one of the rarest infirmities of frail humanity. How often are we brought into vexatious contiguity with a man who is resolved

— in spite  
Of Nature and his stars to write!

All this was reversed in the case of Mr. Williams. Of all the brilliant performances of this man of wisdom and eloquence nothing remains but mere *disjecta membra*—a few imperfect skeletons of his sermons. In the course of thirty and three years what an amount of thought and power did he dispense, which, if preserved, might be a lasting boon to society! But to writing he had an invincible antipathy, and there was no man wise enough to become a Boswell contiguous to him. On account of his dislike to writing, and on several others, he might be called the Robert Hall of Wales—although wanting in the classic culture of that great man. Not only in eloquence—in large and sublime conceptions—in polemical acumen and boldness—in catholicity of spirit towards all sections of Christians—but also in the power of mentally surveying the length and breadth of his subject, arranging all his ideas and illustrations, and freely delivering the whole in unbroken succession, without committing a line to paper,—did he resemble Robert Hall. Many a time was he importuned to write out some of his most powerful discourses. But no: he deemed not his “poor thoughts” of such value—living in the midst of mental affluence, he had come to consider all his precious things as common.

In a small volume of memoirs compiled by Mr. Rees are several letters and extracts from ministerial friends who had long known Mr. Williams, from which we subjoin a few remarks as concluding illustrations of the character of this rare and lamented man.

Rev. T. Pierce, Liverpool, says: “He did not confine his usefulness to the pulpit merely, but his entire life was a preaching and a consecration for the universal good of mankind. Christianity shone in his private intercourses—grace sounded in his every word—the Gospel radiated from his countenance.

His pure life and his gentle spirit won the respect of all, of even the most unconcerned. The comprehensiveness and consistency of his theological views, the lofty flights of his genius, and the splendour of his conceptions are so well known to all that I need not at length refer to them. I never enjoyed his company, but I felt my mind expanded and my spirit gladdened. He always appeared to me to excel all others, but also always to be aiming at making others to excel. I believe it would cause him joy to see all his brethren better preachers than himself. . . . But I know not where, or how, to stop.”

Rev. W. Jones, vicar of a parish in Anglesea, in a prize essay on the national character of the Welsh, has thus written: “One of the ablest and most popular ministers that ever graced the Independent body was the Rev. W. Williams. He was doubtless an extraordinary character—possessed of thinking powers at once original and splendid. Of all the orators of the age (amongst our nation) he was probably the clearest—he preached so lucidly that not only did all understand, but it would seem impossible not to have understood him. His imagination was ever travelling to gather the fairest flowers of rhetoric for the pleasure and for the instruction of his auditors. He had great power over attention and feeling: smiles would sit on many countenances: but when the preacher thundered, fear laid hold of the transgressor, and alarm was visibly depicted on his mien.”

Rev. M. Jones, late tutor of an Academy at Bala, writes: “How clearly would he show that the laws of the Divine procedure towards our world were the same in all ages, only that the circumstances of their administration varied. The great principles according to which God dealt with Israel at the Red Sea he saw at work in the small affairs and events of families and Churches in his own locality. The law after which Pharaoh’s heart was hardened he detected in operation in the conduct of those who still reject the truth; and he expounded these principles in a manner so masterly and felicitous that one might suppose he had been an actual witness of their first manifestations.”

Rev. S. Roberts says: “I do not remember ever being in his society but that he gave the conversation a turn beneficial both to mind and heart. He would begin, perhaps, by inquiring

concerning the last work on theology he had read or heard of; or by asking the meaning of some passage of Scripture; or by noting the wonderful improvements taking place in the arts of life, and their bearing on human happiness; or by referring to the aims and reasoning of men in Parliament in reference to liberty of conscience and the spread of truth, &c. I had once the privilege of travelling in his company through a part of North Wales, in the anti-slavery cause, and I remember noticing two things very particularly in his conduct during that tour—his indefatigable endeavours to possess himself of all possible information concerning the slave trade, and his exceeding care to narrate the facts he collected in a manner consistent with candour and truth. After observing his industry and watchfulness in these two things, I did not greatly wonder at the marvellous effects produced by his energy and eloquence on the minds of the people. . . . He was one of the *loveliest* men that our country ever nurtured."

Rev. D. Rees, alluding to the work of writing a biography of Mr. Williams, observes: "Much skill is sometimes required to lift up to view the virtues which are worthy of imitation in a man, without at the same time exposing defects. But here you need not be afraid. Give full license to your powers of portraiture—say what you may of his excellences, his talents, his amiableness—none who knew Mr. Williams will ever say you have drawn a flattering likeness. Seldom, if ever, did the Christian virtues meet in such a rich uniform cluster. . . . When he last visited the South he spent a fortnight as my guest; and I then plainly saw the meaning of the Apostle's language, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

An American divine, the Rev. Calvin Colton, happened on one occasion in London to hear Mr. Williams preach, and wrote an account of the event to the *New York Observer*. He was invited by a friend who promised to induce Mr. Williams, who was to preach in Welsh, to give the substance of his discourse in English,\* for the special benefit of the American brother. "Great

was my surprise," he writes, "at the powers and attainments of the man. In many respects he is a man of God's own formation. . . . He is one of the great men of Wales—great in natural capacity, great as the effect of labour and industry, and great in religious knowledge and excellence. . . . While he spoke in English it was sufficiently obvious he was not at home. The audience were listless: but the moment he opened his lips in his native speech [though most present understood English] their attention was awakened; the effect grew as he proceeded; they hung upon his lips; opened their mouths; smiled in approbation; and some actually laughed. This last, as a friend replied to my inquiry, was not so much the effect of a witticism, but of a vivacious and pertinent application of the truth he was illustrating."

Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, gives his estimate of him thus: "As to what he was as a preacher, I could only learn from the testimony of others, and from the effects I saw produced on those who understood the language in which he spoke. As to what he was as a man and a Christian, I had the privilege of knowing something from personal observation; and I can assert that every time I had the pleasure of enjoying his society, it produced on my mind a still deeper impression of the fervency of his piety and the tenderness of his heart. I have often said that I considered him one of the most lovely and cheerful characters I ever had the delight of knowing. I was frequently reminded when in his company, of the beautiful language which Andrew Fuller used when speaking of the late Mr. Pearce, of Birmingham—'Mild as a summer's evening—fragrant as the roses of May.'"

Thus have we shown, we hope, that Williams, of Wern, was such a man—such a preacher—that his name ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion. He was great as a divine—great as a sacred orator, and, what is more—on his humble tomb in the rural burial-place of Wern may be placed the inscription which, with less truth but more blazonry, is put on that of Gregory the Great—

"Implebatque acta quidquid sermone docebat."

HE LIVED WHAT HE PREACHED.

T. N.

\* Through Mrs. Williams' assistance, who preferred English, and always spoke it in the family, he had by slow degrees attained to a tolerable knowledge of that language—he could speak, not with accuracy, but with considerable ease and effect.

## M O Z A R T.

PERHAPS to no one of the "dead kings of melody"—as Shelley finely designates the musical Titans whose works have contributed so largely to the enjoyment of the whole civilised world—is the art more indebted than to the subject of our memoir. Handel was undoubtedly more massive, Beethoven more profound and impassioned, Haydn and Mendelssohn more refined; but Mozart's precocity of genius, versatility of talent, and multitudinous achievements render him unique among the greatest musical geniuses the world has ever known.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born January 27, 1756, at Salzburg. His father, Leopold, was the son of a bookbinder at Augsburg, whence he removed to Salzburg, where he studied jurisprudence at the university. Being a good musician, and an excellent violinist, he entered, on leaving the university, the family of Count Von Thurn, a canon of the cathedral, and afterwards, at his recommendation, the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg. Here he by degrees raised himself to the post of sub-director of the Archbishop's chapel; a situation which seems to have been anything but a lucrative one, as we find him, in his twenty-first year, publishing six violin trios which he had composed, and which he had engraved himself to save expense. That he was a man of some ambition and considerable industry is evident from the fact of his having composed, before his eclipse by the superior talents of his son, no less than twelve oratorios, besides a multitude of pieces for the church, the theatre, &c. As soon as he found himself in possession of the means, he married one Anna Bertina, and the young couple were so distinguished for beauty, that it was remarked in the city that so handsome a couple had never before been seen there. Seven children were born to them, all of whom died in their infancy, except a girl and a boy. The girl, Maria Anna, was some five years older than her brother, whose life we propose to sketch, and survived him many years.

With the increase of his family, poor Leopold Mozart was compelled to redouble his efforts as a teacher of the

violin and clavier, the latter being a keyed instrument, which was the precursor of the pianoforte. His mode of tuition seems to have been very judicious, and his reputation was soon greatly increased by the publication, about the time of his boy's birth, of his *Violinschule*, a work highly esteemed by violinists. Himself an enthusiast in music, it was but natural that the father should be solicitous for the musical education of his children. His little daughter, Maria Anna, had no sooner reached the age of seven than she became her father's pupil, and made rapid progress. Little Wolfgang was at this period only three years old, but as he was constantly present at his sister's lessons, he soon manifested his interest in the music by striking thirds and other harmonious intervals. When a year older his father began to give him lessons also, and it is recorded that even at this infantine age he could remember the solos in any concerts he attended. So much, indeed, had his musical precocity now developed itself, that he could learn a short piece in half an hour, and play it neatly in true time, could unravel intuitively the mysteries of harmony, and even compose little pieces which his father wrote down for him. The book in which these productions were written was kept by his sister, as a precious memorial, to the end of her life. Mr. Holmes, in his fascinating "Life of Mozart," presents us with several specimens of his composition in his fourth and sixth years.

The father, Leopold Mozart, whose shrewd business-like habits were strengthened, no doubt, by his slender means, seeing the indubitable evidences of singular musical talent in his children, decided to take them both to the Bavarian Court at Munich, for which place they set out in January, 1762.

As a child little Wolfgang was ardent and sensitive to an extraordinary degree; continually he would ask those about him whether they loved him, and if in jest they answered in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears. His ardour was so great, that before he applied himself to music he would be sometimes so absorbed by a game that he would forget even his meals. Of arithmetic

he was so fond that the walls, the tables, and the floor were covered with his figures. But, although his fondness for arithmetic remained with him through life, yet music gradually gained the complete ascendancy over him, and even the removal of his playthings from one room to another was often done by him to music.

The precocious genius of young Wolfgang began now rapidly to develop itself. Nothing in his musical tuition appeared new to him; it seemed impossible to teach him anything he did not know before. He now, although only six years old, began to display the ambition and the science of a composer, and could even write in score, and compose without an instrument. One day the father, returning from church with a friend, found his little son busy with pen and ink. "What are you doing there?" said the father. "Writing a concerto for the clavier," was the reply; "the first part is just finished." "It must be something very fine, I dare say: let us look at it." "No, no, it is not ready yet," said the boy. The father took up the paper, which was covered with blotted notes so as to be scarcely legible, and with his friend laughed heartily. Examining the composition, however, more attentively, his laughter was turned into tears of joy, for he found there were ideas in the music far beyond the years of the little composer. Observing to the boy that it was exceedingly difficult, "It is a concerto," he replied, "and must be practised before it can be performed. It ought to go in this way." And, as well as he was able, he began to play, in order to give an idea of the music. This concerto was written with accompaniments in full score. The father's time now became so absorbed in the musical tuition of his children, that he gave up his general teaching, and about this time took them for three weeks to Munich, where young Wolfgang played a concerto before the Elector with great applause.

Returning to Salzburg our little genius began to study the violin, some one having given him a small one adapted to his size. He had as yet received no regular lessons when an excellent violinist, named Wenzl, called one day on his father to try over some new trios he himself had composed. The father played the bass on the viola, Wenzl

the first violin, and Schachtner, a trumpeter, the second. Little Wolfgang begged he might be permitted to play the second violin, which his father refused, on the ground that he had had no instruction. The child replied that it was not necessary to have been taught, to play a second violin part, but the father bade him go away and not disturb them. At this rebuff, he left the room, with his little fiddle, crying bitterly, but was recalled at the special request of his friend the trumpeter, who begged he might be allowed to play the second part with him. Little Wolfgang, though he had been allowed to play only on condition that he played so softly that no one could hear him, played so well that the trumpeter, looking at the astonished father, laid aside his violin. The father was so overjoyed that he could not refrain from tears, and after they had played through the whole of the six trios, the young violinist was so intoxicated with the applause of the party that he actually attempted the first violin part.

In the autumn of 1762 the father started with his two children for Vienna, and during their tour gave concerts with great success. At one small town where they stopped, we find little Woferl, as he was familiarly called, rattling on the organ belonging to a Franciscan monastery there so cleverly that the astonished fathers hastened from the dinner table into the choir to listen. At the opera the delighted father overhears the Archduke Leopold talking to some one respecting his boy. They were continually introduced to personages of the highest rank, and the father writes—"Everywhere the ladies are in love with my boy." So great an effect was produced by these concerts that the family soon received a summons to attend at the Austrian Court. Their appearance there is thus described by the father: "We were so graciously received by both their Majesties, that my relation would be held for a fable. Woferl sprang into the lap of the Empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six o'clock, and the Emperor himself came into the ante-chamber to fetch me in to hear the child play on the violin." These visits were repeated again and again, and on one occasion the Empress sent two robes for the children, Wolfgang's being "of a lily

colour, of the finest cloth, with a waistcoat of the same, the coat, &c., with double broad gold borders." Thus arrayed, our little genius became so popular that the carriages of the nobility were continually at the disposal of the family; they were often engaged at several places the same evening, and were bespoke sometimes eight days in advance.

A little cloud obscured for a moment this brilliant sky. One evening while young Wolfgang was at the Palace he seemed unwell, and soon after exhibited a kind of scarlet eruption. The anxious father, who seems to have combined in his mental constitution a strange mixture of stern common sense with gross superstition, concludes a letter on the subject with, "Pray get read three holy masses to Loretto, and three to the holy Francis de Paula." The boy soon recovered, but the nobility were so afraid of any kind of eruptive disorder that a whole month was passed in profitless privacy.

At the expiration of this period, however, the family again appeared in public, and again at Court. Complimentary verses from the literary, nods and smiles from beauty, fashion, and even royalty, and occasionally acknowledgments of a more substantial character, were of constant occurrence, and the Emperor Francis himself, who was accustomed to call Wolfgang "the little magician," was fond of diverting himself with him. Sometimes the Emperor would cover the keys of the piano with a handkerchief, and tell him to play with one finger.

The organisation of young Wolfgang was so exceedingly delicate that he could not bear the sound of the trumpet, especially when blown by itself; indeed, the very handling of it by any one alarmed him. His ear was so exquisitely discriminative of sound that he would at once detect the slightest flatness in the tuning of an instrument.

It is pleasing to find that in spite of the vitiating atmosphere of applause in which he lived, he was still a simple, affectionate child, obedient, and free from affectation and vanity. So obedient indeed was he, that presents, and even sweetmeats, were declined till he had received permission to accept them. For his father he entertained the deepest love and veneration, and was accustomed to say, "God first, and then papa," and cherished the strange fancy of having

his father preserved in a glass case when he should grow old, that he might the better admire him. It was also his custom to sing, every night before he went to bed, a tune he had composed, which he sung standing in a chair, while his father stood by his side to sing the seconds. During this, and after it, he would kiss the tip of his father's nose, and having thus shown his affection, go quietly to bed. This was his habit till he was upwards of nine years old.

Wolfgang being now eight years old, and, with his sister, much improved in music, the family again set out on a tour and gave concerts at various places. The celebrated organ at Heidelberg attracting the party as they passed through the city, our young organist played so admirably that the dean ordered his name to be inscribed on the instrument as a remembrance. Concerts were given at Mayence, Frankfurt, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and the party, laden with presents, but with a slender purse, arrived at Paris. Of the reception of the family by the Court at Versailles we know nothing, except that, according to the sister's account, Madame Pompadour placed her little brother on a table, and on his endeavouring to kiss her she turned away, on which he angrily said, "Who is this that will not kiss me?" The Empress kissed me." An organ performance he gave in the chapel here was attended by the entire Court. Here also he published his first works, two sets of sonatas for the clavier with violin accompaniment. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people, or the attention of the nobility and Court, and the Mozarts, well satisfied with the harvest they had reaped, set out for England by way of Calais, in April, 1764.

The family remained in England till the summer of the following year, and lodged in London, at the house of a Mr. Williamson, in Frith-street, Soho. They had scarcely arrived a week when the two children were honoured with an audience at Court, and on a subsequent occasion Wolfgang played on the King's organ with great applause. On one of these occasions it is said that the celebrated J. C. Bach, the Queen's music-master, took our little hero between his knees, and played a few bars, which the boy continued, and that thus playing by turns they performed an entire sonata,

as though by one pair of hands. The brother and sister, it seems, in their public performances, were accustomed to play double concertos on two claviers, and the boy sang airs with the greatest feeling. The father in one of his letters speaks with raptures of the condescension and friendliness of the King and Queen, which made amends for the (in his estimation) meagre pay—twenty-four guineas per evening.

A concert of the family in June was fashionably patronised, and brought them much profit, though the expense of an English orchestra quite alarmed the father. Another concert, at which Wolfgang played an organ concerto, was given at the celebrated Ranelagh Gardens. The father, speaking of his children at this time, says: "My girl is esteemed the first female performer in Europe, though only twelve years old . . . and Wolfgang, though only eight, possesses the acquirements of a man of forty." His head had before this been full of an opera; and he now, his father being ill, and he himself precluded from playing, commenced writing a symphony, his first attempt of the kind.

The family, on the recovery of the father, removed to Chelsea, and resided in the house of Mr. Randall, in Five Field Row. Towards the close of the year (1764) a third set of sonatas was published, dedicated to Queen Charlotte, who sent Wolfgang fifty guineas for the compliment. The celebrated Daines Barrington, who had some doubts respecting the real age of the child, and who made a visit to the family the subject of a long paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and who went expressly to puzzle the child, but without success, gives the following account of him: "Whilst playing to me, a favourite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time. He would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of horse." The concerts, however, at last no longer possessing the charm of novelty, the receipts gradually diminished, and as the father had spent 300*l.* during their first year in London, he decided not to try a second, and accordingly departed for the Hague.

On their way to Holland, young Wolfgang played at Lille, and on the organ at Antwerp Cathedral. They had

not been many weeks at the Hague when his sister was taken alarmingly ill, and shortly afterwards he himself had a dangerous attack of fever. On his recovery we find him again busily composing, and a symphony, a *quodlibet* for the Installation festival of the Prince of Orange, a set of six sonatas for the clavier and violin, and an oratorio, were rapidly thrown off by his unwearied pen. His sister informs us that during this tour he lived so thoroughly in cloud-land that he imagined himself a king, and that his subjects were good children, the servant of the family being directed by him to draw a chart of his kingdom, he himself dictating the names of its cities, towns, and villages.

The father, Leopold Mozart, was engaged with thoughts of a more prosaic description. His leave of absence from Salzburg had long since expired, he must now return, and he knew not what sort of reception he might meet with from the Archbishop. Their tour, though not unprofitable, had been less productive, taking into account doctors' expenses and a liberal style of living, than might have been expected.

At Paris, young Wolfgang composed (his first essay at church music) the Kyrie of a mass for four voices and four stringed instruments. The family reached Salzburg, by way of Lyons and Schaffhausen, at the latter end of 1766. As Wolfgang had now more leisure, he practised and studied the works of the great masters. The Archbishop, too, began to appreciate his talents; and he was employed by the University to compose the music to a Latin comedy, entitled "*Apollo and Hyacinth*."

In the autumn of the following year the family set out for Vienna. At the monastery of Mülk, young Wolfgang, on touching the organ, was at once recognised by the organist. The breaking out of the small-pox at Vienna, however, set aside all their plans, and they hurried to Olmütz. Here the poor boy sickened, attacked himself by this distressing malady, and lay blind nine days. During this year he composed a German operetta, called "*Bastien und Bastienne*."

Envy, however, as is well known, dogs the heels of distinction; and the musicians of Vienna could not endure the popularity of a boy twelve years of age, invited to Court, and petted by the Emperor and Empress themselves

They tried all means, therefore, of injuring his reputation, protesting that his playing was all quackery and harlequinade; and the father saw no way of putting these implacable enemies to silence, except getting his boy to compose an opera, an idea for which he was indebted to the Emperor. The boy accordingly set to work, and selected the libretto of "*La Finta Semplice*," choosing probably an opera buffa, in consequence of there being no singers in Vienna at the time capable of a serious opera. The work was completed almost as soon as proposed to him, but, when ready for the stage, managerial ingenuity seems to have been exercised to devise means to ruin or suppress it. "The whole hell of music," writes the incensed father, "has bestirred itself to prevent the talent of a child from being known." The opera, having been written for a particular company, was not readily available for any other, and, to add to the vexation of the father, his noble friends would not believe in the existence of any ill feeling against his boy. His trouble was increased by learning that his salary at Salzburg was suspended, and his situation in danger, but on being requested to return refused, adroitly assigning as a reason his determination to vindicate his son's honour, and "acquaint the world what a miracle it has pleased God to work in Salzburg." The poor father, however, though he even stated his grievances to the Emperor himself, was unable to obtain any redress from the manager, Affligio.

But our indefatigable genius was not discouraged. In little more than a month he was ready with a mass, an offertorium, and a "trumpet concerto for a boy," all of which were very popular. He now occupied himself in studying the higher style of composition, and improving himself in Italian. Being appointed concert master to the Archbishop, though it brought him little honour or profit, he, from a laudable ambition that it should not be a mere sinecure, composed an occasional mass, a practice which he indeed continued till he was twenty-two years old.

In December, 1769, Leopold Mozart started, with his boy, for Italy, on a holiday tour. The Italians seem to have been enthusiastic in their admiration of our young genius, the churches being filled to hear the boy organist, and on

one occasion at a monastery the monks were compelled to conduct him to the organ by a private passage. The nobility invited and fêted them; a private gentleman had Wolfgang's portrait painted; and the intoxicated boy wrote home to his sister a madcap letter, full of lingual playfulness and vivacity, signing himself "Thy faithful brother, *Portez vous bien et aimez moi toujours*." Indeed, his letters to his sister are full of comicality and grotesque fun. In one of them he tells her that Gellert "is dead, and since his death has written no more poetry;" in another, that a certain *secunda donna* "has a presence like a grenadier;" in another, "Remember me to Nandl, and tell her to pray for me lustily;" in another letter he writes, "Kiss mamma's hand for me 1,000,000,000,000 times;" and in another, "I send thee a hundred busses or smacks on thy wondrous little horse-face."

Arriving at length at Rome during the Holy Week, they hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the celebrated "*Miserere*," by Allegri, a production so highly esteemed that the musicians were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take away any part of it, or to copy it. Young Mozart, however, was quite equal to the difficulty, for notwithstanding that the music was composed for a double choir, and had no perceptible rhythm, yet two visits sufficed to complete the task; his MS. being concealed in his hat during the second hearing, for correction and completion. The feat was soon talked of in Rome, and might have been productive of serious consequences had not the audacity of the theft and the genius of the thief excited the admiration of the people.

From Rome they went to Naples, where their concert was highly successful, and nobility and royalty heaped upon them attentions and applause. Returning to Rome, and thence to Bologna, young Mozart was elected, at the latter place, member of the Philharmonic Society; and on his arrival at Milan, in November, set to work on an opera, "*Mitridate, Re di Ponto*," which he had been commissioned to write for the ensuing Christmas. After a few obstacles, arising from the want of confidence of the *primi donna*, and the doubt whether so young a boy, and he a German, could write an Italian opera,



it was produced, and was triumphant. It was received with a hurricane of applause, was performed twenty times consecutively, and the result proved so satisfactory to the manager that the boy was immediately commissioned to compose another. Leaving Milan, they returned by way of Venice and Padua, and reached home towards the end of March, 1771.

On his arrival, young Wolfgang found another commission awaiting him from no less a personage than the Empress Maria Theresa, to compose a grand dramatic serenata in honour of the approaching nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand, the veteran Hasse being also engaged to write an opera for the same occasion. In October both were produced, and the serenata, "*Ascanis in Alba*," seems to have been singularly successful, so much so, indeed, that the older Mozart writes that "it has knocked Hasse's opera on the head." His aged rival, on hearing the rehearsal of the serenata, himself declared publicly—"This boy will throw us all into the shade."

A new Archbishop being elected to the government of Salzburg, Mozart composed a serenata in honour of his new master, which was quickly followed by seven orchestral symphonies, divertimentos, &c. It was about this time, and for a similar occasion, that the celebrated grand fugue "*Pignus futurę glorię*" was composed.

In October, 1772, Wolfgang again set off, with his father, for Milan, in order to superintend the getting up of his promised opera, "*Lucio Silla*." After many vexatious delays, the opera was produced, but certainly under very disadvantageous circumstances. On the evening of its production, a delay of not less than three hours took place, and it was two in the morning before the curtain, which did not rise till eight, descended. This terrible ordeal, however, it survived, and had a run of between twenty and thirty nights.

In the middle of the ensuing year we find the two Mozarts again at Vienna, where they made a stay of about two months. During this year Wolfgang seems chiefly to have employed himself in the composition of quartets and quintets. The following Christmas he went to Munich, where he wrote the opera buffa, "*La Finta Giardiniera*," for the carnival, a work interesting as

manifesting a dramatic power beyond anything he had as yet written. Success was complete, the very orce declaring "they had never heard so attractive composition, the airs beautiful without exception." In this visit he also composed two masses, and some other church m

The following year was distinguished by the composition of "*Il Re Pa*" a serenata composed in honour of a visit to Salzburg by the Archduke Milan. The patronage of the bishop seems, however, to have been merely nominal value, and it is scarcely credible that a genius so and an industry so unwearied have been valued at a salary of *one guinea* per annum. It is now that we find the elder Mozart, in disgust at such illiberality, resigns about this time the resignation son's office, and determining to go on a tour in search of an appointment for him elsewhere. The mother consequently left Salzburg in September, 1777, to try their fortune in Munich.

Munich, however, in spite of plaudits of the great, proved barren field, and Mozart and his father determined to try Augsburg. A genius that had converted the *chil* a prodigy, was now, to a listless novelty-seeking public, scarcely sufficient to excite interest in the and he was continually advised to go in Italy and get fame! Our rant, however, was not discount and on one occasion being stared the people during a rehearsal, exclaimed "They think, because I am little young, that nothing great or old can in me; but they shall soon see!"

Proceeding on to Mannheim, the residence of another German Elector found that envy and jealousy had been busy in throwing every possible impediment in his way. The Elector and lady were delighted, and a handsome gold watch (he had already had presented to him) was pressed for acceptance; but the influence of Abbé Vogler, the second *kappellmeister*, was adverse, and the conceited orce seem to have judged him rather of insignificance of his figure than of greatness of his genius.

If Mannheim, however, disappointed his expectations in a pecuniary point of view, it possessed one object of

which sustained him amid the earliest disappointments—a certain demoiselle Weber, with whom he fell nestly in love. This young lady was fifteen, the daughter of a poor but rich German, and was a fine singer. With her and her father he paid a visit a few days to the Princess of Weirg, a celebrated amateur, at Kirchheimland, where he passed the brief time lightly.

In the spring of 1778, Wolfgang, with his mother, arrived in Paris, where he reluctantly betook himself to the intention of gaining a subsistence by teaching—a step which seems to have been taken through the urgent counsel of his sagacious father, who appears to have thought teaching a far more likely way of obtaining a living than an composing. It was impossible, however, for him entirely to sink the composer in the teacher, and he had scarcely settled in Paris before he was busy in choruses, concertos, and an opera. Invitations multiplied rapidly, and visiting was expensive in such a city as Paris, and at the approach of winter he could only boast of having worked enough to carry him through it, and three pupils. It is true the organistship at Versailles was offered him, at a salary of 2,000 livres per annum, with remission of absence during six months of the year. It was, however, declined.

The death of Mozart's excellent mother, in July of this year (1778), threw a dark shadow on his path, and brought out the tenderness and fortitude of his character in a manner very honourable to him as a son and a man. This sad event also greatly increased the anxiety of the elder Mozart for him, since young, inexperienced, and now alone, he was thus left surrounded by the most very elevating influences of the gayest capital in Europe. He accordingly pressed him to return immediately to Salzburg; and the Archbishop having engaged Wolfgang at a salary of 500 rins per annum, and (perhaps not less attractive) Mademoiselle Weber being out to sing there by invitation of the court, he quitted Paris about two months after the death of his mother. On his road home he gave concerts, but with very little success, and on his arrival at Munich found that Mademoiselle Weber had changed her mind, and received him very coldly. Our young genius seems, however, to have

speedily reconciled himself to his loss, and found a substitute for Aloysia in her younger sister Constance, who became his pupil and eventually his wife.

About the middle of January, 1779, Wolfgang rejoined his father at Salzburg, and was soon enrolled in the court calendar of that city as court and cathedral organist. A mass and some symphonies, probably written to please the Court rather than himself, were rapidly produced, but his mind was evidently becoming more and more turned to dramatic composition. About this time the Elector of Bavaria, requiring an *opera seria* for the ensuing carnival, sent him an order to compose one, and "Idomeneo" was the subject selected. The Archbishop's consent having been gained, he set to work with his usual enthusiasm, and on his arrival at Munich commenced composing, as he seldom composed his solos till he knew who were to be the singers. Here he drilled the orchestra, practised the chorus, planned the action, suggested the stage effects, with a self-reliance astonishing in a youth of five-and-twenty. In a few weeks the opera was ready, and though his solo vocalists seem to have been not the most capable, yet the fine instrumentalists who composed the orchestra were in raptures with the extraordinary beauty of the music, and at the end of January in the following year it was produced, with immense applause, to an audience made up partly of his fellow-townsmen attracted from Salzburg to hear it. Wolfgang was highly gratified at the success of his opera, and seems to have been passing his time at Munich, in company with the gifted instrumentalists there, very happily, and with no desire to leave. His leave of absence, however, had long since expired, and at length, in March, 1781, he was commanded to follow the court of Salzburg to Vienna.

To Vienna young Mozart accordingly went, but only to endure fresh indignities from his prelate patron. At table he was seated, above the cooks certainly, but below the valets, was compelled to abandon every chance of publicity or emolument, and was at length told to take himself off. This he was not long in doing, and for four or five years he earned a living in the city and its neighbourhood by giving music lessons at five shillings per lesson. His inventive powers, however, he did not

allow to lie dormant. The very same year of his departure from his patron he set to work on the opera "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*," which was produced with great success in the summer of the following year.

Constance Weber, whom we have already introduced to the reader, became, about a month after the production of this opera, Mozart's wife. Her constitution was delicate, and her illnesses, and the increase of a young family, soon reduced him to a very embarrassed condition. So straitened, indeed, seem to have been the pecuniary resources of the young couple that Mozart was arrested, within a year after his marriage, for a debt of thirty florins, while starting with his wife to visit his father at Salzburg. His difficulties, however, could not deprive him of his wonted gaiety, and in revisiting the scenes of his youth he seems to have experienced the greatest delight. The fine scenery, too, on the road, excited his musical imagination so much that he was continually singing or humming, exclaiming, "Oh, if I had but the theme on paper!"

On arriving at Salzburg, he set to work to complete a votive mass already begun, and to write some duets for poor Michael Haydn, who during a severe illness had been commanded by his patron to compose them by a certain day, on pain of losing his salary. These duets, written under such interesting circumstances, were presented in the name of Haydn, and were never claimed by Mozart. After occupying himself with two Italian operas, which, on review, were suppressed, Mozart returned to Vienna. Here he found assembled, in the spring of 1784, Paesello, Sarti, Stephen Storace, and Michael Kelly, and his engagements became very numerous. By these he was pressed to settle in England, a project he seems to have entertained with great favour.

Except producing a quartet, the whole of 1784 was passed in the dull routine of teaching, an occupation the emolument of which was considerable. This year, however, was by no means an uneventful one to Mozart, as during its course his old friend Padre Martini died, and his sister married. His delicate health now caused some uneasiness to his family and friends, and it was suggested by his medical advisers that he should stand at his desk to

compose, instead of sitting. It is probable that billiards, for the love of which Mozart has been so much reproached, were introduced into his house about this time, merely as affording him necessary exercise and relaxation.

In the early part of the following year, 1785, Mozart gave six subscription concerts, with great success. On one occasion, after he had performed a new concerto, before the Court, at the Opera, the Emperor took off his hat to him as the musician retired, crying out "Bravo, Mozart." The father, who had come over from Salzburg for a few weeks, to be the guest of his son, met the celebrated Joseph Haydn for the first time. To the inquiry, what he thought of his son, the veteran genius replied, "I must tell you, before God and as an honest man, that I think your son the greatest composer I ever heard of; besides his taste, he has a profound knowledge of composition." His father shortly after left him to return to Salzburg, and the father and son never met again.

The spring of 1785 produced Mozart's cantata "*Davidde Penitente*," a work which, for its originality and dignity, is highly esteemed in Germany, though little known in England. The following April he commenced the score of "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," for which he had been preparing the previous months, and which was undertaken on the suggestion of the Emperor Joseph. It seems scarcely credible that the entire opera was written in the course of the month; and so absorbed was he in his work, that the celebrated finale of the second act, consisting of six pieces, was composed in two nights a day, during which he wrote without intermission. This protracted application was, however, too much for him, for, during the second night, when still in a few pages of its completion, he was seized with illness, and compelled to desist. After a contest with two rival composers for precedence, who had each a new opera just ready, it was produced though not till the Emperor himself had interposed between the rival artists, deciding in favour of "*Figaro*." Kelly, the composer, has given an interesting sketch of Mozart, as he appeared on the stage at the first rehearsal, in his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat and the delight of the orchestra. On

the evening of its production a cabal rose among the singers, and Mozart is compelled, during the first and second acts, to go to the box of the Emperor, and appeal to him to interfere. The opera was highly successful, its party intrigue and professional jealousy appear to have been too strong for him; and the profits of the third representation, which were to have been his own, proved so inconsiderable, that, in August, he resolved at first never again to produce an opera at Vienna.

The ill success, in a pecuniary sense, of "Figaro," revived in Mozart's mind his long-cherished plan of settling in England. So fully was he determined that everything was packed up for the departure, when his appointment as chamber composer to the Emperor, with a pension, took place, and broke up his schemes.

During the winter of 1786, Mozart reduced some of his finest symphonies to his concerts. Just at this time Beethoven, then a mere youth, had come on a visit to Vienna, where, indeed, he finally settled, after Mozart's death. For a short time Beethoven became his pupil; and it is recorded that on one occasion, while the former was extemporising on a subject his master had given him, Mozart said to some bystanders, "Listen to that young man; he will some day make a noise in the world." Among his compositions at this period were his symphony in D, and his pianoforte concerto in C.

If the success of "Figaro," however, was small at Vienna, it was unexampled in Prague. Here Mozart had been invited by Count Thun, a distinguished connoisseur, and "Figaro" was produced at the theatre amid the most enthusiastic acclamations. By its means the theatre was rescued from its embarrassments, while the opera was soon arranged in every conceivable form, and its melodies echoed in every street, and at the door of every beer-shop. So greatly was Mozart encouraged by the success of "Figaro" in Prague, that he remarked to Bondini, the manager of the theatre, "As the Bohemians understand me so well, I must write an opera for their purpose." The manager took him at his word, and entered into contract with him on the spot, to produce an opera for his theatre for the following winter. It proved, in course of time, an opera indeed—no other than *Il Don Giovanni*."

After a few weeks, spent chiefly in the not unprofitable employment of composing dance music, Mozart returned to Vienna, where, shortly afterwards, the melancholy tidings reached him of the death of his father, at Salzburg.

The autumn of this year (1787) found Mozart at the country house of a friend, in whose summer-house he composed serenades and sonatas. Not a bar of "Don Giovanni" had as yet been written; but as he had thoroughly digested the subject in his mind, he set off again for Prague, taking his wife with him. Here, at the house of his friend Dussek, who lived at a vineyard near the city, beneath the tempered rays of an autumnal sun, and in the open air "Don Giovanni" was composed. As, during his stay, there were many guests, there was abundance of talk and laughter, but Mozart pursued his work, and even joined in their bowl playing, rising up from his labours when it came round to his turn to play. In about six weeks the opera was completed, with the exception of the overture. The short week allowed for the stage rehearsals had almost expired, and the evening before its performance was spent by Mozart among a large party assembled in the house of his host. During the evening an anxious friend remarked to him that the opera was to be performed on the morrow, and that the overture was not yet written. He seemed to think awhile, and about midnight retired to his room, desiring his wife to make some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. She told him fairy tales and comical stories, at which he laughed excessively. The punch made him so sleepy that he could only go on while his wife continued talking. At length he became so fatigued that she persuaded him to take some rest, promising to wake him in an hour. He slept so soundly, however, that she did not like to wake him till five, two hours afterwards. He had appointed the music copiers to come at seven, and by the time they arrived the overture was completed. They do not seem to have been themselves very diligent, for in the evening the opera, which should have commenced at seven, was delayed for the overture till nearly eight, when the parts, covered with sand, were hurriedly brought into the orchestra, and Mozart himself entered to take his place as con-

ductor. The overture commenced, but, although quite unrehearsed, it pleased the audience so much that they with difficulty suppressed their emotions. Thus was produced his dramatic *chef d'œuvre*; "of all musical romances," as his biographer, Mr. Holmes, remarks, "certainly the first." The pay for this work of genius was the paltry sum of about 100 ducats; and it is singular that the "Tartare," of Salieri, an opera now nearly forgotten, which was brought out at Vienna with "Don Giovanni," was far more popular.

The Emperor Joseph, afraid that Mozart would altogether abandon Vienna, determined to propitiate him by appointing him chamber composer to the Court, with the annual salary of 800 florins. The office seems, however, to have afforded him little gratification, as there was no duty to perform, and no reputation to be made; and on one occasion he sent the following in a note with the receipt, "Too much for what I do; too little for what I could do."

During the year 1788, Mozart remained at Vienna, writing music for the court balls. Three symphonies, also, among which was the celebrated Jupiter symphony, were composed this year. The two following years his pen seems to have been comparatively idle, probably owing to dejection induced by sickness and pecuniary perplexity. His absence from Vienna was often owing to the clamour of creditors, and he seems to have sought a temporary forgetfulness of his trials in the society of convivial friends, and in masquerades and balls, to which his great love of dancing specially inclined him. The purity which characterised his earlier years seems to have been at this period not altogether untarnished, though he still retained the warmest affection for his wife and home. During this year he appears to have made Handel's choruses his chief study, and, among other diverse compositions, to have written additional accompaniments to his "Acis and Galatea."

In the spring of the following year, Mozart's genius was employed in enriching the score of "The Messiah." In April, he left Vienna on a tour, and while at Prague entered into an agreement to produce an opera for the theatre during the following autumn for 200 ducats, a sum double his usual

price. The opera, thus originated, was the celebrated "Cosi fan tutte." About this time Mozart had the honour of playing before the King (Frederic William II. of Prussia), who delightedly listened almost daily to his extemporaneous fantasias, or engaged him to perform quartets with select players. So greatly pleased, indeed, was the King, that he offered him a pension of 8,000 dollars a year on condition of his remaining at Berlin to superintend the royal orchestra there. Whatever were his reasons, he did not accept this tempting offer, and still continued in the service of the Emperor Joseph.

In 1790, "Cosi fan tutte," the opera above alluded to, was brought out at Vienna, but with no remarkable success. The summer found him busily occupied in composing additional accompaniments for Handel's "Alexander's Feast" and the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;" at the autumn immersed in pecuniary difficulties so great, that, before he could make a journey to Frankfort, his wife was compelled to part with some of his jewels. His buoyant spirits, however, even in such circumstances, seem by no means to have forsaken him. At the end of an anxious letter to his wife, he writes the following postscript: "In writing the foregoing page, many tears fell on the paper. Now let us be merry. Prepare yourself; the kisses begin to fly about amazingly. Teufel! here's a crowd of them. Ha! ha! I just now caught three that were delicious."

During the last year of Mozart's life (1791), he seems to have laboured with an assiduity greater than ever. For the carnival, he composed no less than thirty-five minuets and other dances in six weeks, during January and February. Among these are the waltzes commonly known as Mozart's. During May he was applied to by an embarrassed manager to compose an opera for him, and a few weeks after, assenting to write it on very liberal terms, "Zauberflöte" was produced. Its success was great and its reputation spread rapidly all over Germany; but whatever gain it brought to the manager, very little benefit accrued to Mozart.

It was at this period of Mozart's life that the singular incident occurred, so well known in connexion with the celebrated "Requiem." Early in August of this year, a stranger called on him with an unsigned letter, the purport of which

was to inquire whether he would compose a Requiem, and, if so, by what time and at what price. The stranger was very flattering and mysterious in his manner; and on his departure, Mozart, who never engaged in anything without consulting his wife, related to her the singular proposition. Mozart was by no means unwilling to attempt this style of composition, and his wife urging him to try it, he wrote an assent and stated his terms, excusing himself from naming the precise date for its completion, but requesting to know where it should be sent when finished. His visitant returned in a few days, paid him twenty-five ducats, half the sum demanded, in advance, and told Mozart that, in consideration of his moderate price, he might expect a present on the completion of the work. He was also directed to make no attempt to discover his employer, as it would be in vain. On his departure Mozart fell into a profound reverie, after which he suddenly called for his writing materials and began to write. He had not done much, however, when he was interrupted by receiving the commission to compose the opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, at Prague, which was now wanted forthwith. On the 18th of the same month he started, with his wife, for that city commenced the composition in his carriage, and finished it at Prague, in eighteen days. They were just stepping into the travelling carriage when the stranger suddenly reappeared, and inquired, "How will the Requiem proceed now?" Mozart excused his journey on the plea of necessity, and the impossibility of giving notice of it to his employer; but, expressing his determination to proceed with the work immediately on his return, the stranger appeared satisfied and departed.

Mozart, whose health had for some time past been rapidly failing him, was ill during the whole of his visit to Prague, and constantly took medicine. He was pale and melancholy, and only revived occasionally when in cheerful society. Under such circumstances, "*La Clemenza di Tito*," the opera above alluded to, was composed, and was produced early in September. It was received somewhat coldly, but the inhabitants of Prague were just at this time stupified with the gaieties of a coronation. The "*Zauberflöte*," which was produced at Vienna about three

weeks afterwards, was far more successful.

Mozart's health became worse. He could no longer attend the theatre to conduct his opera. But, though confined to his house, he would place his watch by his side, and in imagination follow the performance through the evening, saying, "Now the first act is over," "Now they are singing such an air;" and then he would ponder over his approaching end. During this time he was at work with the Requiem, partly at home, but more commonly in a friend's garden, and he was observed to be unusually silent and dejected. His wife, hoping to distract his attention, engaged his friends to call as though by chance, but nothing seemed to rouse him. One day his wife drove out with him, and on reaching a retired spot, Mozart began to talk of death, and said he was writing the Requiem for himself. His wife endeavouring to talk him out of his fancies, he, with tears, replied: "No, no; I am but too well convinced that I cannot last long. I have certainly been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of this idea." The score of the Requiem was removed, by the advice of a physician, and his health for awhile improved; but his family could not long keep it from him, and his illness returned.

It is sad to find that just as Mozart's protracted struggles for competency were beginning to tell, his health was rapidly sinking, and his hours in this world became numbered. On his return from Prague he found a kapellmeistership awaiting him, and commissions from Holland and Hungary, which, in addition to his theatrical engagements, would have insured him a competent income. But it was too late: his hands and feet began to swell; he was seized with sickness, and became almost incapable of motion. In this state he was removed to his bed, from which he never rose again. Thus he lay for a fortnight, his intellectual faculties remaining unimpaired. The idea of leaving his wife and children unprovided for, greatly distressed him.

"The ruling passion strong in death," was strikingly illustrated in Mozart's last illness. The Requiem lay almost continually on his bed, and a professional friend received his instructions as to particular effects to be produced. One of his last efforts was an attempt

to explain to his friend, by blowing out his cheeks, an effect of the drums. At two o'clock the same day some professional friends called on him. He desired the score of the Requiem to be brought, and it was sung by his friends around his bed, he himself singing the alto part. They had not proceeded far when Mozart burst into tears, and the score was laid aside. Throughout the day he thought he was dying, the more especially as his physicians had from the first given him little hope of recovery.

On the 5th of December, 1791, Mozart's sister-in-law returned, only to witness his death. As she approached his bed, he said, "It is well that you are here; you must stay to-night and see me die." She endeavoured to cheer him, but he replied, "The taste of death is already on my tongue—I taste death." On the bed lay the Requiem, and Mozart was still giving directions as to its performance. He called his wife, and made her promise to keep his death secret for awhile from every one but his friend Albrechtsberger, that he might the more easily obtain the vacant kapellmeistership. As he looked over the Requiem for the last time, he said, with tears, "Did I not tell you that I was writing this for myself?" On the arrival of the physician, cold applications were ordered to his burning head, delirium succeeded, and after remaining in this state for two hours, at midnight he died, at the early age of thirty-five years and ten months. His remains were buried in the cemetery of St. Marxer Linie, near Vienna, where his friends Albrechtsberger and Joseph Haydn were afterwards buried. No little ceremony seems to have been used in the matter, that, no memorial marking the grave, the sexton, some seventeen years afterwards, was unable to point out the precise spot of the interment.

Of Mozart's six children—four boys and two girls—two boys alone grew to manhood, the younger of whom followed his father's profession.

His widow, struggling with difficulties for several years, married M. Von Nissen, aulic councillor to the King of Denmark. Madame Sonnenberg, Mozart's sister (Nannerl), lived at Salzburg, an aged widow, till her death in 1880, in very poor circumstances. She was visited by the Novellos the year previous, who found her lodged in a small room, bed

ridden, and quite blind. The old clavichord on which the brother and sister had so often played duets together, was still in the sitting-room, and on its desk some of his compositions which she had been playing over just before her illness.

Mozart's manner of composing was very singular. It was not always necessary for him to withdraw from society in order to pursue his compositions; but he would often, during a game at bowls or billiards, or surrounded by noisy company, mentally compose, as though in the most complete seclusion. When full of a theme, he could not remain quiet, but, while washing his hands in the morning, would walk about his room, kicking one foot against the other, lost in thought. At table he would fasten his napkin by the corners, and make grimaces while he drew it backwards and forwards across his mouth. He was fond of composing in the open air, and many of his works were written in a garden summer-house. "Don Giovanni" was composed on a bowling-green, and the "Requiem" in a garden. "How vexatious," he on one occasion exclaimed to his wife, "to be obliged to hatch all one's conceptions within doors!" The airs to his operas were seldom composed till he knew who were to sing them, in order that he might adapt his melodies to the voice of the singer. To these he was most accommodating; shortening passages, amplifying, or even re-writing again and again, with the utmost patience and good-humour, in order to please them.

In person, Mozart was remarkably small, very thin and pale, and had an abundance of fair hair, fine in texture, of which he was somewhat vain. His hands, which were very white, were small and well proportioned. He was unsuspicious and generous, and always ready to oblige. Of dancing he was enthusiastically fond, often protesting that his taste lay in that direction rather than music.

So numerous were Mozart's compositions, that although half a century has passed since his death, his productions, printed from the MS., are continually being published. However he may have been exceeded by some composers in sublimity, pathos, or grandeur, it is certain that in rapidity of composition, universality of genius, and voluminous achievement, he has never been equalled.

S. W. P.

## WILLIAM PENN.

WHETHER has the world profited more from the aggressive energy or passive resistance of its great reformers? The question may admit of discussion, but there can be no doubt that courage and fortitude have been associated in the grandest achievements of our race. They have been our noblest benefactors and our true heroes who have been equally ready to do and to suffer. Such an one was WILLIAM PENN.

This illustrious personage was born in London in 1644. He received the rudiments of his education at Chigwell, in Essex, and afterwards—under the immediate supervision of his father, Admiral Penn, who kept a tutor for him at home—at a school on Tower-hill. At the age of fifteen he had made such progress in his studies, that it was thought fit to send him to college; and he was accordingly entered as a gentleman commoner at Christ's College, Oxford. At an early period of his life he had been seriously impressed on the subject of religion. On one occasion—it is said, with what degree of truth his biographers do not inform us—that when alone in his room, being but eleven years old, he was suddenly surprised with an inward comfort, and, as he thought, an external glory, which excited in him the strongest conviction of the being of a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying communion with him. He believed also that the seal of divinity was put on him at that moment, and that he was called to a holy life. At Oxford, these religious emotions were strengthened in him by the preaching of Thomas Loe, a Quaker, whose principles appear to have given a new direction to his mind. Meeting with some fellow-students of similar views, he withdrew from the established worship, and began to hold levotional meetings in his own way. Such conduct could not pass unnoticed, and he was fined for nonconformity. That he was ready to brave any penalty was soon apparent. An order came from Charles II., enjoining that the surplice should be worn in the university as in olden times. William Penn, conceiving that the custom would prove inimical to the simplicity and spirituality of the Christian religion, refused

obedience; and, carried away by his dauntless zeal, first engaged some of his companions to join him, and then, falling on the students who complied wherever he found them, tore their surplices over their heads. This was the climax of rebellion, and for so flagrant an outrage he was immediately expelled from college.

Ordinary restraints had failed to curb his ardent spirit; opposition now tested and strengthened its powers of endurance. His father received him coldly when he returned home, and grew daily more angry as he observed the change in his habits. William, abandoning the fashionable world, mixed only with serious people. What were place and patronage to him? They were both at his command, but he despised them, and it seemed as if golden opportunities were to be trampled under foot. The Admiral had recourse to argument, then to blows, and finally, like one accustomed to authority, turned his recusant son out of doors. Then repenting of his haste, and softened by the solicitations of his wife, he recalled and forgave him. But how to meet the evil was still the question. He would send him to France; French gaiety might charm away his gravity, and new connexions and scenes must infallibly weaken the effect of old ones. Accordingly, in 1662, William left England in company with some persons of rank. How long he remained in Paris is uncertain; but we find him resident at Saumur for several months, attracted thither by the fame of Moses Amyrault, a professor of divinity of whose conversation and instruction he wished to avail himself. Under him he renewed his studies, read the fathers, pondered over pages of theology, and, moreover, acquainted himself with the French language. He was proceeding to Italy, and had reached Turin, when a letter from his father, who was about to take the command of the fleet against the Dutch, brought a message for him to return and take care of the family in his absence.

He now became a student of Lincoln's Inn, and remained there about a year, when the great plague breaking out, in 1665, he was obliged to quit



London. His courtly demeanour, contracted while abroad, had induced the Admiral to think the change effected which he had desired; but he soon discovered his mistake. There was at heart still the same concern for religious things; and the controversies of the times soon developed it. On returning from sea, his father, therefore, sent him to Ireland, to the gay and splendid Court of the Duke of Ormond, then lord-lieutenant. But the pomp and tinsel of the scene, instead of attracting, disgusted; and William's indignation was fanned by the lying vanities about him. Resorting to another expedient, his father next commissioned him with the management of some large estates in the county of Cork. The task was executed with fidelity and ability; but—so easily are human designs made to frustrate themselves—here he felt afresh the force of those very influences most deprecated by his relatives. One day, when at Cork on business, he heard that Thomas Loe, the layman of Oxford who had been instrumental in confirming him in his earliest impressions, was about to preach in that city. He could not return to his farm without first seeing the greatest of his human benefactors, and went to the meeting. At length Loe arose. "There is a faith," he began, "which overcomes the world, and there is a faith which is overcome by the world;" and enlarging on this text, his words came to William as messengers of truth and power. Already had he donned his armour and girded him for the fight; already had the enemy with smiles or frowns, caresses or rude blows, sought to betray and to vanquish him. As the champion of his own conscience, he would not shrink; as a knight-errant amidst despotisms and falsities, he would devote himself at the altar of religion; the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God. Come weal or woe, *faith* pointed to the victory, and promised him the wreath of glory. From that hour his pulse beat faster, and rising a free man, he prepared to dare and do. He now associated with the Quakers, and began to attend their religious meetings. It was a war with prejudices on which he entered—a challenge to the strong arm of oppression that he threw down. On the 3rd of September, 1667, he was apprehended on the plea

of a proclamation against tumultuous assemblies, and with eighteen others committed to prison. He had not been long there, before he wrote to Lord Orrery, the President of the Council of Munster. "Religion," said he, as he proffered his manly request for release, "which is at once my crime and my innocence, makes me a prisoner to a mayor's malice, but my own free man." The Earl immediately ordered his discharge. Nothing cooled by this first taste of persecution, Penn continued publicly to indulge his predilections; and at length the rumour reached his father that he had become a Quaker. The Admiral sent for him home, explained his views respecting him, and, in anxiety for his temporal honour, most tenderly besought him to conform to the fashions of the times. The scene was peculiarly affecting; but William, inwardly agonising, yet refused to yield. Stern, inflexible duty! how often, like Brutus, does it seem to sit in cruellest judgment over the sentiment which it is bound to love and to cherish. Now his father threatened to disinherit him, but threats were less potent than tears. The die was cast, and it was useless to attempt an alteration in the general views of his son. He therefore told him he would trouble him no more on the subject of his conversion, if he would only consent to sit with his father in his own presence, and in that of the King and the Duke of York. William desired time to consider the matter, and retired to his own chamber. Great principles, however, are involved in little things; and on a single point sometimes turns the decision of an important battle. He acted from conviction; and, mistaken or not, till he saw his error, must abide the issue. There was no alternative but to decline compliance. This he did with firmness but respect. The Admiral heard his answer, but could not bear it; and, in the violence of his anger, once more turned him out of doors.

Penn bowed submissively to his fate. He soon found friends to aid him in his poverty, and smooth the rugged path that lay before him; and the grand old promises of God's eternal Book were, more than all, sustaining his courage, and bringing him peace. In 1668, being then twenty-four years of age, he stood forth as a minister of the Gospel. The same year he became an author,

publishing a work entitled, "Truth Exalted, in a Short but Sure Testimony against all those Religions, Faiths, and Worship, that have been formed and followed in the Darkness and Apostasy, and for that glorious Light, which is now risen and shines forth in the Life and Doctrine of the despised Quakers, as the alone good old way of Life and Salvation." If this was arrogance, it was the fault of his age, which had no sun to veil in its splendour the lesser stars. A book by one Clapham, designed as "A Guide to the True Religion," but full of uncharitable aspersions on the Quakers, induced him also to write, as an answer, "The Guide Mistaken."

In consequence of the conversion to Quakerism about this time of two members of a Presbyterian Church in Spitalfields—Henry Vincent, their pastor, decrying the new doctrines as damnable—a public discussion took place, in which Penn appeared as a defender of his faith. The proceedings were conducted with a partiality against which he vainly protested. Vincent began by asking, "Whether they owned one God-head subsisting in three distinct and separate Persons?" Penn asserted that this, delivered as it was, was no Scriptural doctrine, and begged leave to ask in return, "Whether God was to be understood in an abstractive sense from His substance?" As the debate went on, the auditors manifested great intemperance, and it was at last abruptly concluded by Vincent. The Quakers, eager for an opportunity to explain and justify their tenets, could not find one; and after waiting many days in the hope of renewing the discussion, Penn determined to appeal to the public, and brought out "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." In this work he endeavoured to refute "the notion of One God subsisting in Three Distinct and Separate Persons;" "The Notion of the Impossibility of God Pardoning Sinners without a Plenary Satisfaction;" and "The Notion of the Justification of Impure Persons by means of an Imputative Righteousness." The expression of such opinions was a crime; the Bishops exclaimed against them; the Government took up the matter, and Penn was forthwith consigned to the Tower, where he was kept for seven months, and treated with unusual severity. It was intimated to him that he must publicly

recant or die in prison; but he had fathomed the great secret of earthly trial, and knew that over dungeon gates in golden letters might be written the words "*perfect through suffering.*" He wrote to the Bishop of London "that he would weary out the malice of his enemies by his patience; that great and good things were seldom obtained without loss and hardships; that the man who would reap and not labour must faint with the wind and perish in disappointments; and that his prison should be his grave, before he would renounce his just opinions; for that he owed his conscience to no man."\*

While in the Tower, he could not remain idle; so betook himself to his pen. His first effort ended in the production of "No Cross, no Crown"—a work rich in noble sentiments, and displaying great Scriptural and historical knowledge. He also wrote to the Secretary of State, expostulating with him on behalf of religious liberty. He maintained that the understanding can never be convinced by other arguments than what are adequate to its own nature. "Force may make hypocrites, but can make no converts; and if," says he, "I am at any time convinced, I will pay the honour of it to truth, and not to base and timorous hypocrisy." Understanding that "The Sandy Foundation Shaken" had been misrepresented, he next composed, by way of apology, a tract entitled "Innocency with her Open Face." It was said that, because he had denied one God subsisting in three distinct and separate Persons, he had denied the divinity of Christ. He cited, therefore, several passages of Scripture to prove that Christ was God, and avowed his belief in "a Father, Word, and Spirit," condemning the *terms* employed in reference to the doctrine as inventions of men.

Soon after Penn's liberation from the Tower—which was the result of a royal mandate—he was despatched by his father on business to Ireland. The latter had begun to relent, and the reconciliation was completed when William returned home after executing his commission. Other clouds were now darkening the horizon, and the storm soon burst on his devoted head. The famous Conventicle Act of 1670

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\* Clarkson's Life of Penn.

deprived Dissenters of the right to worship in their own way. Penn was one of the first victims. Going as usual with others of the Society to the meeting-house in Gracechurch-street, he found it guarded by a band of soldiers. The congregation assembling at the doors were denied admission. Never hesitating to speak when impelled by conviction, the fearless Quaker began to preach; but he had not proceeded far in his discourse, before—in accordance with a preconcerted plan—he, with William Mead, another of the Friends, was arrested by constables who were present, and carried off to Newgate, there to await his trial at the next session of the Old Bailey. On the 1st of September the two prisoners were brought into court. The indictment stated that they had preached to an unlawful, seditious, and riotous assembly; and that they had met together with force and arms, to the great terror and disturbance of many of his Majesty's subjects. On the 3rd the witnesses were examined. At the conclusion of their testimony, Penn acknowledged that both he and his friend were present at the place and time mentioned—to worship God. "We are so far," said he, "from recanting, or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, pray, or worship the eternal, holy, just God, that we declare to all the world that we do believe it to be our indispensable duty to meet incessantly upon so good an account; nor shall all the powers upon earth be able to divert us from reverencing and adoring our God, who made us." Scarcely had he spoken, when one of the sheriffs exclaimed that he was not there for worshipping God, but for breaking the law. Penn answered that he had broken no law, and desired to know by what law it was that they persecuted him, and upon what law they founded the indictment. The Recorder replied, the common law. William asked, where that law was. The Recorder did not think it worth while, he said, to run over all those adjudged cases for so many years which they called common law, to satisfy his curiosity. The Quaker, on the contrary, thought, if the law were common, it should not be so hard to produce. He was then desired to plead to the indictment; but, as he proceeded, was pronounced a saucy fellow. Soon after this they hurried him away, as well as

William Mead, who spoke also, towards the bale-dock, a filthy, louthsome dungeon. The Recorder then proceeded to charge the jury. Penn hearing him, stopped suddenly, and raising his voice, exclaimed, "I appeal to the jury, who are my judges, and this great assembly, whether the proceedings of the Court are not most arbitrary, and void of all law, in endeavouring to give the jury their charge in the absence of the prisoner? I say it is directly opposite to, and destructive of, the undoubted right of every English prisoner, as Coke on the chapter of *Magna Charta* speaks." As soon as he was out of all hearing, the jury were ordered to agree upon their verdict; and when they brought it in—"Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch-street"—the magistrates loaded them with reproaches, and sent them back to reconsider it. True to themselves and their country, they remained unmoved, and this time delivered their verdict in writing with their names attached. "Gentlemen," exclaimed the Recorder, "you shall not be dismissed till we have a verdict such as the Court will accept; and you shall be locked up without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco; you shall not think thus to abuse the Court; we will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it." Penn, who was present, protested; then, turning to the jury, added, "You are Englishmen. Give not away your right." And they proved themselves Englishmen. For two days and two nights they received no refreshment; again and again were they returned into court, only to deliver the same verdict, and incur more violent abuse. On the 5th, a positive answer was demanded, "Guilty or not guilty?" The foreman replied, "Not guilty," each jurymen in succession repeating the words. "I am sorry," responded the sympathising Recorder, "you have followed your own judgments rather than the good advice which was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this the Court fines you forty marks a man, and imprisonment till paid!" Penn, demanding his liberty, was refused it; he, too, was to be fined for contempt of Court in keeping his hat on when he first entered.\* Accordingly, they were all forced into the horrible bale-dock, and afterwards

\* Clarkson's Life of Penn.

conveyed to Newgate. What became of the twelve patriotic recusants nobody knows. Neither Penn nor Mead could conscientiously pay the fines imposed; but the father of the former, anxious to see his son, sent the money privately, and procured the liberation of them both. Thus, at twenty-five, did William prove himself a bold defender of his inalienable rights.

The Admiral had been long ill, and was now on the verge of another world. He had learnt to esteem the integrity of his son; and still solicitous for his temporal welfare, sent one of his friends to the Duke of York to desire of him, as a death-bed request, that he would endeavour to protect him as far as he consistently could, and to ask the King to do the same, in cases of future persecution; and both of them promised their services when occasion demanded. "Son William," said the Admiral as he lay breathing his last, "if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world."

On the death of his father, William Penn came into possession of a handsome estate, that made him not only independent, but rich. His first deed was to give to the world an account of his late trial; and shortly afterwards, having retired to the ancient family seat in Buckinghamshire, he published "A Seasonable Caveat against Popery." In his preface he allowed that many Catholics might be zealots abused through the idle voluminous traditions of their Church; these he rather pitied than dared to wrong, and nothing was farther from his intention than to incense the civil magistrate against them, for he professed himself a friend to universal toleration of faith and worship, so that he would have had such toleration extended even to them, provided they gave security that they would not persecute others on the same score. But he was not left to expound his principles in controversial writings; again they were put violently to the test. Being in London, and preaching at a meeting-house belonging to the Quakers, he was apprehended by order of the lieutenant of the Tower, one of the magistrates who had sat on the bench during his memorable trial at the Old Bailey. The evidence against him failing, and conviction proving impos-

sible, determined that he should not escape, this man proffered to him the oath of allegiance, which as a Quaker he could not take; and on his refusal, sentenced him to Newgate for six months. "And is that all?" said Penn. "I would have thee and all men know I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for, and able to sustain those that are afflicted by it."

While in prison he produced four works, the principal of which was entitled "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience once more Briefly Debated and Defended by the Authority of Reason, Scripture, and Antiquity." After his liberation, he travelled into Holland and Germany to promulgate his doctrines in those parts. On returning, he married; but neither the happiness of his home nor the abundance of his wealth tempted him to indolence. He had a work to do, and these things were but ministers to his strength. In the adjoining counties he preached frequently, making long tours for the purpose. The religious disputes of the times brought him constantly forward as an author, sometimes in the exposition of his own peculiar views, sometimes in behalf of the great principles of truth and right that men everywhere shall yet learn to reverence. As a pamphleteer he was dexterous in the use of his weapons; by some quaint title that savoured of repartee, he would point to the object of attack, and then exert the whole force of his judgment and learning upon it. Whatever the worth of his opinions, they were maintained with an earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity; and however numerous or great his mistakes, not less conspicuous were the scattered gems of thought that mirrored, as it were, celestial light. Among the productions of this period was a political treatise on "England's Present Interest," and relating chiefly to the strife of parties in the kingdom. In this he enlarged on the birthrights of an Englishman, maintaining that *Magna Charta* was not the *nativity*, but the *restorer* of our privileges. One passage we may quote as indicative of the high ground on which he preferred to argue: "Religion, under any modification or Church government, was no part of the English constitution. *Honestè vivere, alterum non ledere, jus suum cuique tribuere*—that is, To live honestly, to do

no injury to another, and to give every man his due, was enough to entitle every native to religious privileges. It was this, and not his religion, which gave him the claim to the protection of the Government under which he lived. Near three hundred years before Austin set his foot on English ground, the inhabitants had a good constitution. This came not in with him. Neither did it come in with Luther; nor was it to go out with Calvin. We were a free people by the creation of God, by the redemption of Christ, and by the careful provision of our never-to-be-forgotten honourable ancestors; so that our claim to these English privileges, rising higher than Protestantism, could never justly be invalidated on account of non-conformity to any tenet or fashion it might prescribe. This would be to lose by the Reformation which was effected only that we might enjoy property with conscience."

In 1677, Penn a third time visited the continent. George Fox accompanied him as far as Amsterdam; and Barclay and others, beyond. During this tour he saw many persons of influence, and laboured with considerable success. One of his first acts, after his arrival again in England, was to petition Parliament in behalf of the persecuted Quakers, who, from their refusal to take oaths, suffered the full penalty of the laws designed against the Roman Catholics, and then being rigorously enforced. He was admitted to a hearing before a committee of the House of Commons, and delivered two frank and fearless speeches, which secured the insertion of a clause in a bill of relief that but for the prorogation of Parliament would have been passed.

The attention of Penn had already been unexpectedly directed to the New World, and he had gained some knowledge with respect to the formation of colonies there, having accepted the management of some proprietary concerns in West New Jersey. He was now engaged in winding up the affairs of his father with the Government, which was indebted to him not less than 16,000*l*. Instead of the money, he wished to receive land in America, and petitioned Charles II. that letters patent might be granted him for the same. The tract he solicited was to be north of Maryland, and extend northward as far as plantable, to be limited on the

west as Maryland was, and bounded on the east by the Delaware. To this step he was induced—instrumentally from his observation of the affairs of New Jersey—by the wish to provide an asylum from persecution for his co-religionists, and to attempt the civilisation and conversion of the Indians, and in the hope of setting to the nations the example of a virtuous community. In March, 1681, he was made absolute proprietor of the territory he had solicited, which was to be held in free and common soccage by fealty only, paying two beaver skins annually and one-fifth of all the gold and silver discovered to the King. It was to be called Pennsylvania, in honour of his father. By the charter, which consisted of twenty-three sections, he had the power of making laws, with the advice, assent, and approbation of the free men of the territory assembled, for the raising of money for public uses; of appointing judges and other officers; and of pardoning and relieving—except in the cases of wilful murder and high treason, in which it was requisite to inquire into the King's pleasure. His next step was to publish an "Account of the Province," and the "Conditions" to be agreed upon by those who might wish to become settlers. Among these, were stipulations in favour of the natives most creditable to his name; for, soaring above the prejudices of his time, he regarded them as brethren, on whose possessions none had a right to trespass. An affront or wrong done to any Indian was to incur the same penalty as if done to a fellow-planter; and all differences between planters and Indians were to be settled by twelve men, six chosen by each of the parties. A rough sketch of the proposed constitution was also submitted to the purchasers about to embark. This "Frame of Government" was then published, with a preface containing his own thoughts respecting government in general. Government he maintains to be a part of religion—its Divine right is beyond exception; "first, to terrify evil-doers; secondly, to cherish those that do well, which *gives government a life beyond corruption, and makes it as durable in the world as good men shall be.*" "For particulars, frames, and models," he writes, "it will become me to say little. My reasons are—first, that the age is too nice and difficult for it, there being nothing the wits of men are

more busy and divided upon. 'Tis true they seem to agree in the end, to wit, happiness, but in the means they differ, as to divine so to this human felicity; and the cause is much the same, not always want of light and knowledge, but want of using them rightly. Men side with their passions against their reason, and their sinister interests have so strong a bias that they lean to them against the good of the things they know. Secondly, I do not find a model in the world that time, place, and some singular emergencies have not necessarily altered; nor is it necessary to frame a civil government that shall serve all places alike. Thirdly, I know what is said by the several admirers of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, which are the rule of one, of a few, and of many, and are the three common ideas of government when men discourse on that subject. But I choose to solve the controversy with this distinction, that it belongs to all three; any government is free to the people under it, whatever be the frame, where the laws rule, and the people are a party to those laws; and more than this is tyranny, oligarchy, or confusion. But, lastly, when all is said, there is hardly one frame of government in the world so ill designed by its first founders that in good hands would not do well enough; and story tells us, that the best in ill ones can do nothing that is great and good; witness the Jewish and the Romish States. Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them; and as Governments are made and moved by men, so by them are they ruined too. Wherefore Governments rather depend upon men than men upon Governments. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad. If it be ill, they will cure it. But if men be bad, let the government be ever so good, they will endeavour to warp and spoil it to their turn. . . . That which makes a good constitution must keep it, namely, men of wisdom and virtue, qualities which, because they descend not with worldly inheritances, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth, for which after ages will owe more to the care and prudence of founders and the successive magistracy, than to their parents for their private patrimonies."

By the "Frame," the government was placed in the Governor and Freemen of the province, out of whom were

to be formed two bodies—namely, a Provincial Council and a General Assembly. The former was to consist of seventy-two members, so elected that there might be an annual succession of twenty-four new men. The latter was to be composed the first year of all the freemen; the next of two hundred. They were to have no deliberative power; but when bills were brought to them from the Governor or Council, to pass or reject them by a plain No or Yes. They were to be elected annually; and all elections were to be by ballot.

Penn next, to prevent all future claim upon the province by the Duke of York or his heirs, obtained a deed of release from his Royal Highness. A large tract of land contiguous to Pennsylvania, inhabited by Dutch and Swedes, and called the Territories, was also made over to him at the same time. Several vessels had already crossed the Atlantic with the first colonists; and having made the requisite arrangements, he himself embarked at the beginning of September, 1682. In about six weeks he came in sight of the American coast, and was received by the settlers with demonstrations of joy. No time was lost before proceeding to business. The General Assembly was immediately summoned, and met for the first time at Upland, afterwards called Chester in commemoration of the event. An Act of Union was passed, annexing the Territories to the province, and an Act of Settlement in reference to the Frame of Government. The various laws agreed upon in England also came under discussion, and, with some alterations and additions, were formally passed, to the number of forty-nine. Among the most remarkable were the following: All persons who acknowledged the One God, and who held themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in society, were in no ways to be molested for their religious persuasion and practice, nor to be compelled at any time to frequent any religious place or ministry whatever. All Government officers, and all members of the Assemblies, and all electors, were to be such as professed faith in Jesus Christ, and as had not been convicted of ill-fame or unsober and dishonest conversation, and who were one-and-twenty years of age. All children of the age of twelve were to be taught some useful trade. As regarded punishment, there

were but two capital offences—murder and treason; and all prisons were to be considered workshops, where offenders might be industriously, soberly, and morally employed.

The time came for the confirmation of the great treaty made by commissioners with the Indians. Penn did not deem himself entitled to take possession of inhabited territories by virtue of a king's patent, but wished to purchase them by fair and open bargain with the natives; and a day had been appointed for the ratification of his engagements. Accompanied by his friends, men, women, and young persons of both sexes, he proceeded to Coaquanna, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. The Sachems and their tribes were assembling there, and through the gloom of the thick forests group after group wended its way into the open light. The savage warriors thronged to the spot in arms; but the Quakers met them fearlessly without a weapon. The leaders from both sides stood beneath an elm tree of gigantic size—Penn distinguished only by a blue sash round his waist. The Chief of the Sachems put a chaplet on his head, in which appeared a small horn—an emblem of kingly power—which, whenever he wore it, indicated that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. The Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves in the form of a half-moon upon the ground. Penn then addressed them by means of an interpreter, stated the objects he proposed, paid them for the land, and made them many presents of various articles of merchandise besides. Finally, he presented a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, to the chief Sachem, and desired them to preserve it for three generations. The happiest results followed from these measures; not less than nineteen different tribes were soon in treaty with him. There was no oath to bind the superstitious, and there were no arms to intimidate the violent; his principles triumphed. His fidelity and philanthropy won for him and his successors a place in those uncultured hearts that no other Europeans had ever gained; and the absence of all defensive and aggressive agencies—a practical demonstration both of the trust reposed in them, and of his wish

to do no wrong—made the home of Pennsylvania secure, when as there was heard the vengeful war- and the dying groan.

The building of Philadelphia next commenced; the name was chosen by himself, and a plan of the city drawn out highly creditable to skill and foresight. Houses sprang up in their places, and with a fresh accession of emigrants the gloom of the wilderness receded from the land. After two years spent in directing public affairs, in travelling through the province and acquainting himself with its soil and productions, and endeavouring to do good everywhere, Penn resolved to return to England. Across the stormy sea there came a series of more terrible storms at home, persecution and of suffering, that reached his heart within him. Wishful to use his influence at this crisis in his country, and moreover having business to transact there, and perhaps moved by a desire again to see his wife and family whom he had left behind, he set sail once more upon the deep.

Scarcely had he reached the shores of his fatherland, when the death of Charles II. brought his patronage to a close. Scenes of glory and honours awaited him. During this period his communications with James became more frequent, and his acquaintance ripened into intimacy. The Quaker at Court! "O, what was there!" So thought those who had no faith in a great soul so much in royal corruption. He who deliberately turned aside from the path to worldly eminence, when courtly smiles were outstretched to help him, and toeratic smiles had not yet passed into frowns, could not be proof against kingly blandishments. Chivalry was his heart, generous as were his principles—though he were a veteran in heroic achievement, a hero from the Gorgon of the Stuarts, a hero must be turned into stone. He who climb the rugged rock of freedom with the wild winds howling round him but gleams of sunshine through the clouds as he reached the top would shatter him, and one false step must plunge him into the waves as they flash low! The lightnings bury them in the ground, and so big though noble utterances must lie down in the sepulchre of a rotten reputation.

tainly at no period of Penn's life was there more room for suspicion or misapprehension; but no evidence can be produced that his simplicity was corrupted, his privilege abused, or that he was false in any measure to his former self; while the even tenor of his way, and the untarnished consistency of his life in face of opposition and peril, are the strongest presumptive proof to the contrary. Gratitude bound him to the new monarch, whom too, though a Papist, he firmly believed to be a friend to religious liberty. A little credulous, and perhaps too much swayed by the remembrance of the past, as there is no necessity, so it would be unjust, if not absurd, to suppose him to have sympathised in the treacherous designs of James for the restoration of Popery, or to have bartered his conscience for the sake of temporary influence. The populace proclaimed him a Papist and a Jesuit; but he had braved too many taunts to be at all intimidated by their cry. Meantime, he exerted his power on behalf of the oppressed and suffering; and, by his personal solicitations, helped to procure a proclamation of pardon for all who were in prison on account of their creed. Having resolved on a tour to the continent, he was commissioned by the King, when he heard of his intention, to visit the Hague, and confer with the Prince of Orange, in the hope of gaining his consent to a general religious toleration in England, together with the removal of all tests. He went, and to this end had several interviews with the Prince; after which he pursued his journey as proposed, and had—to use his own words—"a blessed service of the Lord." On his return to England, he went through the different counties preaching as of old. Nor did he neglect the use of his pen, especially advocating the repeal of the penal laws.

Now came a sudden change. Even kings must pay the penalty of wrong. James II. was swept from his throne, and William III. ascended it amidst the plaudits of the nation. Penn had to face, without a protector, the indignation of the people so long excited against him; but the consciousness of his innocence gave him strength. He was apprehended and brought before the Lords of the Council, then sitting. In reply to their questions, he protested that "he had done nothing but what he could answer before God and all the

princes of the world; that he loved his country and the Protestant religion above his life, and had never acted against either; that all he had ever aimed at in his public endeavours was no other than what the Prince himself had declared for; that King James had always been his friend and his father's friend; and that, in gratitude, he himself was the King's, and did ever, as much as in him lay, influence him to his true interest." Notwithstanding this manly avowal, he was required to give security for his appearance on the first day of the next term. He did so, and at the hour appointed again entered the public court; but no accuser stood up to confront him, and after waiting some time, he was triumphantly discharged.

Soon after this he had the satisfaction of seeing the Act of Toleration passed by King, Lords, and Commons—that consummation so devoutly wished. It was an object towards which he had struggled through long years; and it becomes us, amidst the tumult of revolution, the intrigues of courtiers, the clash of arms, the cry of factions, not to forget that band of peaceful patriots—of whom he was among the chief—whose labours and endurance contributed so largely to their country's weal. They who cast the seed upon the field should be remembered now the waving crops are gathered into the rich man's garner. The details of the measure were not exactly accordant with what Penn desired; but finding alteration impracticable at that juncture, he turned his attention to other affairs. He was preparing to embark for America, when suddenly he was again arrested, and brought before the Lords of the Council. He appealed to the King in person. A letter was then produced, which had been written him by James, and which had been intercepted by Government on its way, in which the royal exile "desired him to come to his assistance, and to express to him the resentments of his favour and benevolence." Penn was asked, "Why King James wrote to him?" He answered, that it was impossible for him to prevent the King writing to him if he (the King) chose it. He was then questioned as to what "resentments" these were. He replied that he knew not; but he supposed the King meant that he should attempt his restoration. Though, however, he could not



avoid the suspicion of such an attempt, he could avoid the guilt of it. He confessed he had loved King James, and as he had loved him in his prosperity, so he could not hate him in his adversity; yes, he loved him yet for the many favours he had conferred on him, though he would not join with him in what concerned the state of the kingdom. This manly defence had its weight with William III., but to gratify the Council, he ordered him to give bail for his appearance at the next Trinity Term, and then dismissed him. No one coming forward against him at the time specified, he was fully discharged. Once more things were put in readiness for a voyage; when, strange to say, he was charged with conspiracy by one Fuller—afterwards declared by Parliament to be a "cheat and impostor"—and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. A flight to America would be both inglorious and useless; but having twice appeared in court to be twice declared innocent, and knowing that he was at the mercy of every informant, he preferred this time to go into retirement, where, if the Administration chose to press another trial, they could easily find him; and he therefore took private lodgings in London, and devoted himself to study and religious exercises. Here he was occasionally visited by his friends; but the outcry against him spread, and seemed to become more bitter and violent. Even members of his own religious society began to doubt of him, and he found it necessary to address a letter to them in order to dispel their uncharitable suspicions. So has it ever been with those of whom the world is not worthy. They find themselves alone among its multitudes, but, like the solitudes of the mountains and the seas, their loneliness is sublime. Penn never lacked employment. He now wrote "A Key, opening the Way to every Capacity to Distinguish the Religion professed by the people called Quakers, from the Perversions and Misrepresentations of their Adversaries." This was followed by "Some Fruits of Solitude, in Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life;" and in "An Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe," he suggested the idea of a great Diet on the Continent for the arbitration of national differences.

During his absence, the affairs of Pennsylvania had fallen into confusion, and party jealousies threatened to involve them still further. The reports of these disorders were industriously propagated by his enemies, who, regardless alike of the enormous sacrifices of personal wealth which he had made, and of the wholesome and generous laws he had devised, sought to ruin him in the estimation of the King and Parliament. With such effect did they practise their machinations, that he was deprived of all authority over the province before he had time to explain himself on the subject. At length there came a change upon him. Some of his aristocratic friends represented his case to William III., who at once ordered his freedom from restraint. "William Penn," his Majesty said, "was his old acquaintance as well as theirs, and he might follow his business as freely as ever, for that he had nothing to say against him." Penn appears, however, not to have been satisfied with this mode of release; for a council was afterwards held, where the King and many lords being present, he was heard in his own defence; and where he so pleaded, that he was acquitted. He would now have gone over to Pennsylvania—to the government of which he was soon afterwards restored—but the death of his wife occurred to delay him. While engaged in comforting and instructing his rising family, he wrote "An Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," and another of his travels abroad in 1677. A more important publication was his "Primitive Christianity Revived in the Faith and Practice of the Quakers." These literary and controversial labours were enlivened by occasional journeys through the country in his capacity as a minister of the Gospel, and by an expedition to Ireland and the scenes of his youth in the same character.

Having first contracted a second marriage, he embarked again, in 1694, for Philadelphia. His first act after his arrival there was to call the Assembly. He then busied himself in passing various bills adapted to the emergencies of the times, in endeavouring to allay the jealousies between the Province and the Territories, which had been the source of so many evils, and in devising fresh means for the development of his original designs. The constitution was

modified as circumstances demanded; and, among other things, the right of initiating measures was conferred on the Assembly. His efforts were also put forth on behalf of the slaves who had been introduced into the colony; he secured to them ample opportunities for religious instruction and worship, and endeavoured, though not with equal success, to secure a proper treatment of them by a series of legislative acts. The Indians came to him to renew existing treaties, and to express their continued good-will; while, on his part, he conferred with his Council as to the best means of preventing impositions upon them. After deliberation, it was resolved that persons should be selected for their integrity who should form a sort of company with a joint-stock, and who should be authorised by the Government to hold a commercial intercourse with them. These and other arrangements produced a palpable effect; and out of contentions and disorder, affairs assumed a prosperous condition. At this crisis, when he was still eager to embody fresh improvements, intelligence was received from England to the effect that a change in the mode of colonial government was being debated, and that it was proposed to supplant the proprietary by a regal system. A bill was already before the House of Lords; and the owners of land in Pennsylvania, who were then in the mother country, taking alarm, despatched a letter to the Governor, soliciting his immediate return to stay these proceedings. Penn saw the necessity of compliance; and reluctantly, after completing as rapidly as possible the most important business then in hand, again embarked on the homeward voyage. As it happened, his presence was not needed, for the bill was altogether dropped before he arrived.

On the accession of Queen Anne, he assumed his former position as a court favourite; and we find him still travel-

ling as a minister and publishing as an author. In 1707 he was unhappily involved in a lawsuit with the executors of one of his former stewards. He had incautiously, and without inspection, signed papers placed before him by the deceased, whom he had trusted beyond his deserts; and the Court of Chancery could give him no relief from the situation in which he had thus unwittingly placed himself. In 1709, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments thus incurred—felt the more from his vast expenditure of money abroad, and which indeed made him a prisoner within the limits of the Fleet—he was obliged to mortgage the province of Pennsylvania for 6,600*l.*—a wretched requital for years of toil, were there not reward in the consciousness of generous effort. But the battle of life was nearly over—sixty-seven years had laid their burden upon him, and his tall and stalwart frame began to tremble beneath it. To aggravate his anxieties, came fresh complaints of disorder and oppression from America; gathering up his declining strength, he addressed a long letter of expostulation to the Assembly; and the effect was such that, at the next annual election, the whole province so voted, relatively to the questions at issue, as to pay him the highest possible compliment. An apoplectic fit, in 1712, deprived him, in a great degree, of his memory and understanding. A gradual decay of mind and body ensued—the months glided away unheeded—to his childish innocence he united the joys of religion—and at last, on the 5th of July, 1718, he expired in the 74th year of his age.

In those dying hours, as the unalterable future opened before him, think you he did not realise the promise that the poet might have whispered to him in the stormy past—

O fear not, in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To suffer and be strong?

## BERNARD PALISSY

THE more we study the history of the sixteenth century, the more are we amazed at the extent and importance of the movement which then took place in connexion with the intellect and heart of man. It was a universal awakening from the sleep of death: it was the dawn of a new civilisation. "Printing," as John Sterling wrote in his essay on Montaigne, "like the former and the latter rain, diffused the knowledge long collected in the vague and dim clouds of the past. Columbus had burst the gates of the Atlantic, and shown to men a new heaven and a new earth, and other forms of human nature than those of our elder regions. And while the new was pouring in, the old was rapidly crumbling down and passing away. More connexion and interdependence was growing up in all the concerns of life. Individual strength and wild energy were settling down. The solid vault of dogma under which men lived was thinning off, and widening, and wavering; and while a new and bright vegetation of literature opened over the earth, the ancient snows and ice-rocks of tradition melted and burst along in foaming torrents. Together with these changes, a looser width of luxury and excitement was unfolded; and the sweeter wines of the new age were mingled with deadlier poisons. In Germany, misery and fanaticism and heroic faith; in Italy, unbounded falsehood and creative genius; in England, lawless brutality and popular zeal; in France, all these elements were mixed together. During the first half of the sixteenth century the Reformation began and was secured—More and Cranmer were executed—Luther lived and died—Rabelais stood forth as a fervid genius in the mask of a buffoon—Raffaello, Durer, and Michael Angelo painted themselves for ever on the most massive tablets of the mind of man—Ariosto embalmed chivalry in a gorgeous tomb—Fiesco conspired—Machiavelli theorised—Melancthon and Scaliger taught—Cortes and Pizarro passed, like its own earthquakes, through America—the feudal greatness of French nobility blazed almost its last—France, Germany, and Italy wore each other out in idle wars. In the midst of these

confusions, Calvin was condemned Rome as a heretic, for establishing power which enabled him to burn *vetus*. Rome was sacked by an army of adventurers, and Trent filled with council of Romish prelates. Fasten-energising in Luther, threw off itself and his emperor, unable to compel it to wear it, placed it on his own head and sunk into a convent. The world was learning that Homer, Socrates, Plutarch were more than names, growing to feel what they really mean and while Montaigne was drinking the deepest of their spirit, the Protestants of Cabrières and Merindol were crucified, and in Guyenne, at his threshold, the peasantry were made into revolt by the Gabelle (1548), were crushed again under heavier yokes."

During these stirring times lived and died BERNARD PALISSY. Born in the province of Agenois, about the year 1510, he was himself a complete embodiment of the spirit of his age. Earnestness in behalf of religious truth, his power of thought, his thirst for knowledge, his transcendent skill as an analytical philosopher, so harmoniously blended, that of him it may appropriately be said—

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.

Any idler lounging about the great Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, on a certain day of Lent, 1575, and stopping for a way up the street to admire the signs, might have observed a tall, gaunt man looking out of a window with the deepest attention. Sometimes he would venture a scrutinising and inquisitive glance; then he would suddenly withdraw, as if to escape notice. That individual was Maître Roch Baillif, Sieur de la Rivier, who assumed the title of Spagyric Doctor, and afterwards became physician in ordinary to the King. But what business brought him to his window? The poor man standing there as on military duty, deavoured to descry the different persons who entered the house just opposite his own. Whenever he saw a literary character or a courtier draw near, watched his steps, at the same time mentally praying that, as he proceeded

up the Rue St. Jacques, the fatal door might be passed unheeded. Alas! it was ten to one but the courtier or the man of letters entered the obnoxious premises; and then the agitation and displeasure of *Sieur de la Rivière* visibly increased. It must be confessed that there were causes more than sufficient to make any person dull who was inclined to find fault with his neighbour's popularity. In fact, it seemed that all the physicians, surgeons, noblemen, gentlemen, lawyers, the *élite* of Paris, had rendezvoused at the house opposite, and our unfortunate spagyric tried in vain to quiet himself by launching showers of epigrams upon the visitors, as if to lessen their importance in his own opinion. But what was the cause of this extraordinary concourse? Master Bernard Palissy, a worker in earthenware, and, as he styled himself, inventor of the rustic figures belonging to the King and to *Monsieur le Comte de Montmorency*, had, through the medium of bills posted up in all the principal thoroughfares of Paris, invited the most learned men to meet at his house, with the promise that he would teach them, in the course of three lessons, his late discoveries touching fountains, stones, and metals. The price of admission was a crown. "My object," said Palissy to a friend, "in requiring a contribution from my hearers, is to see if I can draw from them any assertion nearer the truth than the proof which I bring forward. That men acquainted with Greek and Latin will attend my lectures I know very well, and, if they discover in my statements any erroneous views, they will give me a stout contradiction; for I have declared in the bills that it is my purpose to return four times the entrance money to every one of them in case they should find me guilty of an untruth."

At that time Bernard Palissy was Governor of the Tuileries Palace, which office he fulfilled in virtue of a commission from Catherine de Medici. He had been appointed to this post a few years before the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. The laying out of the Constable's garden, and the construction of the rustic grotto in the park of Ecouen, had seemed to the Queen-Dowager a sufficient guarantee of Palissy's ability to superintend her projected embellishments in the Tuileries. But Master Bernard, besides his official business, found time to keep up

his scientific studies, which led him to new and important discoveries. Although he enjoyed an apartment in the Palace, he had hired, in the Rue St. Jacques, a small room which served as a library, and which was, in fact, the first museum of natural history that could boast of a classified collection. "Here," said Bernard himself, "one might see marvellous things, exhibited as a testimony and a proof of my works, fixed by order and by gradation, with certain written indications underneath." It was in those humble lodgings that he had appointed a meeting with all the learned men of his time, and that he publicly lectured upon natural history and philosophy, from 1575 to 1584, though at this last period of his life he was more than eighty. The appeal was successful; and notwithstanding the prejudices arising from religious differences from political feelings, or the state of learning, nearly all the illustrious of France were assembled in the lecture-room.

Bernard Palissy came in. He was an old man, not above the average stature, and whose seventy-six years did not seem to hang upon him as a burden. His hair was quite white, but his eyes still sparkled with their usual vivacity—mildness and strength appeared blended together in his features. It was very easy to guess, even for anyone unacquainted with him, that he must have studied with great application any point to which his attention had been directed. A quick genius and a patient mind can, separately, achieve wonders; how much more when uniting their strength and combining their powers, as in the present case. The assembly were soon seated; then Palissy thus explained, in a few words, his motive for requesting the attendance of so many learned men. "My good masters, I need not say to you that I know neither Greek, Hebrew, Latin, nor rhetoric; I am a poor workman, very miserably acquainted with letters. I should, no doubt, have been pleased to be able to understand Latin, and read the works of the philosophers, so as to contradict some and learn from others. But I profess speaking plain truth in my rustic language, rather than to utter falsehoods in a rhetorical one. Remember a passage of the Holy Scriptures, where St. Peter says, 'As every man has received the gift, even so minister the same one to another.' Some

persons, it is true, would be glad never to hear of the Scriptures; but as for me, I have found nothing better than to follow the counsel of God, His laws, statutes, and decrees. I have considered what is His will, and have learned from His Holy Word that He has commanded His heirs to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, and to multiply the talents which He has entrusted to them. From this motive I have refused to hide in the ground the gifts for which I am indebted to the Lord. The sciences manifest themselves to those who seek for them. My only books are heaven and earth; in these anybody can read. None of my hearers will set the works of Paracelsus and of the other alchemists (by the studying of which many have lost both their time and their money) above the works of God. It was through the directions contained in those pernicious volumes that I spent forty years of my life in trying to discover what treasures lie secreted in the bosom of the earth. But, at last, I have found acceptance with God, and He has made known unto me mysteries which would never have been laid open to the most learned. Once more, I am only a poor workman; but if my rising against the opinions of the ancients should seem over bold, I appeal to the wonders which I have drawn out of the earth, and which testify to the truth of what I assert. I pity you, my dear friends. You are full of prejudices; you swear by the ancients, whose opinions you maintain without examination; but you forget that with all the theories of the world, you could not make even a shoe-heel."

The old man, full of his subject, had unwittingly become greatly excited. Noticing, however, some agitation amongst his hearers, and seeing that all eyes were fixed upon a group of physicians who stood together in a corner of the room, he felt conscious of having gone too far. Then, stopping for a moment, he collected himself, and resumed his discourse with the calmness befitting his character and years. "Yes," continued he, "having discovered so many things, having mastered them, I consider that my time has been spent in studying earth, water, stones, and metals; now old age invites me to multiply the talents I received from God, and to publish these fine secrets for the benefit of posterity. But as such matters are abstruse and known only to a

few, I wish you to tell me, before I proceed any further, if the Latins ever understood more of them than I do? Therefore hear with patience what I have to say, and correct me when you find me wrong."

The lectures delivered by Bernard Palissy were but the substance of what is found in his printed works, from which an accurate conception may be formed of his interesting discoveries in the then *terra incognita* of natural science. The "*Discours admirables de la Nature des Eaux et Fontaines*," &c., prove how thoroughly he was convinced that the experimental process is the best for a philosopher. Adopting the Platonic style of writing, he dramatises, so to speak, his arguments, expressing them in dialogues, and taking for his characters the two abstractions—Practice and Theory. The discussion is carried on for some time with general spirit; but Theory at last is overcome, and withdraws, carrying away all the fine schemes of the Paracelsists, the spagyrics, the scholastics, and the alchemists. Descartes had decidedly found in Palissy a precursor, nor does the "*Discours de la Méthode*" plead the cause of experimental philosophy in stronger terms than the "*Discours Admirables*" of the illustrious potter. This truly *admirable* work comprises eleven dialogues treating of various points connected with agriculture, chemistry, mineralogy, and natural history. The first (on water and fountains) shows that Palissy understood perfectly the theory of artesian wells; the three next deserve to be specially mentioned, for they contain a spirited refutation of all the dangerous errors propounded at that time by Van Helmont and his followers.

One evening, whilst Maître Bernard was engaged at the Tuileries on some architectural business, a young man asked to see him. It was the Marquis de Saligny, who, having attended Palissy's lectures, wished to become better acquainted with a man apparently so worthy of esteem and respect. The weather was beautiful, and whilst they sauntered along, Palissy grew talkative. He admired, as everybody did at that time, the pond, the wood, and the orange grove of the Tuileries, with its collection of birds and wild beasts; but it seemed to him that all these wonders might have been arranged according to

a still better plan; and by degrees he was induced to tell to his companion how, many years back, he had himself conceived the idea of a magnificent garden. "A few days after the termination of the civil war, during the peace which it pleased God to send us, I was walking through the meadow which lies near the town of Saintes and the banks of the Charente, the recollections of past troubles had engaged my mind, when on a sudden a soft music, floating through the air, broke upon my meditations. It proceeded from a group of young maidens who were sitting under a tree and singing the hundred and fourth Psalm. I stopped and listened; by degrees my attention was drawn from the performance itself to the magnificent description which David gives of the wonders of God, and I endeavoured mentally to realise such a garden as the one described in the psalm. Why could I not represent it in a large picture? mused I. No; it would be better to select an appropriate situation, and lay it out in agreement with the poet's ideas. At the four corners of the enclosure, and at the four extremities of the avenues by which it would be divided, I might build small cabinets of a curious and elegant construction, with inscriptions such as these: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;' 'Be not wise in thine own eyes;' 'The Lord blesseth the habitations of the just.'" Palissy then described very minutely to the marquis this plan of a garden. He thought of it, he said, night and day; he had even dreamt of it the week before; and whilst the fleeting visions of the night exhibited to his imagination all the beauties of nature crowded together, he had thus found a new occasion of praising God, like David, and bewailing the thoughtlessness and ingratitude of man, for whom all these wonders were created. "But," said Palissy, addressing the Marquis, "why do not you, my lord, attempt to execute the plan which I have just developed? There are in France more than four thousand residences in which the experiment might be tried, and your own *château* would, no doubt, be the very thing."

It were difficult to picture Saligny's downcast looks when Maître Bernard had finished the last sentence of this proposal. Not that the marquis was deficient in taste for the fine arts; quite

the contrary; but, alas! he needed little indeed the opinion of Palissy as to the best way of spending his fortune. The fortune had already been disposed of, not, it is true, in the gaudy and extravagant luxuries of the time, but in another folly quite as popular, and perhaps more expensive. The Marquis de Saligny was an adept in alchemy, and he now frankly confessed to his friend that he had been for some time engaged in the process by means of which the quacks of those days pretended to produce gold.

Palissy smiled. "I know," said he, "that many persons study that science as a recreation, candidly believing that they will attain their end. But there are some who are carried on by a disorderly appetite for gain, and who unprofitably squander their income in seeking for an impossible treasure. How is it conceivable that man can manufacture the metals which are God's own work? And, my lord, allow me to ask how you came to believe in the science of alchemy?"

"Why," answered Saligny, "my doctor cured me once of a serious disorder by making me drink melted gold."

"Another dupe of those physicians!" exclaimed Palissy. "I should like to know how the stomach of a patient, debilitated by sickness, and deprived of nearly all its powers, can digest gold, since furnaces, red-hot with fuel, have no action over it." Maître Bernard, proceeding in the same strain, unmasked to the young nobleman the imposture and jugglery of the alchemists, and successively destroyed every one of Saligny's illusions, availing himself of the most conclusive arguments from the malady under which he still laboured.

Cases of a similar description were of daily occurrence, and it was to meet these that Bernard Palissy composed the second, third, and fourth of his "Discours Admirables." We can now understand why the Spagyric Doctor, Maître Roch le Baillif, felt so little cordial affection towards our friend the potter.

Of the "Discours Admirables," we may say, on no less an authority than Cuvier's, that a great many of the ideas still current at the present day on the subject of natural philosophy, are to be found there clothed in a language worthy of Montaigne. Palissy was the first Frenchman who observed science

and experimented to find out the truth. Whilst studying chemistry with alchemists and apothecaries, he discovered the tricks practised by the former and the ignorance of the latter. His numerous travels added much to his learning, and it is wonderful how far he corrected the philosophical views of his age. Fontenelle and Buffon were astonished at seeing a more potter throw down the gauntlet to the whole aristocratic school. "Nature," say they, "never inspired a greater philosopher; yet his system remained unknown for a century, and the author's name is almost dead." But Palissy's ideas, reconceived by some learned men, are now almost regarded as vulgarisms. A reviewer has well remarked "that no one can peruse his treatises without being filled with astonishment at the marvellous sagacity which they display. They are greatly beyond the acquirements of the age in which he lived; and even now, when science has advanced so far, they may be read with profit and instruction. With nothing to assist him beyond acute observation, Palissy had mastered the true theory of springs, the process of crystallisation, and some of the most intricate problems of geology. Liebig himself could not have written more soundly on the use of manures in agriculture; and, doubtless, M. Huxtable will be surprised to learn that his idea of a tank for imprisoning the fugitive nymph, Ammonia, was anticipated by Bernard Palissy, who gives distinct rules for its construction. As regards forests, he was of the opinion of the Laird of Dumbiedikes, that the planting of trees by the proprietors 'would be a public good, and a revenue that would grow while they were sleeping,' and he bitterly denounces the extravagance of the men who caused the demolition of noble forests for the supply of their wicked vices, without giving a thought to posterity."\*

We have left untouched the history of Palissy's experience as a worker in pottery; but it forms the subject of the tenth "Discours Admirable." No more valuable and interesting piece of autobiography has ever been written; for

we see there in happy combination indomitable perseverance, unwearied industry, the enthusiasm of an artist, and the calm reliant piety of a Christian. An abstract of these memoirs will supply the reader with the most essential particulars respecting Palissy's eventful life. He was bred a glass-maker or stainer, a profession so far privileged that those who followed it were entitled to be called "gentlemen."\* We find him afterwards engaged as a Government surveyor, and employed in that capacity upon the salt marshes of Saintonge. In the duties of his profession he toiled steadily and honourably: not rich, but having learned that "godliness with contentment is great gain." He was married, too; his family was rising round him; and to a casual observer it might seem that his lot for the future was to continue glass-staining, surveying and gauging, until he had earned enough to live upon; but a different prospect now opened before Maître Bernard, "and art sent him a token to signify that his hour was come." One of Palissy's biographers conjectures that the token in question—a cup—must have been brought from Italy where Luca della Robbia, a Florentine sculptor, had practised the art of enamelling. The following passage, however, describes in Palissy's own words his first endeavours, and the trials he had to undergo:—

"Learn that it is more than five-and-twenty years since there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned, and enamelled with so much beauty, that, from that time, I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, and called to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that, if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing; and thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark. Without having heard of what materials the said enamels were

\* *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1853. See also the *Journal des Savants*, Nov. Dec., 1849, and the *Magasin Pittoresque*, 1845. A complete edition of Palissy's Works was published a few years ago by M. P. A. Cap.

\* *Gentilshommes verriers*.

† Biographers conjecture that 1550 can be assigned as the date of that epoch.

composed, I pounded in those days all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each as a memorandum; then having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake, that I might see whether my drugs were able to produce some whitish colour; for I sought only after white enamel, because I had heard it said that white enamel was the basis of all others. Then, because I had never seen earth baked, nor could I tell by what degree of heat the said enamel should be melted, it was impossible for me to get any result in this way, though my chemicals should have been right; because, at one time the mass might have been heated too much, at another time too little; and when the said materials were baked too little or burnt, I could not at all tell the reason why I met with no success, but would throw the blame on the materials, which sometimes, perhaps, were the right ones, or at least could have afforded me some hint for the accomplishment of my intentions, if I had been able to manage the fire in the way that my materials required. But again, in working thus, I committed a fault still grosser than that above named; for in putting my trial-pieces in the furnace, I arranged them without consideration, so that if the materials had been the best in the world, and the fire also the fittest, it was impossible for any good results to follow. Thus, having blundered several times at a great expense, and through much labour, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money, and consumed my wood and my time."

For sixteen years Palissy continued his experiments with unconquerable energy, spending all his money upon furnaces and firewood; then, he was compelled to burn up his *garden palings and the tables and flooring of his house*; and finally, was regarded as a madman by those with whom he was connected. We must refer the reader to Palissy's own work for the minute account of all his trials, but admitting, as we do, that

perseverance which seems to have been one of the strongest features in his character, we confess that Madame Palissy was quite right in feeling anxious for the prospect of her family when she saw that every attempt of her husband in the art of enamelling was a failure. Could she look at her little children with their pinched countenances and naked feet—at her own tattered gown—at her wretched fire and miserable fare, without bitterly complaining of the infatuation which had brought them all to beggary?

However, Palissy's energy was ultimately rewarded; he succeeded in producing some beautiful specimens of enamelled pottery, and the man who had only lately been the laughing-stock of Saintonge, became a hero, a favourite with the great, and a conspicuous personage at Court. The Constable Montmorency entrusted him with the decoration of the Château d'Ecouen. This brought him under the notice of Catherine de Medici; honours and rewards of every description followed in quick succession. The now *lionised* potter removed to Paris, and it was soon rumoured that the new garden of the Tuileries was being decorated under the superintendence of Maître Bernard Palissy, "inventor of rustic figulines to his Majesty of France."

The results obtained by this illustrious man may now be seen scattered here and there in museums, private collections, and old-curiosity shops. These masterpieces of art will be easily recognised, even by the uninitiated, from certain peculiar features, which Mr. Morley has well stated in the following words: "The pottery made by Bernard Palissy, of which, under the name of Palissy-ware, exquisite specimens are still existing, was of a kind extremely characteristic of its maker. He wished to make beautiful things, but he was a naturalist, and his sense of beauty was his sense of nature. To reproduce upon his ware the bright colours and elegant forms of plants and animals, over which he had hung so often with his pencil in the woods and fields—combining his qualities of naturalist and potter—he founded his reputation on the manufacture of what he called rustic pieces. The title which he took for himself was that of—Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines (small modellings)—*ouvrier de terre et inventeur des rustiques figu-*



*lines*. These rustic figures were, in fact, accurate models from life of wild animals, reptiles, plants, and other works of nature, tastefully combined as ornaments into the texture of a vase or plate. The rich fancy of Palissy covered his works with most elaborate adornment; but his leaves, and reptiles, and other 'rustic' designs, are so copied in form and colour with the minute accuracy of a naturalist, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature, transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the woods, rocks, fields, rivers, and seas of France.\*

Religious persecution was the last trial God sent to visit Maître Bernard. He belonged, as we have already said, to the Protestant communion, and far from concealing his opinions at a time when the Gospel watchword was "*Messe, mort, ou Bastille*," he had been the means of establishing at Saintes a reformed congregation, to which he even occasionally ministered the Word of God. This was acting boldly, and for such an open profession of faith many a one even amongst those in high places had had to lay down his life. From the massacre of St. Bartholomew's-day Bernard Palissy was saved by the interference of Catherine de' Medici; but he could not escape, at the age of seventy-six, the resentment of that bloodthirsty conclave which, under the name of "the Sixteen," exercised the authority nominally enjoyed by Henry III. He was sent to the Bastille, where, after a short time, his captivity was shared by two ladies, daughters of Jacques Foucaud, attorney to the Parliament, and condemned, like Bernard, for their firm religious faith. The last page in the history of the old potter is one which crowns with imperishable glory the records of a long and useful life; it is one of the best chapters from our Protestant martyrology. Mr. Morley gives it thus:—

"For the death of unsentenced Reformers the Sixteen were clamorous; one of them, Mathieu de Launay, who had at one time been a minister in the Reformed Church, solicited especially the public execution, already too long deferred, of the old potter. This happened in the year 1588, when Palissy

was seventy-nine years old, and the age of King Henry III. was thirty-seven. The King, starched, frilled, and curled, according to his own fantastic custom, frequently visited the prisons, and felt interest in the old man, whom he regarded as an ancient servant of his mother. Finding that his age would not protect him from the stake, the King one day held with the potter this discourse, which has been preserved for us in a contemporary record:—

" 'My good man,' said the King, 'you have been forty-five years in the service of the Queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these poor women and you; they are to be burned to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted.'

" 'Sire,' answered the old man, 'the Count de Maulevrier came yesterday, on your part, promising life to these two sisters if they would each give you a night. They replied that they would now be martyrs for their own honour, as well as for the honour of God. You have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a King. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay.'

"The girls were burnt a few months afterwards, in June, 1588. The news of their death reaching the Huguenot camp, Monsieur du Plessis said to the King of Navarre, shortly to be King Henry IV. of France, 'Courage, Sire! since even our girls can face death for the Gospel.'

The year after, Maître Bernard Palissy died in the Bastille. The annals of that celebrated fortress are still to be written; they will prove a record of the sufferings endured by the bravest, the noblest, the best minds in France. The work of destruction accomplished on the eventful 14th of July, 1789, was only a tardy act of reparation offered to the victims of despotism. Exactly two centuries elapsed before justice was done to the memory of the *inventeur des rustiques figulines*.  
G. M.

\* Palissy the Potter. London, 1852.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE wreck of genius, especially poetic genius, by the intemperance of passion, is a spectacle the world has often seen and lamented. Nor is there anything of mystery in such a catastrophe. The connexion between poetry and passion is one of the common-places of philosophy. The emotional nature, roused from its depths, will generally find vent in the tropes, and hurried metaphors, and vivid personifications of poetic speech. And conversely, the soul in its higher poetic flights needs to be uplifted on the wing of strong and sustained emotion. The man of science, pushing his "patient entrance into nature's deep resources," may be cold as the substances he analyses, and methodical as the laws he discovers; the philosopher may probe into thought and feeling as impassively as the anatomist into the muscles and veins; but the poet cannot thus be all head and no heart; he cannot rise "to the height of" his "great argument" by the slow, calm steps of a merely logical process. His eye must roll in its "fine frenzy," and his heart glow with its eager pulsations, before he can utter "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Truth requires of her followers the quick, keen eye—the clear, active, patient intellect—and that is all; but poesy exacts of such as would wear her garland, the ready sympathy—the tender, tremulous sensibility—the warm, fleshly, passionate heart.

Yet it by no means follows of necessity that such excess of the emotional element should take the gross and degrading direction of *animal* indulgence. The poet need not be a beast in his gratifications, because his nerves are more delicately strung, and his passions more quickly and hotly kindled than those of ordinary humanity. Wordsworth walked the world with throbbing sensibilities, discovering in "the meanest flower that blows" "thoughts too deep for tears," yet was pure as the snows upon his own Helvellyn; Cowper, whose life was a perpetual martyrdom to his diseased sensitiveness, sought relief from his sorrows in meek submission, not in delirious excess. Nevertheless, too often poetic sensibility has been a fatal endowment. The wine-cup has

been resorted to, either for the elation or stupefaction it affords—either to string up morbid nerves, or to drown misery in forgetfulness. Wit and fancy enough to make ordinary men immortal have been poured forth amidst the coarse plaudits of drunken revellers—Apollo lending his lyre to the orgies of Bacchus. Or other stimulants have been sought, equally deleterious, if less criminal. And the unnatural cravings thus awakened have grown more imperious by indulgence. Byron, out Venice-ing Venice by his nightly debauches—Burns, degrading his genius to the companionship of vulgar sensualists for the sake of their potations long and deep—Coleridge, lazily reveling in opium visions,—are but specimens of a class. And to these we may now add another, whose career in misery and degradation outstripped them all—the half-lunatic, half-inspired American, EDGAR ALLAN POE.

We cannot couple Poe's name with those of Burns and Byron without being reminded of one coincidence, too remarkable to be merely a coincidence—that, viz., of the age at which in each case intemperate passion wrought the destruction of its victim. Byron was thirty-six when exertion and exposure completed the wreck of a shattered constitution; Burns was thirty-seven when criminal excesses brought him to the grave; and Poe was thirty-eight when he was picked up drunk and raving in the streets of Baltimore, to die in a hospital. In the prime of life, when other men are girding up their powers for a mature essay of their strength, these unhappy geniuses finished their wayward course. Their "sun went down while it was yet day."

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Baltimore, in January, 1811. His father and mother were both employed on the stage. They died within a few months of each other, when Edgar was a child of six years old. Thus the key-note of his melancholy history was early-struck. Yet no relentless destiny hung over him from the outset. The young orphan was not cast destitute on the cold charities of the world. He had, like others, his time of probation, and lost it by his own folly and guilt. A Mr. John Allan,

a wealthy and generous merchant, who had been familiar with the parents, took charge of the forsaken child, and having no family of his own, proposed to adopt him.

Young Edgar is described as being at this early age "of remarkable beauty and precocious wit"—both perilous endowments, even under the severe discipline of a parent, much more so under the lax tutelage of a patron. Extraordinary precocity is itself often a morbid symptom, needing repression rather than encouragement, and foreboding either a premature end or a wayward passionate life.

How Mr. Allan fulfilled his assumed relation to the beautiful orphan we are not informed—probably neither better nor worse than guardians are wont to do. Four or five years of his boyhood young Edgar spent in England, at the school of a Dr. Bransby, in Stoke Newington. If during all this period he was left among strangers, exposed only to the ordinary influences of such an establishment, here was ample opportunity for the contraction of those vices which afterwards bore such bitter fruit. An indolent lad of genius at a public school is in a perilous position. He learns to despise the plodding application which he does not need, and becomes impulsive and irregular. The rapidity of his mental operations leaves him long hours of vacancy; and, as good Dr. Watts says truly,

"Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do."

Returning to the United States, he entered the University of Charlottesville. Here profligacy was the fashion, and young Poe soon became the most profligate of his class. He plunged into intemperance, and yet grosser sins. He gambled wildly, exhausted the liberal allowance of his patron, and ran deeply into debt. Yet, by the extraordinary vigour and rapidity of his intellect, he maintained as conspicuous a position in the ranks of scholarship as he did in the career of vice, and would have graduated with the highest honours, had not his extreme dissoluteness led to his expulsion.

Mr. Allan having refused to pay some of his debts of "honour," Poe abused him, left his house, and started for Europe, with the professed intention of joining the Greeks, in their struggle with the Turks. Strange, indeed, it would

have been, if the resuscitation of that ancient nation had attracted to their ranks two such erratic geniuses as the authors of "Don Juan" and the "Raven." Poe's fantastic ideas, however, was never carried out. For twelve months he wandered over Europe. Whither he went, what he did, and how he subsisted, we know not. At length he reappears at St. Petersburg; and, very characteristically, is soon involved in trouble, by outrages committed in a drunken debauch. By the interference of the American Minister, he is set at liberty and enabled to return to his native land.

By Mr. Allan's influence, who had not yet wholly discarded his scapegrace favourite, Poe was next placed at the Military Academy at West Point. For awhile he studied hard. His vivacity and brilliant conversational power secured him general favour; and his friends began to hope that perhaps his troubles were working his reformation. But the old temptation recurred—his reformed habits and better aspirations were weak as imbecility itself before it; duties were neglected, and orders disobeyed, and ten months had hardly elapsed before the young cadet was cashiered.

His next misfortune was more serious still; whether more criminal or not remains uncertain. Mr. Allan had married a second time. Poe affirms that he had a personal quarrel with the lady, who was many years her husband's junior, that he ridiculed her, and that this occasioned a breach between himself and his patron. Bad enough this; but Mr. Allan's friends circulated a darker story, upon which it is well, for the ray of reputation Poe has left behind, that some ambiguity rests. Be this as it may, Mr. Allan now closed his door on the young reprobate, and never again gave him the slightest help or assistance.

Poe was now for awhile reduced to great wretchedness. He first attempted to gain a livelihood by contributions to popular journals, but his productions were not sufficiently *ad captandum*. This resource failing, he enlisted as a private soldier, for his vices and misfortunes had made him reckless of character. He hated and defied mankind, and cared little at what gradation of the social scale he stood. Some of the officers, however, were old acquaintances from the Academy at West Point, and made efforts to secure him a commission—but

he prevented their kindness by deserting. It was impossible to help a being whose vagaries were so capricious.

In 1838 two prizes were offered by the proprietor of the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* for the best tale and poem adapted to the magazine. One contribution was sent in which immediately arrested the attention of the adjudicators, by the clearness and beauty of the handwriting. The contents were found to be as remarkable as the calligraphy. Not another MS. was opened. The premium was unanimously awarded to "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." The successful candidate was Poe; the prize tale, *The MS. Found in a Bottle*. The next day Poe was invited to the office of a Mr. Kennedy, one of the adjudicators, a literary lawyer. He went just as he was. "Thin and pale, even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the want of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice, conversation, and manners all won upon the lawyer's regard."\*

Through the active kindness of Mr. Kennedy and other friends, Poe was established as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a magazine published at Richmond, Virginia. For awhile all went well. He married his cousin, a gentle girl, and lived frugally on his income of a hundred a year. He contributed several papers to the magazine; and won, by his fascinating manner, the friendship of his employer. But the evil spirit was laid only, not exorcised. Temptations again assailed him, and again he fell. Remorse, resolves, promises, the responsibilities of his new relations, all were scattered, like reeds in the hurricane, before the frenzy of passion. He would spend a whole week together in a state of beastly intoxication. His generous employer bore long with him; dismissed, and again forgave him; but severity and kindness were alike thrown away on the unhappy inebriate. At length his irregularities wearied the forbearance of friendship, and in January, 1837, his connexion with the magazine ceased.

Then followed a year and a half of vague wanderings and precarious sub-

sistence. At length he settled at Philadelphia, again in the capacity of Editor. The magazine whose supervision he now undertook was the *Maga*, which Mr. Barton, a comedian, had recently established. Here the often-told story has to be repeated—a few months of steady application and self-control followed by impetuous outbursts of old, irrepressible cravings, and the revived tyranny of inveterate and unconquerable habits. For weeks together, before the summer of 1840 closed, he seemed possessed by a drunken and unclean devil. Meanwhile the concerns of the magazine were shamefully neglected. Sometimes the day of publication would arrive, and no copy for the printer. Mr. Burton was kind and lenient, and rather pitied than resented excesses which seemed to have as much insanity in them as sin. But Poe's wild folly made him an outcast from the offices of friendship; it was impossible for the most determined affection to do him lasting good. It would have been as easy to tame by kindness some tiger of the jungle, for perpetual alcohol had fired his nature with the fury of a wild beast; and in the blindness of his paroxysms he distinguished neither friend nor foe. His rupture with Burton is a sad exhibition of his character. The comedian had been called from town by a professional engagement, leaving material for the publication of the magazine in four days. Returning in a fortnight, he found the whole concern suspended, not a page of copy having been sent to the press. But this was not the worst. His quondam editor had prepared the prospectus of a rival monthly, even transcribing the subscription-list of his generous employer with the design of supplanting him. The astonished actor sought out Poe, found him in some low haunt of vice, and demanded back his "copy" with language of honest indignation. The wretched inebriate interrupted him with—"Who are you that presume to address me in this manner? Burton, I am—the Editor of the *Penn Magazine*—and you are—hiccup—a fool." Thus, after a little more than a year, closed his connexion with the *Maga*.

He remained four years yet in Philadelphia, his increasing celebrity as a magazinist furnishing him with the means of subsistence. For a year and a half he edited a periodical, named

\* Grimswoold's Life.

after its proprietor, a Mr. Graham. When his unconquerable habits of dissipation had thrown him out of this post, he attempted to establish a magazine of his own, to be called the *Stylus*—but no publisher would embark in the venture with a being so wayward.

During his connexion with Graham's magazine, he wrote some of his most caustic criticisms, and most popular tales. Indeed, it was now that his own peculiar vein of genius, that of curious and subtle analysis, maturely developed itself. He took possession of a domain of thought in which he stands unequalled—indeed, almost without competitor. The tales that he wrote at this time were such as the "Gold Beetle," and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," where with such wonderful ingenuity the woof of human conduct is unravelled to its primary threads. We may remark, though in anticipation of some coming criticisms, that the Dupin of the latter of these tales is evidently the Poe of this period. Imaginative and whimsical, living isolated in his own thoughts—"enamoured" of darkness "for her own sake"—dreaming or reading by day, and by night sallying forth to seek excitement "amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city"—perpetually thinking, eagerly delighted, and wondrously successful in following the thoughts of others through their hidden and wayward trains of associations—solving all enigmas with the air of intuition, yet in reality "by the very soul and essence of method"—tracking results to causes, and then again from causes predicting results with keenest sagacity—and discoursing at such times with "frigid and abstract" manner, and eyes dilating vacantly, while his voice rises "to a treble, which would have sounded petulantly, but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation"—such has Poe depicted his unique and mysterious Frenchman; and he found the original of the delineation, even to many of its minutest details, in his own self-analysis. It was the same vein of genius which displayed itself in his papers on autobiography and ciphers, both contributed at this period of his career. In the former, he attempted to discover character from handwriting; and in the latter he laid down the principle, that all secret writing was resolvable by methodical analysis.

In the autumn of 1844, Poe removed

from Philadelphia to New York, and shortly afterwards published the best known of all his productions, that weird and dirge-like poem, "The Raven." His fame was now established; the first literary society of the American capital was open to him; and either as a magazinist or an independent author, he might have secured a respectable livelihood. But his old miserable habits still adhered to him. No change of place or condition could shake them off. Many discreditible stories are told of him at this time, of which the only palliation—if palliation it be—is, that intemperate passion had driven him mad, and remorse and conscious degradation had made him desperate. He was soon in the lowest state of destitution. The dangerous illness of his wife added to his misfortunes, and his own energies were emasculated by dissipation and paralysed by self-inflicted misery. At length his pitiable condition was made known in the public journals, and relief flowed in. But it came too late to save his gentle-hearted wife, who, with the unwearying love which belongs only to woman, had adhered to him through long years of sorrow, insanity, and sin. Yet he was not even now deserted. His mother-in-law, who through her daughter's protracted illness had been the guardian genius of the household, still continued her devotion to her unhappy son. She lived with him, made the squalid home of want look bright and cheerful, withdrew him from temptation, watched over the frenzy or stupor of his drunken paroxysms, shielded him from exposure, bore meekly and pityingly with his maniacal petulance and ingratitude, carried his productions to the press, begged for him, with a love and self-abandonment to which we know no parallel. Mr. N. P. Willis writes of this noble-hearted woman:—

"The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving-up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously-refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. Winter after winter, for years, the most touch-

ing sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell—sometimes pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him—mentioning nothing but that ‘he was ill,’ whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing—and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions.”

Mr. Willis was at this time editing a daily paper in New York, and for some few months Poe was employed by him as critic and sub-editor. It appears to have been one of his intervals of sobriety—a lull in the tempest of passion that agitated his life. At all events, Mr. Willis saw but the better phase of his character, for he writes:—

“He resided with his wife and mother, at Fordham, a few miles out of town, but was at his desk, in the office, from nine in the morning till the evening paper went to press. With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful, and intellectual face, as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with a deferential courtesy, and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage coloured too highly with his resentment against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented, far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he, at last, voluntarily gave up his employment with us; and through all this considerable period, we had seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability. Residing, as he did, in the country, we never met Mr.

Poe in hours of leisure; but he frequently called on us afterwards in our place of business, and we met him often in the street—invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman—such as we had always known him. It was by rumour only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character.”

It was during his residence in New York, early in 1848, that Poe delivered a lecture on the “Cosmogony of the Universe,” which he afterwards published under the ambitious title of “Eureka, a Prose-poem.” It is a production full of genius and enthusiasm—yet, withal, merely gorgeous hypothesis, and thus commanding no one’s faith but the projector’s. It rejects alike the authoritative disclosures of revelation, and the slow and cautious deductions of sound philosophy, to plunge, like the Pythagorases and Platos of former days, into the cloudland of speculation, and there to build up theories vast, and beautiful, and evanescent as the vapoury domes and palaces painted by the setting sun upon the western sky. Yet Poe himself had the strongest faith in his own hypothesis. He was persuaded that to him had been discovered the secret of the universe. He talked incessantly of his glorious dreams, with fire flashing from his large and variable eyes, and a more than mortal eloquence rushing in the exquisitely-modulated tones of his wonderful voice. And in his preface he wrote—“What I here propound is true, therefore it cannot die; or if, by any means, it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the life everlasting.”

It was now publicly announced that Poe was to be married a second time—the bride-elect being “one of the most brilliant women of New England.” He has celebrated her beauty, and the incident of his first seeing her, in his lines “To Helen.” But the engagement was ruptured by Poe himself; and that, according to the published recital, by an act of such deliberate and incomprehensible baseness, as to raise a suspicion of some exaggeration. We give his biographer’s own words, and leave the reader to judge for himself: “He said to an acquaintance in New York, who congratulated him upon the prospect of his union with a person of so much genius and so many virtues—‘It is a mistake, I am not going to be married.’

'Why, Mr. Poe, I understand that the banns have been published.' 'I cannot help what you have heard, my dear Madam; but, mark me, I shall not marry her.' He left town the same evening, and the next day was reeling through the streets of the city which was the lady's home, and in the evening—that should have been the evening before the bridal—in his drunkenness he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police." We hesitate to adopt so strange an anecdote; for we know of no less trustworthy materials for the biographer than rumoured conversations.

But the end was now approaching. In the autumn of 1849, Poe left New York for Virginia. After a relapse at Philadelphia on the road, he reached Richmond in a mood of sobriety. It was the home of his early days, and better feelings came over him. He joined a Temperance Society, and wrestled hard, and for a time successfully, with his old besetments. He renewed a long-suspended connexion with a lady he had known and loved in his youth, and preparations were made for a speedy marriage. But business called him to New York. He took Baltimore in his way; and, having to wait for an hour or two, went to a tavern for refreshment. Some old acquaintances invited him to drink; he had no strength to resist the fatal seduction; and the demon revived within him. The night was spent in insanity and exposure; and in the morning, his condition was such that it was deemed necessary to convey him to a hospital. Here on Sunday, the 7th of October, at the age of thirty-eight, he died.

Such was the tragical termination of a career, which throughout leaves us uncertain whether to pity or condemn. It is the fashion, we know, to speak of Poe as a being of unmitigated depravity—in whose composition all sweet and generous virtues, and even conscience itself, were omitted. We have no faith in such moral monstrosities—no more than in mermaids, and centaurs, and gorgons, and such-like deformities. These stern censors do not allow sufficiently for the terrible bondage under which Poe lived to the most furious of appetites. To the confirmed drunkard the thirst for drink becomes a species of *mania*; the slightest seduction—the

mere fumes of the intoxicating beverage—will set it raging; and his will has been so frequently over-ridden by passion, that resistance is now simply impossible. All his resolves and vows, his forebodings of shame, and disease, and beggary—all that in his sober moments it drives him frantic to think of—all are forgotten, or swept away like the webs of the gossamer in the tempest. That such was the case with the unhappy subject of our sketch, we have on the authority of an intimate acquaintance. "We heard," writes Mr. Willis, "from one who knew him well (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities), that with a single glass of wine his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost: and though *none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible*, his will was palpably insane. Possessing his reasoning faculties in excited activity at such times, and seeking his acquaintance with his wonted look and memory, he easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused, accordingly, of insulting arrogance and bad-heartedness. In this reversed character, we repeat, it was never our chance to see him. We know it from hearsay, and we mention it in connexion with this sad infirmity of physical constitution, which puts it upon very nearly the ground of a *temporary and irresponsible insanity*."

Let the words we have italicised be remarked well. Poe retained the intellect and outward appearance of a sane man, while his *will* was in abeyance, and he was consequently *passive* to the wild fancies and wayward impulses of inebriety. Hence, we have little doubt but that many of his actions, which passed for sane and premeditated baseness, were in reality the irrational caprices of drunkenness. True there yet remains—making all deductions—the fact of his *voluntary* subjection to these fearful passions. That they grew into tyrannous habits, that they threw prostrate his emasculated will, was his own fault. He had his time of probation like other men. He was under no dark and uncontrollable destiny. He must voluntarily have obscured his reason, and seared his conscience, and surrendered his freedom, before the demon fairly took possession of his soul. For this we have no apology, unless, indeed, his early orphanage, his preco-

cious infancy, and homeless boyhood, be admitted in palliation.

We only seek to rescue him from the charge of unmitigated wickedness. With this view, we have referred many of his worst exhibitions of character to the sheer insanity of domineering passion. But is this all that can be said for him? Had he no redeeming qualities, no positive tendencies towards the good and generous, though checked and reversed when the furies that possessed him were aroused? We believe that he had. Our very faith in human nature would lead us to such belief, if we had no other ground to rest it on. The devoted affection which he excited in his wife and mother-in-law, who knew him best, stands in proof—though we know that woman's love has strange tenacity, and to her pitying heart sorrow, and misfortune cover a multitude of sins. Then, again, it is hard judging to suppose the courtesy and winning gentleness remarked by Willis, to have been merely the glossy skin, and noiseless step, and graceful movements of the tiger. His very sadness too is significant. "He seemed," says his biographer, "except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow." Now, your true Bacchanalian reprobate, in whose heart the fires of passion have scorched up all sweet and fragrant humanities, is never sad. Fretted with *ennui*, depressed by morbid physical reaction, stung by such unholy remorse as preys on the lost in hell—this he may be; but true sorrow, the anguish of wounded sensibility, the bitter wailings of memory over lost innocence, this is reserved for those who, amidst all the devastations of sin, retain some loving and loveable qualities to link them with their kind.

We deny that there are no traces of *heart* in Poe's writings. True, he has written nothing that moves us to tears, but this is not a fair criterion. The surcharged heart does not always vent itself in tears. There is a sorrow to which this relief is denied—a dark, morbid, *aching* sorrow—felt not in pangs, but in perpetual gloom and heaviness; and displaying itself in the abstracted mien, the introverted gaze—

Lips busy and eyes fixed, feet falling slow,  
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below.

Such sorrow, like the "beak" of his own Raven, was ever gnawing at the

heart of Poe. He did not weep—that melancholy luxury was denied him; but he walked the streets all night, with anguish seated on his countenance, muttering curses, or breathing passionate prayers—prayers not for himself, whose doom he believed fixed, but for those he loved; calling aloud on dear departed ones, as if in his words there was a spell which could evoke them from the tomb; beating the winds and rains with furious arms, heedless of the storm without in the more dreadful rage of the storm within. And such a sorrow pervades many of his writings. We read them, not with quivering lips and choking voice, but with a melancholy gathering on our hearts which has the more of the intensity, that it lacks the tenderness, of sorrow.

Whether Poe possessed original genius or not has been much debated. We shall not pause on such a controversy, which generally resolves itself into a mere quibbling about words, depending on what is understood by originality; but shall proceed to specify what appear to us the conspicuous features of his genius.

The most obvious, by universal consent, is his *subtle and singular power of analysis*. His tales of ratiocination, as they are generally called, though written evidently with the intention of displaying this peculiar faculty, are scarcely its most remarkable exemplifications. In them it is a plot of his own weaving that he unravels. He first constructs, and knowing the secret of construction, makes no very extraordinary display of his skill in taking it to pieces again. It would not be much to be wondered at if the man who had first arranged the machinery of the stage, should afterwards be able to explain the shifting of the scenes, as it appears to the spectators. Thus, for instance, in the murders in the Rue Morgue, having previously fixed on an Ourang-Outang as the murderer, and arranged accordingly the accidents of the catastrophe, he displays surely no very singular sagacity in starting with those accidents, and eliminating from them who was the perpetrator; though from the extreme verisimilitude of his narration, the reader forgets for awhile that the problem never was wrought out in the mode in which it is presented to him—that no Dupin ever *did* thus track the monster from his bloody handiwork—



and is therefore filled with a fallacious astonishment. In these tales, then, it is rather the *constructive* than the analytic power that is displayed; and this, according to Poe himself, is a very inferior faculty, being "frequently seen in those whose intellect borders otherwise upon idiocy."

Poe's analytic ability is rather diffused throughout his writings, than manifested in any one with peculiar prominence. It is perpetually obtruding itself upon us. He is never content with telling us simply what his characters thought and felt, but must always explain how they came thus to think and feel. Scarcely ever does he depict a scene without showing its reflection in the soul—without, in other words, describing the emotions it excites and the thoughts it suggests. Every now and then he will take up an emotion—the more rare or morbid the better—and trace its development, step by step, from the first faint breathing to the paroxysm. He concentrates almost all the interest of his pieces on the processes of thought and feeling that transpire within the breasts of his principal figures; all the mere incidents being as subordinate as the scenery or drapery of the stage to the performance of the actors. He surprises us with little stray bits of metaphysics in the most out-of-the-way places; often, indeed, carrying this to excess, and breaking the *effect* of his narratives by distracting the interest of his readers with episodic disquisitions. He says of one of his characters, that he had "a *habit* of intense and continual thought, pervading even his most trivial actions, intruding upon his moments of dalliance, and interweaving itself with his very flashes of merriment, like adders which writhe from out of the eyes of the grinning masks in the cornices around the temple of Persepolis." Such was Poe himself. Indeed, the principal figure of all his sketches is himself—a sort of spiritual chemist, resolving his own thoughts and actions, and those of all others, in the crucible of his keen metaphysics.

But perhaps the chief feature about Poe's analytic faculty is the eccentricity of its application. It is peculiarly the morbid, or fantastic, or impassioned moods of mind that he delights in subjecting to his scrutiny. Frenzies, and phantasies, and terrors,—swoons, half-memories, mesmeric-trances, and living

deaths, are the conditions of the some possible, others impossible rendered *plausible* by his wit and skill—which he dissects with evident singular *gusto*. Especially is he a liar with that strange born between sanity and madness, shadowy spectres flit to and fro seen in the misty light of waning moon. One of his characters is haunted by perpetual fear of being buried alive in his "fancy grows charnel," and is "of worms, of tombs, and of the grave." Another, yet more strangely, is possessed by a *fear of fear*—a dread lest sudden terror should completely paralyze his already tottering nerves. Another describes the progress of a swoon, from the "hurring" and swimming sights that give intimation of its approach—through the gross darkness of unconsciousness—the sense of motion and sound—"sound, motion, and touch"—"bare consciousness of existence without thought"—then uncertain—then "a rushing revival of so full distinct memory of the past." Of his sketches, again, is an illustration of the rise and culmination of a mental process, of which "philosophers account"—yet belonging to the visible primary sentiments which give direction to the character of man's *spirit of perverseness*; or, as he afterwards denominates it, "the unfulfilled longing of the soul to *view itself*." Another—one of his short poems—actually put into the mouth of a character and begins—

Thank Heaven! the crisis—  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last—  
And the fever called "*Living*"  
Is conquered at last.

Equally characteristic of Poe's is his wonderful analytic power with his wonderful analytic power. The *vigour* of his imagination faculty, too, is of a peculiar cast, the same morbid tendencies which lead him to select for dissection all the dark and gloomy conditions of mind, his imagination to prefer the secret mystery and horror. The beautiful the sublime—the dews and flowers of the earth, the stars and hues of the sky, he seldom deals with; but rather home in haunted palaces, and "ghost-haunted" tarns, and "ghost-haunted" lakes, and bleak, solitary n

vacant, eye-like windows," and

Wild weird clime, that lieth sublime,  
Out of space—out of time.

possesses in an eminent degree of filling up the background of scenes with appropriate imagery. Incident and every object is connected with the *one* effect he seeks to achieve; and thus the whole force of the description contributes to heighten the result. Most artistically, for example, he has accomplished this in "The Raven." From beginning to end, consistent in language, in scenery, in tone, there is no incongruity; *one* holy hue tinges all. The December midnight, the raging storm, the glowing embers, the musing student, "the *king of forgotten lore*," the richly-furnished chamber haunted by memories of the dead, the uncertain tapping, suspense, the raven—"gaunt and its bird of yore;" its one dirge-like note,—all are in keeping, both readily and with the significance of the whole. In the "Fall of the House of Usher," too, what a harmony of mysterious horror is preserved throughout! Another feature of Poe's genius, too precious to be passed over, is his *louis facility of expression*. We do not indeed, think him to have been a word-artist. That is, his poems are not a mere skillful putting together of language with a view to a certain effect. We have not summed up the whole of his genius, in allowing of his prodigious dexterity in using the English language. He *did* possess the inspiration; he did receive from nature the "art, unteachable, untrammelled;" he was a poet born, not made. I think he has wronged himself in this respect. In his eager love of facts, he has tried to make us believe—perhaps tried to believe himself—that his "Raven" was coolly put together by artistic skill; that it is the creation, not of a poet, but of a metaphysical conversant with the canons of taste and the laws of emotion; that he came down to it as he would have sat down to the solution of a problem in mathematics, or the manufacture of a steam-engine. Now this we simply disbelieve. It is the true *afflatus* breathing in the stanza of that magical poem. No mere mechanist of verses could originally construct it; though the keen eye of the analyst, reviewing its cards, might be able to account,

on the principles of true criticism, for its weird-like power. And this we suspect to be the true history of the affair.

Yet *was* Poe a great word-artist, though he was something more. The copiousness and flexibility of his vocabulary, both in prose and verse, is astounding. In the former he seizes upon the most indefinable processes of thought, the most delicate shades of feeling, and clothes them in language of sharp, out-standing distinctness. Most writers who have treated of such vague and subtle themes, have been compelled to cover their lack of clear apprehension, or accurate expression, under vague and mystical forms of speech. Not so Poe; however misty the region of thought he may penetrate, he is himself never misty—however grotesque and out-of-the-way his theme, he never has to coin a new phraseology; an expedient by which not a few of his countrymen have sadly adulterated their vernacular Saxon. Nay, he never betrays even a spare or feeble vocabulary, but will not unfrequently lavish on the most delicate and airy ideas a style of expression even vividly picturesque.

In his verse the same masterly command of language is equally manifest, and here is guided and controlled by an ear exquisitely musical. The effect of some of his metres is marvellous. We verily believe that if he had written the most arrant nonsense, and clothed it as he was capable of clothing it, it would have been read with pleasure. We need scarcely refer to his "Raven," the stanza of which—that is, the *combination* of metres—is entirely original. To quote briefly from one or two poems less generally known, how exquisitely musical is this!—

Thou wast that all to me, love,  
For which my soul doth pine,  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers;  
And all the flowers were mine.

Now all my hours are trances:  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams,  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what Italian streams.

Alas! for that accursed time  
They bore thee o'er the billow,  
From Love to titled age and crime,  
And an unholy pillow!—  
From me, and from our misty clime,  
Where weeps the silver willow.

How light and fairy-like the trip of the following!—

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by the side,  
Of my darling—my darling, my life and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

One more quotation, and it shall answer the double purpose of exemplifying Poe's exquisite flow of rhythm and the remarks made above upon the sombre melancholy that broods over his writings:—

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown  
for ever!  
Let the bell toll! a saintly-soul floats on the  
Hlykian river;  
And Guy de Vere, hast thou notear? weep now, or  
never more!  
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love,  
Lenore!  
Come, let the burial rite be read— the funeral song  
be sung;  
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died  
so young;  
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died  
so young.

*Paccaninus!* but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath  
song,  
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no  
wrong!  
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with hope  
that flew beside,  
Leaving thee wild for the dear child, that should  
have been thy bride;  
For her, the fair and *debonnaire*, that now so lowly  
lies,  
The life upon the yellow hair, but not within her  
eyes—  
The life still there upon her hair—the death upon  
her eyes.

We have not exhausted our theme. The genius of Poe was unique, and a thoroughly satisfactory analysis would demand more space than our limits will allow. We have suggested what we have thought its most characteristic features; but all who delight in studying the human intellect—that theme ever-varying and yet ever the same—varying in its individual diversities the same in its universal laws and primary powers—will read and judge for themselves.

## MARY MARTHA SHERWOOD.

In thousands of English families, the name of Mrs. Sherwood is a pleasant "household word." Her stories, read in childhood with unspeakable delight, are still remembered; their originality, naturalness, and pathos never failed to beguile away the hour; and now the interest attaching to them is enhanced by the knowledge that the authoress was accustomed to sketch from real life. From her position and eventful career she had opportunities for observation granted to few women; but not only as a gifted writer, as a noble worker for God and for humanity, is she worthy of memorial.

The maiden name of Mrs. Sherwood was Mary Martha Butt, and she was a not unworthy descendant of a highly-respectable family, which traced its ancestry to the time of the Conquest. She was born on the 6th of July, 1775—a period of great public agitation, from the fratricidal war that was then raging between Great Britain and America. The father of our heroine was a highly-esteemed clergyman of the

Establishment, who enjoyed the friendship of many men of repute and influence at that epoch. He obtained possession of the rectory of Stanford, in Worcestershire, about four years previous to the birth of his daughter. Here he spent the best and happiest portion of his life, and here, after a temporary removal to another sphere of pastoral labour, he retreated to die. This spot, where the most tender and impressionable years of Miss Butt's life were passed, was, according to the enthusiastic description of its sylvan delights with which we are furnished, eminently adapted to awaken and foster those mental qualities by which she was characterised. Stanford must indeed be a scene of rare and exquisite beauty; since we find Mrs. Sherwood, when age might be supposed to have cooled her ardour, and a rich experience in travel to have tempered her judgment, writing of her favorite natal spot in the following strain: "The situation of Stanford is delightful, and congenial in the highest degree to the feelings of

the poet. And, as it was necessary that a parsonage-house should be built, my father chose a spot within the glebe, of such surprising beauty that he provided for himself an ever-charming feast for his imagination; and here, no doubt, his genius and his taste would have been indulged, to the serious injury of his family in a worldly point of view, had it not been for the counteracting influences of my beloved mother, who supplied all those deficiencies, which were the effects of that providence which is too frequently the attendant of superior genius. . . . It would be utterly impossible, through the medium of words, to give an idea of the lovely country where I was born and reared. Few have travelled further or perhaps seen more than I have; but yet, in its peculiar way, I have never seen any region of the earth to be compared with Stanford. The parsonage-house commanded four distinct views from the four sides, which combined in a wondrous panorama." The landscape was made up of lawns, and orchards, and hills, and forest scenery; copses, farm-houses, fields of corn, picturesque villages with their churches and ancient mansions; while a river meandered through the green country, giving life and vivacity to the whole. "Had I been born of the noblest or richest family in England," continues our enthusiastic heroine, "I could not have entered life under any circumstances in which more of what is elegant and beautiful could have been presented to my young apprehension, and more of what is coarse and inelegant withdrawn from it; for all my early impressions were most beautiful as regarded natural things, and classical as regarded intellectual things. Picture, then, to yourself, whoever condescends to read these memoirs, the lovely parsonage of Stanford, the elegant home in which I was born; my genius-gifted and benevolent father, tinctured with that romance which an early disappointment in love seldom fails to call forth; and my humble-minded, sensitive mother, a lady of a literary and accomplished mind, whose rare integrity and excellent principles were congenial with my father's exalted sense of virtue." \*

In the earlier stages of her life Miss

Butt was remarkable for her rapid growth and physical development. At the age of thirteen she had attained her full stature, which was above the average standard of women in general; and being dressed, up to that time, like a child, in pinafores, she was regarded as an infant giantess. This, however, was better for her subsequent character and career, than being like Miss Mitford perched upon tables and exhibited to company as an "infant phenomenon." So far, indeed, was the embryo tale-writer from giving any marked indications of precocious talent, that she was rather deemed deficient in intellectual promise than otherwise. An anecdote will illustrate this. When introduced on one occasion to a distinguished party at Lichfield, Mr. Edgeworth, after scrutinising her appearance for some time, complimented her father on her well-nurtured animal nature, but immediately added, with great disregard to parental feelings: "But you may depend upon it, Mr. Butt, you may depend upon it, she wants it *here*"—accompanying the remark with several significant taps upon his forehead. He proved a false prophet, nevertheless.

Although love, the tenderest and the most winning, shed its endearments around the younger branches of this happy family and knit their filial hearts to their parents, yet we find that Miss Butt especially, who was under the immediate control of her mother, was subjected to a severity of discipline belonging rather to the obsolete rigours of the olden-time than to the gentler tutorial sway of the present age. After dwelling gratefully upon the present advantages accruing to her from the eminently-instructive conversations of her father, our autobiographer continues: "Whilst this system of improvement was always going forward whenever the family were assembled, there was a private discipline of such undeviating strictness carried on with me by an excellent mother, that it might have appeared that no other person in the world could have been better fitted to bring a mere child of many imaginations under control than was my ever honoured parent. Lady Jane Grey speaks of the severities to which she was subjected by her noble parents. I had neither nips, nor bobs, nor pinches; but I experienced what I thought much worse. It was the fashion then for

\* See *Life of Mrs. Sherwood*. By her Daughter.

children to wear iron collars round the neck, with a backboard strapped over the shoulders; to one of these I was subjected from my sixth to my thirteenth year. It was put on in the morning, and seldom taken off till late in the evening; and I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with this stiff collar round my neck. At the same time I had the plainest possible food, such as dry bread and cold milk. I never sat on a chair in my mother's presence. Yet I was a very happy child; and when relieved from my collar, I not unseldom manifested my delight by starting from our hall door, and taking a run of at least half a mile through the woods which adjoined our pleasure grounds."

Mrs. Sherwood's propensity for story-telling became early apparent. Even when only six years of age, she indulged her natural genius in that direction; and, though unable to write down her ideas, she induced her mother to inscribe them on a slate, and they were afterwards copied with pen and ink, and treasured up with maternal fondness and pride. At a subsequent period, Mr. Butt, who seems to have formed high expectations of his daughter's talents, shut her up in his study with her brother, in order to test their gifts for tale writing. During the first day's trial, both made a beginning. This process was continued for several days, the heroes and heroines being advanced a stage in their adventures on each successive occasion. Besides these juvenile essays in literature, she was wont, in strolling through the charming environs of the parsonage, in company with her young associates, to narrate improvised stories, in a manner that ever made her society attractive. It must not, however, be inferred, from facts like these, that the more solid parts of her education were neglected or slighted; for though she contrived to find time to read works of entertainment amid the shady woods of Stanford, yet, even before the age of twelve, she was obliged to translate fifty lines of Virgil every morning, standing all the while in the above-named stocks, with the rough iron collar cruelly encircling her throat.

Among the incidents of Mrs. Sherwood's early days, there was one that most vividly impressed her memory, and that subsequently exercised considerable influence upon her intellectual

attainments and literary tastes. was the purchase by her father old library, which had belonged celebrated Walsh, the friend of Addison, who resided at Abberley Lodge, it is conjectured the elegant essayist wrote those papers in the "Spectator" which are dated "Worcester." Owing to the illiterate character of the neighbourhood and of the time, Mr. Butt had a whole waggon load of books knocked down to him for a guinea! Among which, although of no value in their external appearance, were many valuable works. The mother's love of neatness and order, revolted against the proposed introduction of so much literary rubbish, worm-eaten, defaced calf-skin in the domestic domain; but, at length, the matter was compromised, and a room over the pantry was appropriated to the reception of this wholesale collection of concrete knowledge. This apartment was henceforth known as the Black Library; and there, for the time to come, its master and his daughter were daily closeted together, exploring and examining dusty but highly-prized treasures. The latter became acquainted with Dryden's "Arjens," Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," the Travels of George Barlow, some old folios of the "Fables" and many of the finest editions of the classics.

When she was about thirteen years of age, the vicarage of Kidderminster was presented to her father, which necessitated the removal of the family. The change was welcome to the excellent pastor, from the increase of activity which it involved; but it was pleasant to our young lady from the novelty and charms of a new life; but was bitterly bewailed by her mother, whose timid and retiring disposition shrunk from contact with society. The woods of Stanford again and again brought her tears and sighed to her lamentations. At the age of fifteen, Mr. Butt was sent to finish her education at Reading, in a very superior establishment conducted by a French gentleman and lady, Monsieur and Madame Q—. Very pleasant pictures are by Mrs. Sherwood of these early joyous days: her introduction to the Abbey, in whose ancient apartments she was destined to reside for several years—the gentle excitement which her advent among the s

roduced in the school—the precedence that was given her when visitors came to see the place—the characters of her teachers, who were of English, French, and Swiss origin. Although avowing no pretensions to piety at this period of her life, yet on several occasions Miss Butt displayed great tenderness of conscience and moral courage. Our young heroine had at this time a narrow escape from a plot at proselytism, in which a Romish priest, the Abbé Beauregard, was the chief agent; who, under the pretext of teaching botany, was accustomed to lure her into long rural excursions, during which, while giving very scanty information about flowers and plants, he industriously tried to undermine her faith in Protestant truths and principles. Neatly-written prayers to the Virgin were offered, with the entreaty that they might be used continually. She was, however, mercifully extricated from this snare.

Miss Butt's earliest published work, entitled "The Traditions," was composed in her seventeenth year, and though abounding with false views of life and immature notions of religion, displayed much ingenuity in the construction of the story. The history of this work, and the circumstances under which it was given to the public, are curious. A considerable portion of it had been written quite secretly at intervals of leisure, and the manuscript kept carefully locked up in one of the cases of Miss Butt's dressing-table. Her father, however, one day coming suddenly into the room, discovered the treasure, and was so delighted with it as the work of his child, that he exhibited it to many friends, and encouraged her to proceed with its execution. Under the stimulus of commendation from numerous quarters, the work was at length completed. What happened thereupon, we will allow the excellent lady to relate in her own words: "These volumes were hardly finished, as to their first rough outline, when letters came announcing the total ruin of a dear friend—an event which had for some time been expected. This unfortunate gentleman was in much need of money, and my beloved father proposed that my manuscript should be published by subscription for his benefit. My heart sunk at the proposition; to be thus forced into public before I was of age—to be set down so soon in that character which I had always dreaded,

as a Miss Jenny Bickerstaff. I was very unhappy; but then, again, to disappoint my father in his benevolent scheme, and to withhold a helping hand from the friend I so dearly loved, was impossible. I could not, and I did not, utter a denial; but really and truly I was thoroughly vexed. Many, many tears I shed in private. My cousin, Dr. Salt, undertook to prepare the book for the press. Our distressed friend was apprised of our plan; great exertions were made; and the subscriptions were such as to enable him to set up a school in a small house in Hans-place, near Chelsea. Nothing, however, could console me, under the mortification which I felt at being thus dragged into public. I am thankful now that my dear father never knew I was pained by the circumstance, for he was so happy in his own benevolent plans, that I would not have disturbed that happiness on any account. My mother, too, and Dr. Salt, who had as little of the world in him as the others, all approved the scheme, and there was only one person who sincerely and most kindly opposed. This person was Dr. S., whom I have mentioned as differing from my father on religious subjects. He represented to my parents, with the greatest warmth of affection, the vast amount of evil which would be done to me, in the very bloom of my life, in dragging me before the public as a writer; for though my name was never put to "The Traditions," every one who knew me knew me to be its author. I stood by and heard all that was said, and felt its truth, and often too have I since that time experienced how great the injury to me, in a worldly point of view, was this measure of printing and making public my crude, girlish fancies. But, somehow or other, Dr. S. did not prevail; the work went on, the subscriptions were solicited, and I stood before the public as an authoress before my nineteenth birthday. So that passed, and I wished that I had not known the use of a pen, and tried to resist the longing desire which I had of beginning to write again."

But write again the young authoress did, in spite of all her compunctions. The *cacoethes scribendi* was too strong for her girlish resolves. The brain would work, and plot, and invent, and weave, and the reluctant fingers found no peace until they consented to give

permanent form to these thick-coming fancies. Accordingly, we are not surprised to learn that in the autumn that ensued after the birth of her first-born literary offspring, another tale, "Margarita," was planned, and immediately proceeded with. In Canon Benardo the reader will recognise the portraiture of her revered father, while the character of Christina was a reproduction of that of her mother. The delineation of the former was not completed until death had invested his image with a sort of sacredness to her mind, and imparted a mournful pleasure to the effort by which he was, as it were, made to live again. This work was followed by the well-known "Susan Grey," the manuscript of which was sold to a publisher at Bath for ten pounds—no inconsiderable sum as literary merchandise went in those days. It came out in 1802, and made a remarkable impression upon the public mind from the circumstance of its being the first work of the kind, written in an elegant style, and having the religious improvement of the poorer classes for its object. Its popularity may be judged by the fact of its being pirated in all directions, and coming out in an almost incredible number of editions, up to the time of Mrs. Sherwood's resumption of the copyright in the year 1816. After it came into her hands, she remodelled and sold it again. It was originally written, we are told, for the elder girls in a Sunday-school which had been benevolently formed and fostered by the authoress and her sister, to whom it had been read chapter by chapter, and not without evidences of lasting benefit. Besides several tracts brought out from time to time, she produced one other work before her marriage and departure from her native land. This was the story of "The Beautiful Estelle," which, in a greatly-improved form, afterwards came out in the sixth volume of the "Lady of the Manor."

Towards the close of the year 1795, Miss Butt lost her indulgent father by a succession of attacks of palsy. Almost immediately after this calamity, the family quitted the delightful mansion at Stanford, to which they had but recently returned. The different members of the broken household were now for some time separated from each other, visiting among their friends. Our heroine was invited to spend some time

with her godmother, then resident at Bath—an odd, half-insane creature, in whose society the time passed anything but pleasantly. She afterwards returned to her widowed and dejected mother, who was then residing in a very humble style at Bridgenorth, in Shropshire. It was here that, after separation of many years, Miss Butt renewed her acquaintance with Henry Sherwood, her cousin, and destined ere long to be her husband. During the earlier periods of childhood he had long been an inmate in their house, in consequence of his having lost his mother in infancy, while his father, by a course of extravagance and dissipation, had reduced himself as to be unable to support his neglected children. They were accordingly kindly adopted by their aunt, who cherished them as tenderly as her own offspring, until Mr. Sherwood taking up his abode in France just before the outbreak of the Revolution, he insisted upon having his children with him, much to the regret of all their friends. Between the ages of ten and twenty, Henry Sherwood, the son, had passed through some of the most extraordinary vicissitudes, and perils, and hair-breadth escapes that fall to the lot of men in troubled times. He was long a prisoner in France, and his narrative of the escape of himself and parents from the land of revolutions to his own native shores, is full of the most thrilling interest. On coming of age, his friends obtained for him a commission in the army; and while these arrangements were being made, he was a welcome guest at Bridgenorth; very welcome, indeed, to at least one member of that happy though saddened household, if we may judge by the new relation that afterwards sprang up and ripened beneath his sunny looks and eloquent tongue. Suffice it to say, that Henry Sherwood, after a five years' absence in the West Indies, returns and entering the unsuspecting family, simple cousin and nephew, he quits it, husband, a brother, and a son.

This auspicious event took place on the last day of June, 1803; but Mrs. Sherwood's domestic tranquillity was of short duration, for the regiment to which her husband belonged was kept continually in motion from one part of the country to another, which change were at length crowned, to the regret of the wife and mother, by an order for:

to depart to the East Indies. Committing her infant daughter to her mother, Mrs. Sherwood prepared to follow the fortunes of her husband. Bitter were the partings, acute the sufferings, and costly the sacrifices involved in this step. Not only was she obliged to submit to the sudden rupture of all the sacred ties of friendship and kindred—to rend herself from the bosom of a sympathizing sister, and to abandon a mother in the desolation of her widowhood—but she was constrained also to relinquish her firstborn babe just as she had begun to taste the sweetness and delights of maternal love. What a change for her as she sat at set of sun on the poop of “The Devonshire,” cut off, perhaps for ever, from all her early associates—the charming scenery of Stanford exchanged for the interminable waste of waters—and the refined converse of literary or religious friends for the bustle and confusion of a crowded transport ship! How like a troubled dream must all this have appeared to the fair young creature, so suddenly loosened from the quiet moorings of a happy home, and driven forth upon the waves of an agitated and excited life! No wonder if at times her heart is full of tender musings, and her eyes dewy with tears. Visions of her dear child, as she last gazed upon it seated in its nurse’s lap, are long mirrored on her memory; but she consoles herself by remembering that she will be brought up amongst lambs and flowers, and sweet woods and hills, and educated in the fear of God. These lingering home thoughts, however, were not without their use, as they prevented the ascendancy of all feminine fears and terrors in prospect of the long voyage before her.

Mrs. Sherwood was particularly unfortunate in the berth allotted to her on board the “Devonshire.” Owing to the late embarkation of the major of the regiment in which Mr. Sherwood was paymaster, who had taken her under his special charge, all the cabins had been engaged, and it was only by the bestowment of a handsome *douceur* upon the carpenter that he could be induced to relinquish his berth for her accommodation. In this cabin was a great gun, facing the porthole, over which the hammock was suspended. When the pumps were at work, the bilge-water ran through the miserable place, while

its horrors were aggravated by its immediate proximity to the room where the soldiers sat, slept, and dressed, from which it was screened only by a canvas partition. Yet, wretched as this berth was, as Mrs. Sherwood remarks, she was not to have it until she was prepared to be truly thankful for it; for the carpenter was not at liberty to give it up until the pilot had left the vessel. During this period, she had no place of refuge from the inclemencies of the weather, but was obliged to sit on deck in the rain and cold, wrapped up in cloaks. Even this dismal den, with so much difficulty secured, would afterwards be found not without its endearing associations; for here, at close of day, Mr. Sherwood was accustomed to come for the purpose of reading the Bible, and sometimes poetry, to his beloved wife.

When Mrs. Sherwood had been three months at sea, the monotony of the voyage was broken in a manner anything but agreeable. Our country, as will be remembered by our readers, was at this time at war with France, and accordingly every vessel sailing upon the seas was constantly in danger of attack from the enemy. The strength of the squadron in the company of which the “Devonshire” sailed, had hitherto preserved them from assault by the hostile vessels which they had met; but at length, as the little fleet approached the shores of the Indies, one day about noon three strange ships were seen approaching in a suspicious manner. A scene of indescribable confusion now ensued. All hands on board the “Devonshire,” as well as the other vessels, were at once engaged in clearing for action. Every cabin which had been erected on the sides of the ship was ruthlessly torn down, and the fragments trampled under foot. All the females, without respect to station, were thrust down into the dismal hold, into the society of ruined furniture, water casks, &c.; and the guns were speedily prepared for action. One of the enemy’s ships was the “Marengo” of eighty guns, another was a frigate of forty guns, and the third was a merchant vessel, which retired to a distance before the encounter took place. The two former were commanded by Admiral Leuis. As the day was drawing to a close when hostilities commenced, the conflict did not last long, though long



enough for much damage to be done and several lives to be sacrificed.

But if the dangers of those actually engaged in the contest were greatest, the terrors experienced by the helpless women imprisoned out of sight, though not out of sound of the battle, probably far exceeded them. Their distressing position is thus depicted by Mrs. Sherwood:—"In this dismal place there were six ladies and nine soldiers' wives, besides a negro female servant, two Madras ayahs, and some children. We were considerably under water-mark, in darkness, and quite certain that had anything happened to the ship, nothing could save us; for they had taken away the ladders, probably to keep us in our places below. Our husbands and all our late companions were above, and we heard the roar of the guns, but had no means of learning what was going on. We were warned not to approach the grating from whence we got our little gleam of light, lest a ball might roll in upon us. There we were for some hours, in total ignorance of what was to be our fate, or the fate of those above us. There was, however, no fainting, no screaming, nor folly amongst us; for it is not on occasions of real trial that women in general behave weakly. As to myself, I can hardly say that I felt anything more than a sort of dull, dreary insensibility; a kind of feeling which I have often experienced on very alarming occasions. It was quite dark, though I know not the hour, when notice was given us that all was over, and no mischief really done to "The Devonshire." Then ensued a strange ceremony; for the men began to hoist up the women, instead of providing the ladders, which probably could not be immediately found. So the females were lifted from one man to another, as if they had been so many bales of goods. When on deck, the ladies all repaired to Colonel Carr's cabin, where we congratulated each other on the happy termination of the alarm, and much enjoyed some negus and biscuits."

The vessel approached the Indian shore, and now came the ordeal of landing. "I had heard," writes Mrs. Sherwood, "a bad account of the surf at Madras; but seeing the ships around me anchored in such calm water, I had begun to fancy the old Indians of "The Devonshire" had been laughing at our expense; yet the make of the boat I

had hired in which I was to land seemed to me to be something suspicious. It was formed without a keel, flat-bottomed, with the sides raised high, and the boards of which it was composed sewed loosely together with the fibres of the cocoa-nut tree, caulked with the same material; and we had two catamarans to attend it, no doubt in case of danger. As we approached the shore, we began to perceive that there was need, indeed, for all these preparations. The roaring of the waves became tremendous, and before we entered the surf the boatmen stopped, as if to prepare themselves, and having taken breath, they began to howl and shriek, or rather to keep time to the oars by a horrid sound, whilst they pulled very short. At the same instant we rose as if on a mountain, the boat standing almost perpendicular, with her fore part downwards, and thus we were hurried along upon the wave, the situation of the boat being suddenly reversed, after which we were left to lie in the trough of the sea till another wave met us; this was repeated three times, and on the third time we struck on the top of the wave on the shore with such a tremendous shock, that had we not been on our guard we should all inevitably have been dashed out. As we reached the shore, about one hundred persons seized the boat, and by main strength pulled her up into safe mooring."

As Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were only to remain about a week at Madras, they took up their temporary abode at Fort St. George, where two immense apartments, which our autobiographer compares to country churches stripped of their pews and galleries, were appropriated to their use. From Madras, our travellers proceeded up the Hoogley branch of the Ganges towards Calcutta. On reaching Diamond Harbour, the "Devonshire" being unable to ascend the stream any higher, Mr. Sherwood continued the journey to the capital of British India by boat, a distance of fifty miles. Arrived here, two spacious rooms were secured in Fort William, where Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood extemporized a temporary housekeeping establishment. All their possessions were now collected around them, and in a few days they began to enjoy as much of the pleasures of a home as might be expected under circumstances of so much novelty.

As soon as the bustle of these new arrangements subsided, the benevolent heart of Mrs Sherwood prompted her to engage in works of kindness and Christian compassion. In connexion with the regiment with which her husband was identified, there were many children, some of them orphaned by the death of one or both of their parents, who but for the interposition of the philanthropic and the good, were almost certain to be ruined in character by the contaminations of barrack life to which they were exposed. During the entire period of her residence in India, Mrs. Sherwood took a deep and ever-growing interest in the welfare of these unhappy objects; many of them she adopted into her family, and treated with a tenderness and solicitude scarcely surpassed by the devotion manifested towards her own offspring; and before quitting the land of her lengthened sojourn, she was instrumental in promoting the establishment of an asylum, at Calcutta, for the reception of these orphan children. If Mrs. Sherwood's usefulness had been confined to this work of faith and labour of love, she would be entitled to take an honourable place among such worthies as Howard, and Francke, and Fry, and Sarah Martin. But she not only succeeded in rescuing some most engaging little creatures from destitution, ignorance, and pollution, and fashioning them, by God's help, into beautiful characters; she was also enabled, by the exercise of her literary gifts, to embalm their excellences, their lives and deaths, in the memories of tens of thousands of admiring English readers.

She had just commenced the instruction of two little boys belonging to the 53rd Regiment, when unexpected orders were received for the soldiers and officers to proceed to Dinapore. It was during an evening walk, while on this journey, that Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were first brought into contact with the little company of Christian men, who, even in those evil days, met together to strengthen each other in the ways of God, but who, from the stern opposition to all evangelical piety then manifested in the higher circles of European society, were compelled, in order to escape molestation and persecution, to seek the seclusion of old stores, ravines, groves, woods, and similar retreats. It is gratifying to know that a great change in

this respect took place shortly after, in the introduction of which very much was due to the quiet firmness and the unobtrusive courage of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, whose influence soon became recognised and acknowledged.

During her residence at Dinapore, no wife of a missionary could labour more assiduously and courageously for the good of the neglected and the unhappy than did this officer's lady. The school which she established soon comprised from forty to fifty scholars, in the instruction and discipline of whom she was efficiently assisted by Sergeant Clarke, a sort of military *attaché* to the family. From Dinapore the regiment was ordered to Berhampore, and Mrs. Sherwood, as an appendage to the corps, was obliged to follow, much to her regret and the interruption of her benevolent labours. Shortly after reaching this new station, which is described as a region of miasma and a place of graves, Mrs. Sherwood was bereaved of her only son—her darling Henry—a child of about fifteen months old. Dreadful was the blow to her, falling, too, as it did just as she had given birth to her second daughter, Lucy. Most touching, even to tears, is the circumstantial account given by the agonised mother of the illness and falling asleep of this dear babe, whose memory she has embalmed in that delightful little work, "Henry and his Bearer," a work which has deservedly attained a world-wide celebrity. Yet was there mercy in the timing of this bereavement; for as the arms of her maternal affection were compelled to relinquish one fond treasure another beauteous blossom, as if in exchange, was laid upon her palpitating bosom.

Scarcely had the weeping mother put her solitary one to rest in that land of strangers, when the movements of the troops again required her to arise and depart, leaving for ever that spot where so much of her heart and hope was buried. To cheer the sorrowing pilgrim, her husband, knowing the strength of her love for little ones, proposed that she should adopt from the barracks some motherless child, who might be a companion to Lucy. To this congenial suggestion Mrs. Sherwood yielded a glad assent; and before long, Annie Childs, the orphan daughter of a pious woman belonging to the regiment, was installed in a new and happy home. The history of this sweet child was

afterwards embodied in a publication, entitled "The Indian Orphans."

It was during their journey from Berhampore to Cawnpore, the new station to which they were appointed, that Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood first met with the missionary Henry Martyn. The route which they pursued led them again to visit Dinapore, where, in the interim since their removal thence, Mr. Martyn had settled for the prosecution of his divine mission. No sooner had the budgerow come to anchor at this place, than Mr. Sherwood set off in quest of India's great apostle, for whom he had been entrusted with a letter from Mr. Parsons, of Berhampore. He was received by Mr. Martyn, not as a stranger, but as a brother; and such was his delight at meeting a congenial spirit in that great spiritual desert, that nothing would do but he must walk back to the budgerow for the purpose of obtaining an interview with our heroine. The intercourse thus commenced was renewed on Mr. Martyn's subsequent removal to Cawnpore, and ministered the sweetest joys and holiest delights to each of these children of God.

The principal events that marked the period of Mrs. Sherwood's sojourn at Cawnpore can only be glanced at in the most cursory manner. With her unwearied habit of doing good wherever she happened to be, the school, which had been for a time dissolved, was re-assembled, and carried on with great success. Not long after her arrival here, death again stole into her dwelling, and rifled her bosom of the lovely Lucy; but as her own children thus perished one by one, her heart clung the more tenderly and tenaciously to the little orphans whom she had gathered around her. Much of her time was now occupied with her literary pursuits. The birth of another daughter—who, in memory of the one so recently lost, was called Lucy Elizabeth—led to some very anxious ponderings of the question whether she was likely to rear any of the children born to her in India. Such physicians and friends as she was able to consult on the spot, strongly urged her return to her native country. This painful step she at length resolved to undertake, impelled by an agonizing dread lest her new-born child should be fated to follow her other dear babes. Mr. Sherwood, obtaining leave of absence, accompanied her to Calcutta,

where she was to embark for England. Here they found several vessels on the point of starting, and arrangements were nearly concluded with the captain of "The Ocean," when, from some unexplained reasons, a lady who was to have been Mrs. Sherwood's companion on the voyage, refused to go. This unforeseen, though, as it was afterwards devoutly regarded, providential disappointment, led to an arrest of the negotiations, and coupled with Mr. Sherwood's strong disinclination to be separated from his wife, induced him to seek the advice of some of the most eminent physicians then in the Bengal Presidency. The result of their examination of the constitution of the child was favourable to Mrs. Sherwood's continuance in India. This decision removed a weight of woe from the heart of the faithful mother and loving wife. The blessed moments when she turned her face again towards Cawnpore always remained vivid and fresh in her recollection.

From Cawnpore the troops were ordered to Meerut, in consequence of some symptoms of disaffection appearing among the natives; and shortly afterwards Mr. Sherwood and the regiment marched towards the Himalaya, to undertake a campaign against the Ghoorkas, one of the mountain tribes which for a long time had made incursions into the adjacent plains. Many of the men perished in this movement. During the absence of her husband, Mrs. Sherwood was exposed to great alarms and disquietudes from the character and conduct of the people by whom she was surrounded. On the successful conclusion of the war, Mr. Sherwood obtained leave of absence for two years, and accordingly, as speedily as possible, returned to England.

Here he remained for two years, designing to go back to India; but, securing the half-pay of a captaincy in the Brunswick Hussars, he and the family settled down in peace at Wick near Worcester. The life of Mrs. Sherwood's mother had been spared just long enough to enable her to see her daughter before she died. The loving benevolence that had made our heroine so assiduous a worker for the good of others when in India, was not less operative on reaching home. Although her family now consisted of five children, she found room for two India

orphans and another motherless *protégé*. Her gentle charities and holy deeds endeared her to hundreds, as well as the beautiful books she wrote. From the record of a later period of her life we make an extract, which strikingly illustrates this view of her character, and exhibits the blessed fruits of well-doing. She had been invited with her family to Weedon barracks, there to meet again the "old beloved 53rd Regiment," with which her husband had served in India. "In passing through the hall," she says, "I found it half-filled with officers, and as many as eight members of the band, all waiting to see me. The youths stood together, and as I went up to them, they gathered round me and formed a circle, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. They were all full-grown, tall, military men, finely drawn up, and well acquainted with what was due from themselves to me. For an instant, I knew not one of them, but soon I recognised in them the babes I had nursed, and dressed, and lulled to sleep, and the boys I had taught whilst yet scarce able to lisp their letters. The finest, or at least one of the finest among them, for they one and all looked well, came forward and told me who he was, 'William Coleman.' Then came Fritchcroft, who had been one of my particular nurselings; Elliott, who had the same especial claim on my regard; Roberts and Ross; Hartley and Botheroyd; and not one of these had even one parent. I cannot say what I felt, but I own I was relieved when the meeting was over, and I could retire to pray and weep for my orphan boys. Our first introduction was in the far-off East, our second in England, and once more we shall be united, through our blessed Redeemer, in glory, where together we shall join in one eternal strain of praise. Such a minute is worth many, many petty annoyances."

After spending several years of quiet happiness in their domestic retreat at Worcester, sending forth to the world from time to time fresh literary productions, and cultivating the acquaintance of many of the noblest and best characters of the time, the establishment was broken up, and Mrs. Sherwood accompanied her husband and children on a lengthened tour upon the continent. We presume this took place about the year 1830, as we find them most narrowly escaping with their lives

from the infuriated populace of Lyons just on the eve of the revolutionary outbreak. Whilst sojourning at Geneva, Mrs. Sherwood became acquainted with Dr. Malan, from whom she received instructions which furnished her, for the first time, with clear evangelical sentiments, and by whose benign instrumentality she conceived herself to have been made truly a partaker of divine grace. Previously, her views had been obscure and inadequate. On returning from this exhilarating trip, a painfully interesting circumstance occurred, which threw a shadow of gloom upon the party. The vessel in which they returned was bearing home from Naples, where he had been receiving such honours as are usually paid only to crowned heads, the stricken, helpless, and dying author of "Waverley." He lay in a barouche on deck, his face pallid, his head covered by a black velvet cap, and his sad presence shedding a melancholy awe on all around. Reviving somewhat on the voyage, he called for pen and ink, when Mrs. Sherwood had the mournful pleasure of relinquishing the use of hers for the sake of the distinguished invalid.

The health of the family having been recruited by foreign travel, they returned to their old modes of life at Wick. Births and bereavements, the marriages of daughters and the deaths of relatives, the mingled joys and sorrows of the common lot, make up the story of Mrs. Sherwood's latter days. The press still continued to give forth her charming stories; while works of benevolence, humanity, and mercy, found her hands unwearied and her heart unspent. Old age stole on gently; so that even at seventy-four, she could read the smallest print, and write three or four hours a day; indeed, she was engaged in literary work to the last. Aided by her husband and daughters, she had devoted a large amount of time for several years to the preparation of a Dictionary of Scripture Types, which, we believe, has never been published.

The end now approached. Captain Sherwood, after being invalidated for some time, died; but not before the beloved son-in-law, Dr. Streeten, with whom they now resided, was suddenly removed. Retrenchment and removal becoming necessary, a house was taken at Twickenham, where the captain ended his days in delirium and intense

suffering. This new desolation drove the lonely widow to the house of an only and dear sister, where, after the lapse of about two years, she ended her

pilgrimage, and entered into the joy of her Lord. This mournful event took place at the close of September, 1851.

## HENRY GRATTAN.

HENRY GRATTAN, one of the most distinguished men of the eighteenth century—a period prolific in great characters—was born in the city of Dublin on the 3rd of July, 1746. His parents were in the higher walk of life. James Grattan, his father, was for many years Recorder of Dublin, and for some time represented that city in Parliament. His mother was the daughter of Chief Justice Marlay, and possessed considerable talent—a quality for which, as well as for virtue and learning, her family was distinguished. One of her brothers was Bishop of Waterford, and another earned fame in the army, and gained renown in many hard-fought fields on the Continent.

Young Grattan at an early age gave marked indications, not only of talent, but of energy of character. At school he was noted by his schoolfellows as a "lad of mettle;" and though of delicate bodily constitution, the ardour of his temperament and his ambitious aspirations—for when very young he looked forward to a public career—stamped his character with vigour, and gave hope to his friends that he would one day assume an honourable position in society. In his eighteenth year he passed from school to college, and in the University of Dublin he made the acquaintance of many with whom it was afterward: his fortune to labour in the public cause upon a broader stage. In college he displayed much of that poetical feeling which many of his speeches develop, and which never left him through life, giving to portions of his career that tinge which caused him to be described by some as the "poet of political passion."

To the bar Grattan looked forward, not so much with a view to forensic distinction, as with the ulterior object of political eminence to which that profession has so often been the path. In 1767 he became a member of the Middle

Temple; but during his stay in London he devoted himself less to legal study than to the excitement of politics, and delighted more to listen to the startling eloquence of Chatham or Edmund Burke than to the less interesting details of legal argument. His admiration of Chatham was intense, and he has left on record a glowing tribute to that illustrious man in the well-known "character," in which he paints him as standing "alone," and says that "modern degeneracy had not reached him." Edmund Burke had about this time begun to dazzle the British Senate with that splendid eloquence which shone with such brilliancy for so many years in that assembly. The topic which engrossed attention at the period to which we refer was the discontent of America, a discontent then growing into the formidable proportions of revolution. It is no wonder that so susceptible a mind as that of Grattan should have been excited by the oratory of such men as Chatham and Burke, with the wrongs of America for their theme; and in one of his letters, dated 1760, he describes Burke as "unquestionably the first orator among the Commons of England; boundless in knowledge, instantaneous in apprehension, and abundant in language."

At this period of his life Grattan, yielding to deep grief at the loss of a beloved sister, left London, and, in company with another law-student, took a house in Windsor Forest. As his mind was of a romantic cast, he spent part of his time in wandering by moonlight through the forest; and as a very natural consequence of a residence in a rural retreat, he began to write poetry. He did not, however, win the laurels of Parnassus, for he did not allow his natural genius sufficient scope, but strove rather to repress the muse within severe and artistic limits. To the practice of oratory he gave much attention,

and it is recorded that at one time his landlady in London wrote to his friends to see that he was taken proper care of, for that he was often walking up and down the garden talking aloud; and, though no person was present, he constantly addressed some one whom he styled "Mr. Speaker." During the early part of his life Grattan also took a part in private theatricals, but though passionately fond of the drama, and pleased at having the opportunity of delivering some of those splendid bursts of oratory with which the plays of Shakspeare abound, he did not achieve histrionic reputation.

In the year 1772, Grattan was called to the Irish bar, and for some time attended to professional avocations; but his tastes did not accord with a mode of life in which success, though brilliant in result, can be won only by the plodding labour of many years, often most irksome to the mercurial mind of genius. Grattan soon abandoned the law; and, having resolved to devote his mind to political pursuits, he entered the Irish Parliament, in 1775, as the representative of Charlemont, of which borough his friend, Lord Charlemont, had the patronage. But it will be well here, as we have introduced Grattan to the scene of his fame, to briefly sketch the position of the country with which his name is so inseparably blended.

At the time when Henry Grattan entered public life as a member of the Irish House of Commons, Ireland was in a state of political prostration. The Parliament was completely dependent on the will of the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The trade of the island was restricted by mercantile arrangements of the most harassing nature, and every attempt to procure freedom of commerce had failed. Henry Flood had laboured hard to obtain for Ireland some amelioration of her condition, and it was his example which first drew Grattan into earnest and vigorous political action. Flood was a man of great talent and of enthusiastic temperament, while his attachment to Ireland remained true during a long life. Flood and Grattan had a memorable dispute, in 1783; but the latter, in a pamphlet published in 1799, rendered ample justice to the memory of his illustrious rival.

When Grattan entered Parliament, in 1775, he found the time most opportune for the display of those talents with

which he had been blessed. The contest with America had approached the declaration of war, and the roar of cannon, and the clash of steel, were about to succeed to the angry menaces which for some years had been exchanged across the Atlantic. England was at this momentous period divided into angry parties. The Continent was estranged from her to a great extent, and the time was therefore opportune for the bold assertion of the rights of Ireland. The main question of that time was not connected with the penal laws which oppressed the Catholics, but had reference to the injurious effects resulting to Irish interests, from the commercial restrictions which England had placed as a barrier between Ireland and foreign trade. The Irish traders and manufacturers were mostly Protestants, so that the international disputes of that time were free from the religious element; at least, it by no means formed the leading ingredient in the subjects of discussion.

In England Lord North, who was Minister during the inglorious period which elapsed between 1770 and 1783, was vigorously opposed by the talents of Burke, Fox, and several other eminent men, who, night after night, made the walls of Parliament ring with eloquent denunciations of the harsh and unconciliating policy by which the American colonies were lost. In the Irish Parliament, the principal talent was ranged against Ministers, and the eloquence of the Senate was aided by the (at least as) potent eloquence of the voices of 50,000 armed men, known to history as the Irish Volunteers. This body took its rise in 1777, in which year, as only a few soldiers were in Ireland to resist threatened invasion, a petition to the Crown for a garrison was met by the answer that Government could afford no protection. Volunteers accordingly formed themselves into regiments, and they were headed by the Earl of Charlemont, who played a prominent part in the transactions which we are endeavouring to narrate. The effect of this general arming of the upper and middle classes was soon apparent in Parliament, and so confident did the leaders of opposition become of the growing importance of their position, that in 1779 they proposed an amendment to the address declaratory of the necessity of free trade, and suc-

ceded in carrying the motion, the Crown absolutely offering no opposition.

Grattan saw that the time was come for making the attempt to relieve Ireland from the mockery of having the name of a Parliament which was unable to act without the sanction of the English Privy Council; and, accordingly, on the 19th April, 1780, he rose in his place to propose the memorable motion known in history as the "Declaration of Irish Right." His speech, on that occasion, has been considered a masterpiece of parliamentary eloquence, even by the severest critics, and by politicians most opposed to Grattan's views. Of course there is much of the argument to which the Union has given a different aspect, but as a specimen of impassioned oratory, and as an enthusiastic and glowing assertion of national rights, this speech will hold an honoured place amongst the triumphs of intellect and the effusions of true and heartfelt patriotic sentiment; and even those whom its reasoning may fail to convince, will, if not steered to all the finer sensibilities of our nature, yield willing homage to its nobility of sentiment, and gladly pay the tribute of honest admiration to its splendid imagery and beautiful diction. The effect of the speech throughout the country was electrical, and Grattan at once became the popular idol. Space does not permit us to dwell minutely on the stirring events of the succeeding two years, and we must therefore close this branch of our subject by stating, that in 1782, soon after the fall of the administration of Lord North, and after an unsuccessful attempt by Fox (who had become one of the Secretaries of State) to get rid of the difficulty by diplomacy, the legislative independence of Ireland was acknowledged by the British Parliament. Grattan's speech on the triumph of the cause to which he was devoted added largely to his fame as an orator and a statesman. It contains no mean exultations over a fallen party, but develops a bright tone of feeling well suited to the occasion. Grattan had no desire to humble England. Chatham himself could not more strongly express the desire for England's greatness than Grattan, and no man was ever further than Grattan from the advocacy of a separate Irish Crown or an Irish Republic. But he wished England's greatness to rest upon her own strength

and not on the humiliation of Ireland. He also advocated the rights of Irish Catholics to complete religious liberty, and in this he was in ad of Flood and others, who had shaken off the trammels of ascendancy.

One of the earliest measures brought forward in the Irish parliament, was a proposal to grant £100,000 to Grattan for his public services. He only consented to be a party to a grant of that amount, and having accepted the sum, he formed the resolution to, though frequently offered place, adhered through life, of never taking in connexion with any administration. It was not long, however, before the happy spirit of discord to which Ireland has so often fallen a victim, began to appear in the parliament which, but a short time before, had won its independence. Flood was of opinion that the motion of 1782 was incomplete, as it did not go so far as to repeal the Act, 6 Geo. 3. which had operated as the clog upon the free action of the Irish Parliament; he accordingly urged that an act should be passed, in which the English Parliament would renounce all right to legislate for Ireland. Flood's proposal soon became popular, and Grattan opposed it as unnecessary, soon to feel the fickleness of the people. It would be a hard thing to say of that envy of Grattan's fame had him to tear the laurel from his brow, in sense of being in the right was more consistent with Flood's character. Yet there was mixed with the debates which took place on Flood's Bill, so much acrimony, that it is feared that, to some extent at least, personal feelings were interwoven with the assertion of principle. The difference between the rival leaders came to an open rupture on a memorable occasion in 1783, when all the invective of the English language is capable of pressing was exchanged in the House of Commons between these two both of them great children of the soil, and both devotedly attached to the principles of nationality. Even if it were permitted, we would prefer not to witness on so painful a scene—a scene no out its parallel in the English history, where on one sad evening, in 1790, the friendship which, for a quarter of a century, had subsisted between Flood and Burke, was rudely snapped asunder by the hand of discord, and the s

links were never re-united. Grattan lived to bear testimony to the worth of Flood; and Fox, who survived Burke, paid homage to his tomb; but these posthumous reconciliations (if the phrase can be allowed) take little from the pain with which any right-minded man must contemplate the littleness to which greatness can descend.

Flood succeeded in carrying the Renunciation Bill, and then proceeded to take steps towards Parliamentary Reform. The Volunteers were still embodied, and were formidable both on account of their number and as being armed. They resolved on holding a Convention, to aid in carrying Reform; and five hundred delegates assembled in Belfast, where they adopted an address to the Volunteers of the other parts of Ireland, calling on them to demand Reform. The Volunteers responded to the call, and one hundred and sixty delegates, from all parts of Ireland, assembled in Dublin. The Volunteers lined the streets, and presented arms while the delegates marched to the place of meeting. Lord Charlemont and Henry Flood were amongst the delegates, as was also the Protestant Bishop of Derry; but Grattan did not join them. He, however, did not oppose them, and he voted for the Bill for Parliamentary Reform which Flood brought to the House of Commons from the Convention; but it was evident that he did not feel any warm sympathy with the measure which Flood proposed. The Convention soon dissolved without the attainment of its object, and the Irish Volunteers never re-assembled. Shortly after this time, Henry Flood became a member of the British Parliament, in which assembly, however,—though he made some excellent speeches—he had not much weight. He died in 1791. Grattan was much blamed for not taking part actively with the Volunteer delegates; and, perhaps, if he had, Parliamentary Reform would have been carried. But he had a dread of seeing the Irish Parliament controlled by an armed assembly, and hence is supposed to have sprung his hesitation. Grattan, however, owed it to his own character, which had already attained to historic proportions, to take a more decided part on this occasion. If he thought Flood wrong, he ought not to have voted for his bill. If he thought him right, he should have practically aided him to

carry out his views. He saw that the House of Commons required Reform, for though legislative independence had been won, internal change was still demanded. He tried Reform when the Volunteers were disbanded, but in vain. Of the purity of Grattan's motives, however, on this as well as on all other occasions, there can be no doubt. But we must now pass to other parts of his career.

During the period of fourteen years which elapsed, from 1783 to 1797, Grattan was the most distinguished member of the Irish House of Commons. He took part in the discussion of all leading questions, and gave even to ordinary topics an importance to which, in the hands of a man of smaller ability, they could never have attained. Flood (being a member of both Parliaments) frequently spoke in the Irish as well as in the British senate. Flood's colleague, the brilliant John Philpot Curran, added to the eloquence which at that time adorned the Irish Parliament, and steadily maintained those principles which he deemed would most conduce to the prosperity of Ireland. Curran's greatest triumphs were at the bar, but in the Senate also he often shone conspicuously, and by a caustic wit, bold and glowing imagery, and fierce invective, materially aided the party with which he acted. George Ponsonby was another of the able men who at that time added to the fame of the Irish Parliament, and gave the weight of his powerful abilities to the exposure and denunciation of the profligate and systematic corruption by which the Government defeated the efforts of the Opposition. Ponsonby was an eminent lawyer, and was for a short time, in 1806, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, having been appointed to that office by Fox. Such were the principal men by whom Grattan was surrounded; and yet they did not succeed in their operations, for with all their eloquence, there was an eloquence more potent than theirs, the eloquence of corruption.

The "Commercial Propositions" of 1785, brought forward by Pitt in England, and by Mr. Orde in Ireland, roused Grattan's indignant eloquence, for they struck at Ireland's mercantile prospects, and would cripple that free trade which had been gained in 1779. "We will not," said Grattan, "surrender that for which we exerted every



nerve. Our lives are at the service of the empire, but our liberties we received from our Father in heaven, and we must hand them down to our children." In 1786 Grattan took an active part in support of Mr. Forbes' motion against the Pension List, a list which had grown to so shameful a length, that Grattan remarked, that when Government did make a pause, it was fatigue and not principle which caused the pen to fall out of the hand. We find him, in 1787, devoting much attention to the subject of tithes. The speech which he made on this important question, on the 14th of February in that year, was so popular that it was published separately and passed through four editions in a month. Although he was defeated, he returned to the charge in two months, and gave notice of several resolutions on the subject, accompanying the notice with some urgent remarks.

In 1789, several memorable debates took place, resulting from the temporary insanity of the King. When the royal infirmity was ascertained, it was resolved to appoint a Regent. The English Minister Pitt was anxious to restrict the Regent, by limiting his power in such a manner as to render him by no means independent in action. Fox and Burke opposed the Ministerial plan, but their power in the British Senate was much less than that of Pitt. In Ireland the case was different, and there the Opposition had a majority on the question. Ponsonby, whose legal eminence placed him in the front ranks of his party, held the opinion that Ireland had the right to name the Regent, without reference to the course pursued by England, for that the King was King of Ireland by Act of Parliament. Grattan and the other Opposition leaders joined in this view, and a critical contest seemed imminent between the two Parliaments; for the majority in Ireland considered that it would be unconstitutional to limit the powers of the Regent, for that he was by the illness of his father entitled to the complete privileges of royalty. Despite, therefore, of the strenuous opposition of the Government, a vote was passed through the Irish Parliament, inviting the Prince of Wales to assume the unrestricted regency of Ireland. When a deputation from both Houses waited on the Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Buckingham, and re-

quested him to forward the address to the Prince of Wales, he refused to do so on the ground that such a course would be, in his opinion, inconsistent with his duty. Grattan thereupon moved a vote of censure on the Viceroy, which was carried by a majority of 130 to 71, and the Irish Parliament appointed deputies to proceed to England and present the address to the Prince of Wales. The Prince received them with many thanks for the proposed proof of confidence; but, as the King soon recovered, the Regency was not at that time created. It will be seen, however, that when the Prince of Wales became Regent, many years afterwards, the views of the Irish Parliament, in 1789, were those which were adopted by the Imperial Parliament in 1811. It was this Regency dispute which gave to the advocates of the Union in 1799 and 1800 one of their strongest arguments; for it was urged that such a difference might lead to the separation of the two countries, not only as to the Parliament, but also as to the Crown itself.

At this period, Grattan endeavoured to strike a blow at the system of conferring the great offices of the State on parties who did not reside in Ireland; the consequence of which was, that compensation had frequently to be made to the holders of these offices, when they resigned them, in order that they might be granted to residents. On this occasion, a violent dispute arose between Grattan and a member (Mr. Parsons) who assailed the entire of Grattan's career. Words ran so high that a duel was anticipated; but it did not take place. Grattan and his friends found it necessary to form a society, to which they gave the name of the "Whig Club" (in imitation of the similar English club), in order that they might consolidate their strength into a compact union, and thus be enabled to concert such plans as might tend to check ministerial arrangements. This had become necessary for parliamentary purposes; for, notwithstanding the eloquence of the Opposition leaders, Government almost always succeeded on a division. The Opposition success during the Regency debates was not a fair instance of an exception; for many of the usual supporters of the Crown, thinking that George III. would not recover, resolved to pay homage to the rising sun. The "Whig Club" was formed on the same model as the

society in London. The members wore the same uniform as that worn by their friends in England—viz., blue and yellow, the colours which are still to be seen on the leading organ of the Whig party—the “Edinburgh Review.” Lord Charlemont and the Duke of Leinster took the lead in the House of Lords; while Grattan, Ponsonby, Curran, and others, contended with Ministers in the House of Commons. The club held meetings, at which many not in either House were present; and at each of these meetings, plans were arranged as to the mode of action in Parliament on the next debate. Their principal efforts were directed against the shameful extent to which Government patronage had increased, and the enormous public expenditure to which this corrupt course had led.

There never was an assembly called popular which less represented the people than the Irish Parliament of this time. Out of three hundred members, there were one hundred and ten in the enjoyment of places and pensions under the Crown. From such an assembly, without reform, nothing could be expected; and the time of Parliament, instead of being occupied with efforts to improve the natural resources of the nation, was wasted in contests, in which the powerful influence of the Crown struggled to effect some measure which the talents of the Opposition resisted; and thus the proper object of the assembling of Parliament, the good of the people, was lost sight of in the heat of debates which frequently took a direction of a mere party nature. The Parliament fell into contempt for want of reform, and the result was, as we shall see, that the people gave up any idea that the Lords and Commons assembled for national good, and sought for the redress of grievances by means outside the law. Of this state of things Grattan, in 1790, thus strikingly spoke, while reviewing the Viceroyalty of the Earl of Buckingham, who pretended to be for retrenchment and reform, and was for a time believed, till he proved at heart and in practice to be the friend of parliamentary corruption: “The Marquis of Buckingham entered Dublin, seated in a triumphal car, drawn by public credulity; on the side of the people there was fallacious Hope, and on that of the Viceroy, many-mouthed Profession; he was a figure with two

faces; the one turned to the Treasury, and the other to the people. Justice looked to him with empty hope; speculation fainted with idle alarm. He found the country overburthened with a shameful pension list, and he increased it. He found the House swarming with placemen, and he multiplied them.”

The sale of peerages was one of the forms which corruption assumed; and in this manner several country gentlemen entered the House of Lords for services rendered in the House of Commons, either in person or by deputy. Grattan brought forward a motion, in 1790, for a Committee of Inquiry into the subject; but the motion, as might have been expected, was lost. The speech which Grattan delivered on this occasion was very eloquent and sarcastic. He styled the course adopted “the pitiful policy of buying the country gentlemen by an offer to wrap them up in the old cast-off clothes of the aristocracy: a clumsy covering and a thin disguise. The country gentleman thus deserting his cause is never (added the orator) the subject of respect, frequently of derision. On his native hills he can help the people, and be a protection against the storm; but, transplanted to the hotbed of the castle, he degenerates and becomes a weed.” Often did Grattan bring forward the same question, always with eloquence and able argument, but never with success.

The flame which the French Revolution kindled on the Continent and in England was not likely to glow without a spark falling on Ireland, and in that excitable country kindling up some very angry feelings against rulers who had so long been deaf even to those who only sought for a moderate amount of reform. A considerable ferment naturally arose in the Irish mind, and the people began seriously to demand Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform. The Society of United Irishmen took its rise about this time, and at first was confined to modes of action strictly within the limits of the law. The resolutions and speeches merely went, at this period, to the establishment of a brotherhood of Irishmen united for the common good of the country. Many of the higher classes were members, and amongst them Lord Castlereagh. We shall have occasion presently to refer to the painful transactions of 1798, when the Society

had long become illegal, and when so many of its members perished in the field or on the scaffold. The French Revolution was considered by the great majority of the people of Ireland as an event calculated to infuse into the minds of all Governments those feelings which would in prudence lead them not to disregard popular discontent.

In England, as the historical student knows, this subject led to a rupture between Burke and Fox; and in Ireland the leaders of the liberal party also had differences of opinion on the topic. Grattan considered that the Revolution in France had resulted from the abuses of Government; but he lifted up his voice in angry denunciation of the crimes of 1792 and 1793, which have left so deep a stain on the history of a great country. When he told the Governor, in 1794, that Reform ought to be yielded, he was taunted with the necessity of "taking warning from France." "Yes," said Grattan, "yes; do take warning from France. If France is to be a lesson, take the whole of that lesson; if her frantic Convention is to be a monitress against the vices of a Republic, let the causes which produced that Convention be an admonition against the abuses of Monarchy. France would reform nothing till abuses accumulated, and Government was swept away in the deluge; until an armed force redressed the State, and then, as will generally be the case, united on becoming the Government. It was not a progress from reformation to innovation, but from one modification of a military government—that is, of one anarchy, to another. In principle, therefore, the case of France does not apply; in policy, still less; for sure I am, if there is an attempt to introduce the rebellious graces of a Republic into these countries, the best precaution is to discountenance them by the sober attractions of a limited Monarchy; and the worst precaution is to preserve all the abuses of the latter, to pre-engage men against the vices of the former."

Such were Grattan's reasonings on this solemn question, resembling those of Fox somewhat more than those of Burke; but on the subject of the war with France, he and Ponsonby took part with the war party, though several of the popular members adopted another view. A memorable debate on this subject took place, in 1794, on a motion by

Sir Laurence Parsons, afterwards Lord Rosse, for the production of some papers relative to the war. Grattan opposed the motion on the ground that it was intended as a condemnation of the war; while the supporters of the motion maintained that the Irish Parliament were bound to investigate the causes of the war, and to weigh well each step in its progress. Grattan maintained that such a course would imply doubt, and would indirectly give help to France and to those in Ireland who held French opinions. He declared that such a course would be a promulgation to the French army that Ireland was not prepared to stand by England in the war. He reminded the supporters of the motion that they had already voted the supplies, and that any hesitation would seem like censure and would be construed as tantamount to a declaration that France was right and England wrong. Grattan was for England against all the world, except Ireland, and he succeeded in his opposition to what might give France an advantage. One of the tellers on this occasion, on the side with Grattan, was Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who afterwards, as Duke of Wellington, gained such laurels in that war in favour of which he gave his then youthful vote as member in the Irish House of Commons for the borough of Trim.

The subject of Catholic Emancipation is one on which we have not yet touched, and yet it is the leading point in the history of Henry Grattan; for though a Protestant, and possessing a strong affection for his creed, he felt deeply the wrongs which the Catholics had so long endured, and resolved to do all that lay in his power to wipe away from his own creed the stain which attached to the refusal to the professors of other creeds of those civil rights which ought to be the free inheritance of all who render allegiance to a common throne. The position of the Catholics of Ireland, during the last century, was degraded in the extreme; and to fully explain their situation, would require more lengthened details than our space permits, even if our inclinations did not decline the painful anatomy of what is now the corpse of persecution. The first relaxation was leave to take the oath of allegiance; and successive small modifications had taken place of the penal laws, when, in 1793, Grattan saw that

the time had come for a large measure, which should have the effect of binding the Catholics to the Government by a tie of affection.

A bill, which gave Catholics the elective franchise, and admitted them to the profession of the law, was passed in that year; but still there remained many galling disqualifications, and Grattan strongly urged the necessity of removing them. Through all his long and honoured life, Grattan was the friend of the Catholics, their steady advocate in the Senate, where on their behalf he developed his splendid oratorical powers; and outside the house he gave them his aid and counsel. His very last act was to proceed, against medical advice, to London to advocate their claims; and he died, as we shall see, while in that city on this mission of good will.

In 1794, the spirit of wise conciliation seemed to have become the policy of Government, and Grattan and Ponsonby were made the depositaries of Ministerial confidence. Lord Fitzwilliam was appointed Viceroy, and his advent to that dignity was hailed by the majority of the Irish people as an omen of peace and of the approach of religious equality. Grattan was so deeply persuaded of the good intentions of Government that, as an earnest of his confidence, he consented to move the Address on the Speech of the Lord Lieutenant. He soon afterwards obtained leave to bring in a Catholic Emancipation Bill. But, while matters seemed thus to tend towards internal harmony, the opponents of the new policy were not inactive, and they succeeded in causing the Viceroy to be told from London that the Cabinet would not sanction the measures which had been proposed. Lord Fitzwilliam saw that his power was a shadow; and rather than be a party to any return of a harsh tone in public affairs, he resigned his office, and was succeeded by Lord Camden, in whose Vicerealty occurred the fearful insurrection which timely conciliation would have prevented. The Emancipation Bill was once more proposed, but violently resisted by Government, and lost. This disheartened the Catholics so much, that no Parliamentary effort was again made on the subject in Ireland. The Presbyterians of the north being discontented at their religious disabilities, coalesced with those, who, though differing in

creed, were brethren, to a certain extent, in civil exclusion, and thus a formidable power was soon arrayed against the Minister.

Grattan and his friends still clung to one hope—Parliamentary Reform; and cherished for a time the expectation that a Reformed House of Commons would grant emancipation, and by concord save the country from that precipice to which it was tending with fearful speed. This hope was dispelled. Ministers expressed their solemn determination to resist reform even in the most modified shape. Grattan therefore seeing nothing but discomfiture in the House, came with his friends to the resolution of seceding from Parliament. "Having," said he, on the 15th May, 1797, "no hopes to persuade or to dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more; and from this day we shall not attend the House of Commons." In conformity with this declaration, he ceased to appear in Parliament; and when a dissolution and general election took place, soon afterwards, he declined, in a public address, to become a candidate. During the horrors of 1798, Grattan resided principally in the neighbourhood of London, and in that year he published a letter to the Corporation of Dublin, indignantly denouncing some imputations which had been circulated against his loyalty. He did not consider himself safe at his house near Dublin, for the neighbourhood was filled with those who sought to inculcate him in the insurrectionary movement, and would have been only censured perhaps for "excess of loyalty" if they had taken his life.

Grattan was not a member of Parliament, in 1799, when the question of the Union was brought forward and rejected; but in January, 1800, he was requested to enter the House for Wicklow, in order to oppose the bill, which was then reproduced. The election did not terminate till midnight, but he at once set off for Dublin, and arrived at the House of Commons at three in the morning, during the progress of the debate on the Union. The scene is stated by eye-witnesses to have been of thrilling interest. The House received him with the most marked respect. An extraordinary emotion ran through all parts of the building at the entrance of the man who had, eighteen years be-

fore, played so conspicuous a part in the creation of the Parliamentary Constitution, to destroy which was the proposal under consideration. It was not long before Grattan took part in the debate, and delivered one of his most eloquent speeches, in which he reviewed, at considerable length, the address which William Pitt had delivered in the English House of Commons, on the Union. A division took place at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Government had a majority of 42. Several works have been published since, which show that this result was brought about by corrupt means. It is not the province of the writer of this sketch to discuss the political question which the Act of Union involves. It will therefore be sufficient to state that after several stormy and protracted discussions, the measure was carried; that, on the 1st January, 1801, it came into operation, and that the two Legislatures blended became the Imperial Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Grattan's eloquence, though many able orators spoke, shone out conspicuously during these debates; in one of which he defended himself from the charge of having first abetted treason, and then fled. This attack was made by the Right Hon. Isaac Corry. The following is the most telling part of Grattan's reply:—

"The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not return without taking a part. On the one side there was the camp of the rebel; on the other the camp of the Minister, a greater traitor than that rebel. I could not join the rebel; I could not join the Government; I could not join torture and half-hanging. I was therefore absent from a scene, where I could not be active without self-reproach nor indifferent with safety. Here I stand ready for impeachment. I dare accusation. I defy the right honourable gentleman—I defy the Government. I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the Ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of the House, in defence of the liberties of my country."

In this session a duel took place between Grattan and Corry—the former

was untouched, and the latter slightly wounded.

The following passage from one of Grattan's Anti-Union speeches has been much admired. It closes his last address on the subject:—

"I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

*Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson on thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.*

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

With this exquisite passage we may appropriately take leave of Henry Grattan as a member of the Irish Parliament, "by whose cradle," he said, alluding to 1782, "he watched, and whose hearse he followed."

A pamphlet appeared about this time from the pen of Grattan, in reply to one from Lord Clare, Chancellor of Ireland, in which were some very powerful passages. The style is caustic and satirical where an enemy is lashed, but the most beautiful portion of the production is the gallery of distinguished characters whom Lord Clare had assailed. We can only make room for the character of Henry Flood, which has always been much admired:—

"Mr. Flood, my rival, as the pamphlet calls him—and I should be unworthy the character of his rival, if, in his grave, I did not do him justice—he had faults, but he had great powers, great public effect; he persuaded the old, he inspired the young; the Castle vanished before him; on a small subject he was miserable; put into his hand a distaff and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it, but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of Jupiter. He misjudged when he transferred himself to the English Parliament—he forgot that he was a tree of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty; and his seat in the British Parliament is a caution to the friends of union to stay at home, and make the country of their birth the seat of their action."

After a retirement of five years from the anxieties of public life to the calm quiet of a home made happy by the society of one of the most excellent of wives, Grattan was obliged, by an appeal from the friends of Catholic Emancipation, to enter the Imperial Parliament, and there to try the fortune of that measure. He entered the House in April, 1805, as member for Malton, in Yorkshire. On the 13th May, Fox brought forward the question; and, in a long and powerful speech, advocated the claims of the Catholics, who had been deluded by promises that Emancipation would immediately follow the Union. Fox was followed by Dr. Dingeman, who maintained that any bill in their favour would be a violation of the Coronation oath. Grattan next rose, and made his first appearance, at the age of fifty-five, in that assembly which he thought he had entered too late at fifty. His success was complete, and his fellow-countrymen saw with pride that he retained all that forcible eloquence and polished diction which had so long in the Irish Senate made him the delight of his friends and the terror of his opponents. During the remainder of his life he often spoke on the same subject. He did not live to see his labours triumphant; but it would be ungenerous not to attribute to his powerful eloquence much of the growing strength of the cause of religious liberty in Ireland which developed itself during the first twenty years of the present century. We cannot, of course, follow the history of this measure, nor of the differences of opinion which sometimes took place between Grattan and his political clients on matters respecting which they as Catholics, and he as a Protestant, took different views. These details belong to the more enlarged sphere of a regular historical work.

During the memorable debates in May, 1815, on the war with Napoleon, who had remounted the throne of France, Grattan had made an eloquent speech, but one in which he took a different view from that adopted by his oldest political friends. Some thought that it would be better to try if Napoleon would keep his promise of being content with France alone; but Grattan opposed their view, and declared in favour of war. Right or wrong, Waterloo set the question at rest *then*—and, right or wrong, the present French Empire

sets the question at rest *now*, the other way. So much do the changes of dynasties baffle the calculations of statesmen.

The language in this speech is such as might be expected from a great orator dealing with a great topic. To use his own phrase, he had the thunderbolt, and he wielded it with the arm of a Jupiter. There is fine historical painting in the glowing passage in which he portrays the career of Napoleon "quitting the genial clime of the temperate zone, bursting the narrow limits of an immense empire, abandoning comfort and security, and hurrying to the pole to hazard all." "But at length," the orator adds, alluding to 1814, "Napoleon is conquered. He who said, I will be like the Most High—he who smote the nations, this short-lived Son of the Morning—Lucifer, passes away, and the earth is at rest; his phantom of royalty passes away to nothing."

Grattan's last speech of importance was delivered in May, 1819, on the Catholic Question, and is a model for beauty of language and sublimity of sentiment. How exquisite the description of "the arched roof, the cathedral state, the human voice, and all the powers of evangelic harmony which give a soul to our duty and sway the senses on the side of salvation." How striking the passage in which, when Napoleon is described as having prostrated all continental Europe, England is painted as "coming forth like an avenging genius, clutching ten thousand thunders and breaking the spell." The entire speech is replete with fine feeling and glowing diction.

But we must draw our sketch to a close, and prepare to part with one whom we have followed through so long and so honourable a career. He had long represented the city of Dublin, and was almost popular—we say *almost*, for on some occasions he differed from the body of the people. In 1818, a cause of dispute had arisen, and one of a Dublin mob struck him with a stone in the street. More were rushing to assist the assailant, but, as is recorded in Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh's interesting "Life of Shiel," that then youthful orator began to speak from a balcony and arrested popular attention with (he says himself) some unintelligible jargon. Addresses of congratulation at his escape were presented to Grattan—who, old as

he was, had flung back the stone—and his answer proved a noble desire to rise superior to the feelings of anger. It was as follows:—

"MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS,—A few individuals, a sudden and inexplicable impulse, a momentary infatuation, anything, everything, might account for that violence of which you complain. It is not worth your investigation. My friends and electors, have nothing to say to it. I receive the unanimous expression of congratulation from my fellow citizens, not as a congratulation for such a trifle as that, but as an inestimable testimony which I shall endeavour to merit and ever preserve—I remain, gratefully, your faithful humble servant,

"HENRY GRATTAN."

In 1820, when George IV. ascended the throne, Grattan resolved to make another Parliamentary effort for the Catholics, and though in feeble health, and warned by his medical attendants of the danger, proceeded to London. He could not carry out his intention, for the journey exhausted his small remaining strength, and he expired at his house, in Baker-street, London, on Sunday, 14th May, 1820. His sons were requested by the leading English liberal noblemen to permit the remains of their honoured parent to rest in Westminster Abbey, and the request being complied with, all that was mortal of Henry Grattan was placed in that historic pile, near the kindred dust of his great predecessors in the work of human advancement, Lord Chatham and Charles James Fox.

The following eulogium was pronounced by Sir James Mackintosh, on moving for a new writ:—

"Mr. Grattan was the sole person in the history of modern oratory of whom it could be said that he had attained the first class of eloquence in two Parliaments, differing from each other in their opinions, tastes, habits, and prejudices, as much possibly as any two assemblies of different nations. This great man died in his progress to the discharge of his parliamentary duties. He risked his life to come into that House to propose a measure which he believed would be the means of healing the wounds of his suffering country; of

establishing peace and harmony in a kingdom whose independence he has himself achieved; of transmitting to posterity, with the records of her political, the history of her religious, liberation; of vindicating the honour of the Protestant religion; of wiping from it the last stain that dimmed its purity; and of supporting the cause of religious liberty, whose spirit went forth in emancipated strength at the Reformation, though its principle was long unknown to the reformers themselves. He furnished an unmixed example for the admiration of that House. The purity of his life was the brightness of his glory. He was one of the few private men whose private virtues were followed by public fame; he was one of the few public men whose private virtues were to be cited as examples to those who would follow in his public steps. He was as eminent in his observance of all the duties of private life as he was heroic in the discharge of his public duties. Among all the men of genius I have known, I have never found such native grandeur of soul accompanying all the wisdom of age and all the simplicity of genius, as in Mr. Grattan. I have never known any one in whom the softer qualities of the soul combined so happily with the mightier powers of intellect. If I were to describe his character briefly, I would say with the ancient historian that he was *vita innocentissimus; ingenio florentissimus, proposito sanctissimus*. As it was the object of his life, so it was his dying prayer, that all classes of men should be united by the ties of amity and peace."

A few words from Moore's "Captain Rock," will appropriately close this paper:—

"The eloquence of Grattan was the very music of freedom; her first, fresh, matin-song after a long night of slavery, degradation, and sorrow. He brought bright offerings to the shrine of his country—wisdom, genius, courage, and patience—invigorated by all those social and domestic virtues without which the loftiest talents stand isolated in the moral waste around them, like the pillars of Palmyra towering in a wilderness."

J. B.

## DANTE ALIGHIERI.

It would be hard to say whether the personal, the literary, or the historical interest attaching to Dante has the strongest claim upon our attention. His passions and misfortunes have won for him the sympathies of all men. He occupies a royal position in the intellectual world, as the restorer of European literature; and he is equally remarkable as the representative of the beliefs, the feelings, and the destinies of his age and country. In the words of his most able modern biographer—Cesare Balbo—"Dante, more than any other, combined in his one person the genius, the virtues, the vices, the fortunes of his fatherland. We find him no less a man of deeds than a man of letters (as our best men always have been); a decided partisan, an exile, a wanderer and poor, yet deriving from adversity new strength and new glory; carried by ardent southern passions beyond the limits of that moderation which commended itself to his noblest moods; accompanied through his whole life more influentially by love than by any other sentiment: in short, of all Italians, the most thoroughly Italian that ever lived." But the great Florentine was far more than the mirror of his own country's destinies, the embodiment of its character, and the founder of its classical language. His life is the *résumé* of a period; and, like all writers of the highest order, his works are but the natural efflux of his life.

If we might indulge a preference, we should say that it is as "the voice of ten silent centuries"—the Poet of the Middle Ages, that Dante most deeply interests us; and it is thus that we shall chiefly endeavour to describe him. But this aspect of his life and writings must not be mistaken. Those for whom the flimsy romance of the modern time stands synonymous with the vital realities of a vigorously original cycle of human events and destinies, run the risk of a wide miscalculation here. With the idle burden of romantic fiction, the "*Divina Commedia*," or any other of Dante's works, has little in common. Of Romance and Chivalry only as *living realities*—based on convictions strong as any that boast themselves the offspring of the "common sense" of our days—they are the all but indispensable ex-

ponents. It was left to succeeding writers to gather up the mere poetry—the fair forms with which the spirit of the Middle Age invested itself. The mission of Dante is of graver import. That pleasant literature of which Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso were the founders, is nearly as remote as the dilettante mediævalism of the Nineteenth Century from the stern realism which gives such terrible strength to their great predecessor. It is the soul of Gothic Christendom, and not the mere soul's dress, however apt and beautiful, that Dante has portrayed for us. Even of its merely poetical features we have indeed a most delicate and expressive outline in such lines as recal

The ladies and the knights, the toils and ease,  
That witch'd us into love and courtesy.

But the filling up of the picture is more fitly left to the leisurely pen of the author of the "*Faëry Queen*," or the graceful but too histrionic enchantments that created "*Marmion*" and "*Ivanhoe*," than, like Coleridge's "*Ancient Mariner*," to him who seems "wrenched with a woeful agony" till he has delivered the solemn import of his song; whose every line tells us of "uneasy steps over the burning marl" of hell, or reminds us that he may not linger for one idle moment on the steepes of purgatory, or beneath the insufferable glories of the Paradiso. The luxuriance of an unsurpassed imagination seems to struggle hard for existence through the narrow fissures of his rugged purpose. He has neither time nor warrant to be intentionally "beautiful." In fact, the "*Divina Commedia*" is, neither for Englishmen nor Italians, a sofa book. The attention of the reader is kept constantly on the stretch by the fulness of the matter, and the utter indifference to his pleasure or amusement on the part of a writer to whom it never seems to have occurred for a moment that such a book could be taken up as a pastime. What hope is there for the lazy novel-skimmer with an author who bids frank farewell to all but the "fit audience, though few," in such scornful language as this?

All ye, who in small bark have following called,  
Eager to listen, on the adventurous track  
Of my proud keel, that singing cuts her way,



Backward return with speed, and your own shores  
Revisit : nor put out to open sea,  
Where, losing me, perchance ye may remain  
Bewildered in deep maze.

And this is no piece of affectation,—no modern book-making trick to stimulate the flagging attention of the reader, by awakening his curiosity or piquing his vanity. This discourteous advertisement is really the prelude to dissertations, long and perplexed, on questions of theology and philosophy, interspersed, however, with such glimpses of unstudied beauty as the idle might well be eager to light upon, but which only the diligent will discover. In short, should any be amused with the “Divine Comedy,” it is not Dante’s fault. If, then, by some unpardonable mistake of bookseller or librarian, one of the innumerable versions with which European literature teems, should cross the path of the mere reader of romances, let him covet only the blessing of him “that expecteth nothing,” and of whom it is written that “he shall not be disappointed.”

Far beyond that of adding to the stores of romantic poetry, Dante has done us the invaluable service of recording the stern and pressing beliefs and the heroic sentiments in which our forefathers of the mediæval time lived, moved, and had their being; that vivid realisation of the Future which made Life only the narrow vestibule of Death; and that perfect chivalry which could exalt a mistress into the pure impersonation of truth and goodness—a love which was content to adore without even the hope of equal companionship, and which, amid the pains, and agitations, and penury of exile, could nerve to the laborious production of the most splendid gift ever offered on the altar of erotic devotion. Religion, and love, as they influenced the men of that time, the unhesitating self-sacrifice with which the behests of either were fulfilled; and especially the intimate connexion which subsisted between them, and which it remains for a nobler age than ours to reinstate under the auspices of more enlightened views of God and humanity—are displayed under forms which themselves bear peculiarly the stamp of the period; and that, too, by a mind cultivated to the highest degree compatible with the conditions by which these phases of thought and feeling were limited.

There is an obvious and striking ana-

logy between the “Divina Commedia” and the “Pilgrim’s Progress”—an analogy which it would be pleasant to pursue. The very first lines of Bunyan’s unmatched allegory remind us forcibly of the “Nel mezzo del cammim di nostra vita” of the Florentine. But in no respect is the similarity so remarkable as in the transcript they have given of the deepest and most powerful religious impulses of their respective ages. Their very differences are characteristic of their chronology. That of later date is distinctly announced as a fiction; Dante’s work (most unfitly termed a “Vision”), would have suffered as much diminution of interest from such a *début* as “Robinson Crusoe.” The childhood and the advancing manhood of European culture are clearly distinguishable in these diverse conditions of impressiveness. But we had noticed the work of the great Englishman, chiefly to remark that, as it is the exposition of the Puritanism of its day, so is the “Divine Comedy” the intensely truthful mirror of the religious sentiments of the entire middle ages. The terrors of the future, as they imaged themselves to the soul of the mediæval Catholic, are redeemed from that vagueness with which a later and Protestant criticism might connect them, by the revelation of an Inferno hollowed out in the substance of the solid earth, whose rocks are hard with the self-same granite, and black with the very volcanic fumes that reach the upper air in the poet’s own Italy; not seen by the mere speculative vision of a passive dreamer, but travelled over inch by inch, with weary and halting footsteps, by a persevering though trembling explorer—an Inferno fraught with real dangers to the pilgrim himself, who scarce survives to tell his tale; peopled by denizens of his own flesh and blood, many of them newly arrived, with all the sympathies of a life just closed freshly palpitating within them; their faculties, unlike those of the dull eidola of the classic Hades, rendered only keener by the separation from the gross hulls that on earth had interposed between the quick nerve of suffering and the sharp edge of torture. Nor is this all. In order to make the picture a perfect daguerreotype of religious fear, as it brooded over the mind of mediæval Christendom, the common-place of terrestrial existence is yet more closely entwined with the abode of punishment, when, in one dread circle, we find souls

condemned to suffer, while the fiend possessed body still lingers among the living, and—

Doth all the natural functions of a man,  
Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on.

The Purgatorio, again, presents in an aggravated degree the very penances enjoined by the harsher confessionals for heinous sins. The wailing prostrations, the huge and ponderous burdens, beneath which the proud transgressor can scarcely writhen himself into the view of the confounded beholder, find their diminished counterparts in the discipline of the Catholic Church. The hope which renders the moving of the heavy load ever so little, by the labour of untold ages, is the same that led pilgrim after pilgrim from the remotest West of Europe, by short and tedious stages,—trembling with age, afoot, hungering, thirsting, wandering from the goal, yet never despairing—to the far-off East, thereby to purge off some small part of the accumulated guilt of a lifetime. And the vivid descriptions of purgatorial pains, under which it seems

As he who shows most patience in his looks  
Wailing exclaims, "I can endure no more,"

may enable us to estimate the enormous influence of an ecclesiastical body, which had power to shorten the agony.

Nor is the final bliss less vividly portrayed. In essaying such a theme

Weak is thought, and poor expression.

But nothing more need be said to show how fully Dante realised the ideal of his time, than that it required generations of laborious effort, before the pencil of the sister Muse could depict to the bodily eye, in colours adequately glowing, the beatified forms, with "countenances wondrous fair," swathed and shrouded in their own radiance, in which the transient ecstasies of saint and anchorite have been secured to the imagination, as a "possession for ever," in the "Paradiso."

And how wonderfully is the representative character of the "Divina Commedia" enhanced, when we look at it in the light of its original conception—as the perfection of that which had been the burden of their song to trouvères and troubadours, minstrels and minnesingers, ever since the languages of European Christendom had found rhythmic expression. How strangely

and harshly (perhaps we might add with truth humbly), do the sentiments of that period contrast with our own, when we learn that this terrible and glorious array of learning and imagination—the sacred poem, which in the writer's own words—

—hath made  
Both heaven and earth copartners in its toil,  
And with lean abstinence, through many a year,  
Faded my cheek,

is—*credita posteri*!—none other than a love song; that the sustaining impulse to its composition, from the day when the passive misery of bereavement yielded to the inspiring resolve to beautify the tomb, down to the last weary moment, when the poet was preparing to quit life and labour together, was but the loyal fulfilment of his vow to extol his lost love in that degree "which had never been said or sung of woman."

It is not meant to be denied that the works of the great Florentine foreshadow the partial decay of the beliefs and emotions which they so completely embody. The very perfection of any cycle of peculiar thought or sentiment is in itself ominous of their decline. But though we stand on the confines of a new age, the hierophant who displays the mysteries of the past is no less a devotee than the merest neophyte. If for the greater glory of his faith, he has admitted to his confidence treacherous associates who will profane what he reveres, it is the rashness of his zeal, and not any flaw in his sincerity, that must bear the blame. The dauntless seer who finds Popes three deep in infernal mire—the obsequious classic who takes Virgil as his guide and counsellor through two-thirds of his solemn journey—cannot be held quite guiltless, in point of *fact*, of that remarkable change of opinion which under the guidance of a beneficent Providence, the decrepitude of long-established institutions, the revived study of ancient thought, and the impulse given to inquiry by modern discoveries, were about to accomplish. With Mr. Ruskin's permission, we think we could at least find here an earlier date for the decadence of mediæval independence in art, than Raffaëlle's restoration of the æsthetic sovereignty of Apollo, or the equally fatal study by Michael Angelo of the torso of the Belvidere.

Yet Dante, though a stern censor and vehement advocate of reform, is no revolutionist. Doubt, on the one hand, is as alien to the devout Catholic, who, in fear and hesitation, traverses Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, as persiflage, on the other hand, to the adoring lover of Beatrice.

In short, it cannot be too strongly affirmed that all who would understand the middle ages as something other than a grotesque or gaudy "sham," animated by principles and sentiments which, to earnest and serious men, must have seemed forced and artificial—unnatural and, therefore, miserable in the reality, however charming as the basis of fiction—all who would discern this period of the past from those which preceded and followed it, by something more rationally distinctive than dress, manners, or dialect—must, with a believing mind, give themselves to the study of the poetry of Dante, and to that life of the poet himself which is so intimately interwoven with every canto and almost every line which he has written.

The beautiful city on the Arno, where, in the month of May, 1265, Dante commenced "the journey of life," had already been distinguished among the free cities of Italy for vigorous political action, both as regards its internal administration and the part it took in the feuds of the Peninsula at large. Nor was a liberal culture—the usual accompaniment of freedom and of the activity necessary to maintain it—altogether undeveloped in Florence, even before the time of Dante. Its superiority to the other free cities in this respect may, however, be attributed to the fact that it was less early infected than they with the furor of the most suicidal of Italian feuds. Yet Dante's birth found it already in the attitude of vehement partisanship. The fire was kindled which was destined to rage so furiously during Dante's manhood, and to cast the reflection of its light far and deep into the future, in the pages of the *Inferno*.

The fates of Italy since the downfall of the Cæsars have been guided by the influence of two very intelligible causes; the inimitable glory of her Past and the irreconcilable contradictions of her Present. The former has inspired her too-ardent patriots with those hopes of universal empire which have made the attainment of a firm but limited Italian

nationality seem poor and trivial. The latter have delivered her as a prey to any power that have chanced to be in the ascendant in Europe, and that by force, fraud, or flattery, has been able to make the Vatican the tool of its ambition. Germany has had a perpetual claim of interference, as the acknowledged heir of the Roman dominion. France has never forgotten that the title to inheritance was first recognised in Charlemagne. Spain early supplied a dynasty to that part of Italy which had been the recent prey of Moors and Normans, and its influence was experienced as a crushing burden as late as the close of the seventeenth century. The causes of Italian weakness and disunion not only survive the revolutions of Europe, but seem called into novel and extraordinary action by each successive catastrophe. Austria maintains her galling supremacy in the north, and the French occupation of Rome is but a new phase of that humiliating patronage which dates from Pope Stephen the Third and Pepin le Bref. It is but a fresh display of the same spirit which, in Dante's days, bore Pope and Papacy away bodily to Avignon.

The assumption of absolute spiritual power, which in the middle ages might seem an ample compensation for the loss of temporal sovereignty, has served but to make Italy the battle-ground of contending foreigners,—a political imbroglio where

Chaos umpire sits  
And by decision more embroils the fray.

The Holy Father, who in virtue of his office is of no country, and yet of all countries—"the Eternal Stranger," as Quinet justly calls him,—has had only enough of secular dominion to make his rule fatal to Italian unity, while the dependence and limitations of his sovereignty have rendered him utterly unable to extend it over the whole of the Peninsula.

Such has been the normal position of parties in Italy; and towards the close of the thirteenth century the evils which it entailed reached a terrible climax. A hasty glance at the barest chronology of the latter half of that century—the mere mention of the struggles of competitors for Italian rule, assembled from remote parts of Europe—the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, fearful in itself, but still more dreadful in the recollection of wrong, and rapine, and

tyranny that goaded men to madness—to say nothing of the unintermitting contentions of native Italians under the banners of the two contending factions,—will be sufficient to show into what an element of strife was born the proudest spirit, the most abstract speculative intellect, the most aspiring ambition, and the most burning love and hatred that ever stirred and vexed the soul of one man.

In addition to other causes, the sway of that devout Countess, whose gift of the "patrimony of St. Peter" promised to build up the secular strength of the Papacy in the same proportion as Gregory VII. was raising it to its highest possibilities as a spiritual despotism, had given Florence a bias in favour of what was subsequently called the party of the Guelphs. The origin of this term, as well as of the antagonist appellation, Ghibelline seems to have been almost as trivial and accidental as that of our own party *soubriquets*, "Whig" and "Tory;" but they were, perhaps, on that very account, the watchwords of the most deadly and unreasoning strife that history records. As far as they represented principles, the former designated attachment to the Papal, Italian, and popular side; the latter, an unswerving devotion to the Imperial interests, with, for the most part, aristocratic prepossessions. Sprung from old Florentine blood, which, as the poet himself seems to boast, could be traced back to Roman origin, the Alighieri were distinguished adherents of the Guelph faction, in whose interests they had experienced exile and triumphant restoration. In Dante's youth we find him already a strong partisan on the popular side, and in his twenty-fourth year engaged in fighting the battles of his country and his faction against Ghibelline Arezzo.

Yet even in that stormy period, Florence had other pursuits and excitements besides politics and arms. It was even then eminent in those arts which have elevated modern Italy to a degree of glory which all but rivals her ancient grandeur. Pisa had led the way in architectural splendour, and her proud competitor, higher up the Arno, was not slow to follow her example. The period during which the genius of her most illustrious bard reached its maturity, witnessed the founding of the Florentine Pantheon (the Chiesa di

Santa Croce), and that of her Cathedral, still the admiration of Europe. In painting, Cimabue had taken the first faltering steps in that path, which ultimately conducted Florentine art to the perfect glories of a Michael Angelo; and Giotto, Dante's more immediate contemporary, was producing works which, though far behind the graces of later times, were throwing those of his predecessor into the shade. The genius of poetry, which threatened to disappear in the sanguinary clouds that quenched the glory of Provence, and in which a language as well as a literature virtually perished, had manifested itself anew in the south of Italy, but found a nobler home in the free cities of the north. Some departments of art were, indeed, as yet all but wholly uncultivated; and among them, at least one which seems nearest akin to song. Music could scarcely be said to have an existence. In its nobler developments it would seem to be the latest born, as in its simpler form it was probably the earliest offspring of genius. It was

With sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,

that the first rude fabrics of human culture "rose out of chaos," and the triumphs of scientific and mechanical genius which adorn the last hundred years of European civilisation, have been greeted with harmonies, compared with which the music of ancient days was little more than childish piping or sonorous discord. The "dull," "commonplace," "worldly," "machine-making" century that we are leaving behind us produced a Mozart, a Handel, a Beethoven, and last, but not least, a Mendelssohn, without mention of others, who have almost equal claims upon our admiration. The dawning of modern culture, even as late as 1300, had no such boast; though it is difficult to believe that such strains as those commencing the eighth canto of the "Purgatorio," and of which one of our most beautiful household songs, "Shades of Evening," is an imperfect paraphrase, should not have flowed into melody unbidden.

The appreciation of ancient art—of which Italy was then the sepulchre rather than the guardian—was less advanced than the pursuit of new æsthetic developments. Florence possessed no such collections of sculpture as render

her now the cynosure of taste. On the whole, there was enough to stimulate creative genius, little to further it, and, happily, still less to trammel and repress it. In every department of art Dante created far more than he received; yet the aspiring tendencies of his native city already mentioned, and still more, the undeveloped force of that spirit of his age of which he was the unstinted heir, must be fairly taken into consideration, if we would read his position aright. Far more than the glories of renaissance architecture, or the genial emulations of reviving letters—the enthusiasm for the ideal, never so rapturous as in the Woman-Worship of the Middle Ages, served as a stimulus to the susceptible imagination of him who was to embody it in its most brilliant and enduring forms. Every one knows how early this ideal became incarnate for Dante in a Florentine maiden some twelvemonths younger than himself, whom when but eight years old he met at a banquet in her father's house, and to whom from that time he devoted himself with a passion so pure, entire, and self-devoted, as only the boyhood of even Dante could have originated, and only such a depth and tenacity of feeling as his preserved from taint or diminution. His story is little other than the record of his love, his bereavement, and that harsh discord which it occasioned in his existence, till he found rest in the elevated sentiments in which his passion commenced, and that lyrical expression of them which was his true vocation. That which in classical or post-medieval times must be regarded merely as the pain or the pastime of a few months or years at the most, was to this Representative of the middle ages the business of a life. And it is essential to remark, that, with all the lavish excess with which this passion is professed, we may safely challenge the most invidious critic to discover any one passage fairly chargeable with the affectation so manifest in the amatory effusions of late Italians—not excepting even Petrarch.

All that the Middle Age had dreamed of Paradise was realised for Dante, when Beatrice Portinari stepped forth from her father's mansion to grace the streets of Florence. He had but to multiply her image, and that of her fair suite, shining by reflected lustre, in order to people heaven with the brightest creations of fancy. His

poem is indeed the converse of his experience, for that begins with the Paradiso; yet the former, in its highest flights, never transcends the latter. We need make no large concessions to an idealistic philosophy in affirming that the "Divina Commedia" is, essentially, no fable. The term reality must be confined to the mere slugs and dross of existence, if this is not a more genuine autobiography than nine-tenths that bear the name. We shall have occasion to reverse the poet's journey, and descend with him into the fierce heats and frosts of an unfabled "Inferno;" and hope to need no witness from the "crisped beard and swart complexion," to point him out, as they did at Verona, for the man that "had been in Hell." And we have good reason to believe that a Purgatorio of repentance, amid the errors of a life too often blemished by the vices of his country, was not absent nor morally ineffectual. But above all, that beautiful conceit of his which represents his being drawn upwards with smooth unconsciousness, through the celestial spheres, by gazing on the queen of his affections, demands to be regarded as only the poetry of *fact*.

Her eyes fast fix'd on the eternal wheels,  
Beatrice stood unmoved; and I with lean  
Fix'd upon her, such inwardly became  
As Glaucus, when he tasted of the herb  
That made him peer above the ocean gods:  
Words may not tell of that transhuman change.  
If I were only what thou didst create  
Then newly, Love! by whom the heaven is ruled  
Thou knowest, who by thy light didst bear me up.  
When as the wheel which thou dost ever guide,  
Desired Spirit! with its harmony,  
Temper'd of thee, and measured, charmed mine ear,  
Then seemed to me so much of heaven to blaze  
With the sun's flame, that rain and flood ne'er made  
A lake so broad.

Whence she who saw me, clearly as myself  
Opened her lips, and gracious thus began:  
"With false imagination thou thyself  
Makest dull; so that thou seest not the thing  
Which thou hast seen, had that been shaken off.  
Thou art not on the earth as thou believest!"

While yet among mortals a radiance beams forth from Beatrice, before which the youthful lover, by his own confession, is unutterably awed; and no word that he speaks of her—no thought that he cherishes of her—avails to ruffle the celestial veil even for a moment. How far she returned his affection can scarcely be decided. Her marriage with Simone de' Bardi, and ultimately her death on the last day of the year 1289, gradually severed whatever bonds of terrene attachment may have connected them. His overwhelming grief at this loss is not mingled with anything

like surprise at its premature occurrence. That heaven (as he tells us in one of his most perfect canzones) should envy earth such a possession; that she should never be his in any meaner sense than as the object of his adoration, and that she should early leave a sphere so uncongenial as this, seems the necessary corollary of all that he utters respecting her. And when he meets her again, as the poet's guide through Paradise, there is an absolute continuity of sentiment with what he records of earlier glimpses of her in the sublunary state. Such entire unity is there in the whole, that we may almost pardon the hapless critic who stumbles on the discovery that the beloved of Dante is impersonal from beginning to end—

A thing divine; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

We cannot wonder that Beatrice has been taken for the mere symbol of Divine love, theology, or philosophy, or of each in turn. The poet himself directs attention to the allegorical meaning of the "*Divina Commedia*," but even could such a meaning be consistently evolved, it would no more disparage the personal reality of Beatrice, than that of such *dramatis personæ* as Thomas Aquinas and Justinian, or even Francesca di Rimini and Ugolino.

In one form or another, this apotheosis of love has been copied *ad nauseum*. We would not tax Petrarch with plagiarism. The results of unconscious suggestion, of a great idea which has become the common property of the age, are not to be put in the same category with beggarly imitation. But we may fairly question whether there would have been a Laura had there never been a Beatrice. Of the host of rhymers who followed in the steps of the two great Florentines, nothing need be said. Putting the whole of the labours, wise and foolish, of all the erotic Italian poets after Dante (Petrarch included) into the opposite scale, we can yet affirm that the "*Divina Commedia*," as an amatory poem, is the *ne plus ultra* of its kind. The expression of that order of sentiment which it embodies should be original as the sentiment itself; and it can scarcely be rendered more perfect by art, though it is sure to be corrupted by the affectation of the copyist. Dante's worship of his ideal owes nothing, save to the spirit of the age and the profoundly

representative character of the man.  
He

wrote his wondrous love  
With fire-strokes nothing can efface,  
As on the rock the brand of Jove  
Graves its imperishable trace.  
Then to his Muse of heavenly birth,  
Well may the name divine be given,  
Who raised his Beatrice from earth,  
To shed on man the love of heaven.\*

How often, in our times, the loss of a first love, whether by disappointment, circumstance, or death, has been the turning-point in life—how often the open-hearted boy has thus been changed into the stern man of action, or the romance-loving youth into the sad, introverted speculatist—we will not venture to determine. Happy if, in either case, a regenerating *principle* has converted the merely human desire of happiness (happiness presenting itself to the imagination in its most alluring, though, perhaps, most deceitful form) into the godlike design to promote in some way the welfare of others; and if thus the disenchanted existence becomes milder, brighter, and more *divinely* youthful till its close; for

When *half-gods* go,  
The *gods* arrive.

Perhaps few instances of modern date could be cited, in which effeminate or good-natured ease has been exchanged for manly self-sacrificing toil, where some such contingency has not occurred. "*Hæc itur ad astra.*"

But it would be to mistake Dante's individual character, and still more that of the period which he embodies, if we were to attribute the strength and rigour of his character, in after years, so entirely to this bereavement as we should be justified in doing with regard to the illustrious of our time. As opinion sways in the nineteenth century, Love (in company with Metaphysics, General Benevolence, and other forms of transcendental "nonsense") is set down as one of the necessary diseases of advancing youth, in the same way as the measles and whooping-cough are supposed to be inevitable to childhood. The man is ashamed of it. It was a "failing" in himself; it is little less than a crime in others. It may be really so *now*. It was not so regarded in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, A.D. In those times it was as little wondered at that love should out-

\* From the German of Uhland, translated by John Edward Taylor.

live passion, as that courage should survive the decay of physical strength, or religious reverence the *uncanonical* bugaboos of the nursery. Instead of being degraded to the rank of a "passion," it was an inspiration. No heroism, no strength of heart or mind, could be expected without it. It was supposed to differ from the heaven-born raptures of the cloister, not so much by any defect of purity, or by its being *essentially* of a more mundane character, as by the mere accident that its object was a denizen of earth. In Dante's case, even this taint—if so it must be named—disappears. And we must altogether discredit what he repeatedly and earnestly implies and asseverates, if we do not recognise his love for Beatrice as having always been in a high degree elevating and strengthening to him. We cannot admit for a moment that his first pure love is repudiated with the "false amor," whose service he renounces at the beginning of his penitential "Credo." *Falsa* Florinels afterwards lead him astray; but the heats of Beatrice always required service of the noblest order of chivalry; to be performed only with that "armour of a Christian man," which Una requires her true Knight to assume. At his first meeting with Beatrice on the confines of Heaven, speaking of her lover, she tells the compassionating spirits how—

--- through benign

Largeness of heavenly grace, which rain down  
From such a height as mocks our vision, this man  
Was in the freshness of his being, such,  
No gifted virtually, that in him  
All better habits wondrously had thrived.

These looks sometimes upheld him; for I show'd  
My youthful eyes, and led him by the light  
In upright walking.

But when the guardian angel had departed he began to decline:—

Soon as I reached

The threshold of my second age, and changed  
My mortal for immortal; then he left me,  
And gave himself to others. When from flesh  
To spirit I had risen, and increase  
Of beauty and of virtue clothed me,  
I was less dear to him, and valued less.  
His steps were turned into deceitful ways,  
Following false images of good, that make  
No promise perfect. Nor availed me aught  
To sue for inspirations, with the which,  
I, both in dreams of night and otherwise,  
Did call him back; of them so little recked him,  
Such depth he felt, that all device was short  
Of his preserving, save that he should view  
The children of perdition.

Even from his earliest days, however, there was no lack of less attractive discipline—for strengthening body and intellect, at any rate. Dante was well

versed in many accomplishments; his naturally intense love of study sustained by an initiation into the encyclopedia of medieval lore. In the seventeenth year we find him a student of the Universities of Padua and Bologna, listening with avidity to the expounders of the scholastic philosophy, which already reached its culmination, was upon the point of entering the most violent period of that career which contributed not a little to weaken the power of Catholic doctrine—the dispute between Nominalism and Realism. The date of the birth of Scotus, whose disciple was the celebrated English nominalist (Occam), is precisely the same as that of Dante's. The general character of scholastic philosophy is early harmonised with those strange combinations of classical forms of thought and semi-barbarous limitation which distinguished the Middle Ages, which we need scarcely remark per the "Divina Commedia." The refinement and subtle logic display trifles, the refusal to apply the mode of treatment to more concrete questions, and the resort to the awful compromise, "*Vera secundum philosophiam non secundum Fidem Catholicam*," illustrate that discordant state of mind which is peculiarly mediæval. Tradition tells us how deeply he was absorbed in intellectual pursuit season and out of season. The pressure of books may excuse him for pressing over a new issue from the Script at feast, tournament, or masque, he is said to have utterly forgotten the presence of host, guests, ladies, knaves and mummers. Perhaps it will be held a sufficient apology for inattention to the most pressing domestic duties urged upon him by wife and servants who were at last obliged to confide the imperious peculiarities of way to his genius.

Over his family relations generally there seems to hang considerable cloud. Such a disposition could scarcely be expected to render him a "good husband" and when, in 1291, his friends, to console him for the loss of Beatrice, married him to a lady of the powerful house of Donati, we are assured, by a biographer of the next century, that they meant added to his happiness. His character of Gemma de' Donati has all probability been grossly libelled. The unfortunate Madame Palise,

perhaps, scarcely less cause for discontent; and when we find that the charge of being "more than a Xantippe" rests on no contemporary evidence, and may have been founded on a fancied implication contained in a solitary passage of the *Inferno*; when, moreover, we learn that this lady, after her husband's banishment, faithfully discharged irksome duties to her household, in which Dante was unable (some say unwilling) to take his share, it seems just that this imputation should be allowed to slumber among the most doubtful of the uncertain traditions respecting him.

Nine years after his first sight of Beatrice, Dante seems to have become a poet for the first time. His "*Vita Nova*," written in 1294, and which records the circumstances of his attachment, contains many of his youthful productions which seem to have excited considerable interest at the time. They show a vigour of expression which gives fair promise of his poetic maturity. But harsher experiences and ruder disciplines were to prepare him for his greatest work; and towards this he was hastening with all the impetuosity of ambition, no longer restrained, or softened by Beatrice's influence. Without joining in Boccaccio's condemnation of his entering on political life as out of harmony with philosophy, it is obvious that a man of Dante's character had little hope of holding a permanent position in any Government. Wisdom of the highest sort, and that moderation which necessarily accompanies wisdom, were not wanting; but anything that approached *unrighteous* concession, could have no place in his schemes of policy. This high estimate must, however, be qualified by the admission, that in manner and speech Dante assumed an overbearing tone, which even a just estimate of his own powers can scarcely palliate. Notwithstanding the jealousies of powerful rivals, he seems to have risen to the highest place in the estimation of his countrymen. He was frequently chosen to represent his native city in embassies, and on almost every occasion his eloquence and skill rendered him a successful advocate and negotiator. The very testimonies we have to his arrogant behaviour towards his colleagues, would be absurd on any other supposition than that his character as a statesman was regarded as of the most commanding order of

merit. The haughty challenge, which Boccaccio puts into his mouth, in reference to the last unhappy mission from which he never was to return, is utterly unintelligible, except as coming from a man whose pre-eminence was indisputable. The occasion of this display of pride was the council held with a view to obviate the ill-consequences apprehended from the threatened visit of Charles of Valois, who had been invited to Florence, *nominally*, with a view to restore order; *really*, to reinstate the Black, or violent Guelph party in authority, and to depress the Bianchi, or moderate faction, to which Dante himself belonged. An embassy to the Court of Rome, in whose interest Charles acted, was proposed; and at the further question, who should be its chief, Dante was the choice of all. Being requested to undertake the office, the haughty rejoinder is attributed to him, "*If I go, who is to remain? if I remain, who is to go?*" Had not his abilities equalled his presumption, Dante would thus have made himself ridiculous, which, as far as we can learn, he never did.

He, however, rendered himself obnoxious to the ill-will of a large portion of his fellow-citizens by something more decided than arrogant words. Schism had produced further schism, as is its wont; and the Guelphs had become themselves divided (as above hinted) into two parties, more violent against each other than against their common Ghibelline foe. About the year 1300, the time which Dante fixes as the date of his Vision, the Bianchi (White or moderate Guelphs) were in the ascendant. The Neri (Black or *pure* Guelphs), with Corso di Donati, Dante's relative by marriage,—"a bold bad man"—at their head, were proportionally depressed. The Bianchi, like the Girondins of the French Revolution, had talent and principle, but wanted judgment and worldly wisdom.

At the above-mentioned date, Dante was chosen, through their influence, First of the Priors, or Chief Magistrate of Florence. In his brief government of two months, from June 15th to August 15th, he incurred the charge, for which there seems no sufficient ground, of unduly favouring the Bianchi exiles, when the violent leaders of both parties had been banished for the peace of the City. The Neri prevailed, Charles of Valois was surreptitiously introduced into the City, and the poet's fate was



decided for life. The remainder of his days was occupied by unavailing efforts to effect his return; equally vain regrets—swellings of a proud heart against the scarcely gilt fetters of patronage, and all the other woes of exile, mingled, however, with the substantial consolations of intellectual labour, and that reward of fame which no sentence of a faction could deprive him. The prophecy which he puts into the mouth of his ancestor, Cacciaguida, in the XVIIth Canto of the *Paradiso*, gives a bitterly-impressive description of the miseries of exile:

Thou shalt leave each thing,  
Beloved most dearly: this is the first shaft  
Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove  
How salt the savour is of other's bread;  
How hard the passage to descend and climb  
By other's stairs. But, that shall gail thee most,  
Will be the worthless and vile company,  
With whom thou must be thrown into these straits.

Elsewhere we have the memorial of his pains directly from himself: "Alas! had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly—suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age, and in which, with her good-will, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wounds with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed as those which yet remained for me to attempt." How often have these words found an echo in the breasts of his countrymen, and perhaps at no

period more forcibly than our own.

The violence of the Guelphi Neri, who first imposed a fine of 8,000 lire upon him, and condemned him to two years' banishment, and then, under the fear of further provocation, threatened him with burning if he should be taken alive, fixed his lot for a time with exiles of more decidedly Ghibelline politics than his own; though his experience of parties determined him ultimately, like all great men, to constitute a party of himself. We are told strange stories of the vehemence of his party-spirit in opposition to the Guelphs; how he would quarrel with, and even stone, the luckless opponent of Ghibellinism, man, woman, or even child, whom he might meet with in the streets or highways. But such charges are inconsistent with the dignity of his character, and are quite alien to the tone of unbiassed, though severe, criticism of the faults of both factions. His treatise "*De Monarchia*" maintains the right of the Emperor to a supremacy over all Christendom, with arguments near and far-fetched; and the hope he cherished that the attempt of Henry of Luxemburg to assert his ancient claims over the Italian cities, would restore him to Florence, led him to the utterance of the most unqualified Ghibelline opinions. But in every case he sustained his views in the spirit of a man of learning and taste. There is no approach to the "noise and fury signifying nothing" of the senseless adherent of a colour or a name.

How far Dante was implicated in schemes for forcibly re-entering Florence does not appear. Certain it is, that he ever cherishes for his native city feelings of the tenderest affection. These give the sting to exile, and seem to render justifiable any attempt to recover his lost position as one of her citizens. No other spot can divert his attachment. He will be honoured, rewarded, crowned, there or nowhere; and to the last, the hope of ending his weary pilgrimage within the gates of Florence, would have appeared to him a compensation for every sacrifice necessary to the realisation of his wishes.

The detail of his sorrows as an exile, is not supplied us by authentic history, apart from his own record in the "*Divina Commedia*," and a few scattered but characteristic anecdotes. Even the chronology of his various residences is

not distinctly traceable. We know that he visited Padua, Lunigiana, Verona, that he then travelled through various parts of Italy and of Europe at large, that he went to Paris, and that he may even have sojourned at Oxford, and that he was finally the lionised guest of Guido da Polenta, at Ravenna, where he died in July, 1321.

Of his entertainers we also know something, and how few of them duly appreciated him. "For Dante there was now no home in this world. He wandered from patron to patron, from place to place; proving in his own bitter words 'How hard is the path—*come è duro calle!*' The wretched are not cheerful company. Dante, poor and banished, with his proud, earnest nature, with his moody humours, was not a man to conciliate men. Petrarch reports of him that, being at Can' della Scala's Court, and blamed one day for his gloom and taciturnity, he answered in no courtier-like way. Della Scala stood amongst his courtiers, with mimics and buffoons (*nebulones ac histriones*), making him heartily merry; when, turning to Dante, he said: 'Is it not strange, now, that this poor fool should make himself so entertaining, while you, a wise man, sit there, day after day, and have nothing to amuse us with at all?' Dante answered bitterly: 'No, not strange; your Highness is to recollect the Proverb, Like to Like;—given the amuser, the amusee must also be given! Such a man, with his proud, silent ways, with his sarcasms and sorrows, was not made to succeed at Court. By degrees it came to be evident to him that he had no longer any resting place, or hope of benefit, in this earth. The earthly world had cast him forth, to wander, wander; no living heart to love him now; for his sore miseries there was no solace here.'\*

Very touching is that memorial by the good Monk Ilario, of the visit of the pensive stranger to the rock-built Monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo, who, on the inquiry "What he asked or sought for?" looking at the assembled brethren, replied "Peace." Still more deeply affecting is that tone of religious calm which steals over him as he approaches the completion of his life, and of his work; satisfied, like our own Milton (whose fate runs so pa-

ralled with that of the great Florentine), to have found a refuge from the errors, the wrongs, and the turbulence of earth, in the unerring justice and eternal repose of Heaven. The rough surging of life has settled down into that gentle moving of the waters—the "tremolar della marina," on which the smooth gliding of the celestial bark is already visible.

Dante may be regarded as an illustrious victim of that fearful moral schism, which was the cause of the greater part of the evils that unceasingly afflicted mankind during the Mediæval period; that gross form of the isolation of things temporal from things spiritual, which lay at the basis of the Papal system. It was this which fostered vice into such gigantic growth on the secular side, and produced a proportionate amount of hypocrisy in those who presumed to embody the spiritual. Such bold and professed defiance of God and goodness cannot be found in any other page of worldly history; and on the other hand, such hollow sanctimoniousness is not equalled in ecclesiastical annals. Space will not allow us to pursue this theme. It may suffice to observe, that such a truth-loving and devout man as Dante (with all his faults—and he, too, suffered morally from the evils of his day), could not have enjoyed peace under such conditions.

His experience had presented, if any man's ever did, ample materials for an "Inferno," a "Purgatorio," and a "Paradiso." Wickedness in its most gigantic forms, had lived before him; and not less dreadful had been its punishment. Ugolino, at once the traitor and the betrayed, had suffered worse miseries in the Tower of Famine, than the frozen horrors of the ninth circle of hell, could emulate. Unhappy Francesca di Rimini had been hurried by passion into guilt and suffering, with more dreadful haste than that of the "tyrannous gust," that sweeps her and her paramour before it in the regions of the lost. Popes and cardinals had plunged headlong into the abhorred slime of self-convicted hypocrisy, and waited not the doom of the future to condemn them: Even the pen of a Dante cannot depict such scenes of wickedness and woe as might be culled from the history of Mediæval Italy only, during the thirteenth, and the beginning of the fourteenth, centuries. And had not the whole of his

\* Carlyle's Hero Worship.

latter history been a Purgatorio? What mountains of punishment had been heaped on his own proud spirit! How slowly and laboriously had he toiled up the terrible ascent of repentance to meet his alienated but compassionate Beatrice! Of the earlier Paradise of his life—regained, we may hope, at the close—we have already spoken.

Scarcely had her great poet and prophet departed, than ungrateful Florence strove, though (in the literal sense) in vain, to "build his tomb." Never was there more ample reparation for past injustice. Every form of honour began to be heaped upon his memory; and from that time forward his name has been held in the deepest reverence by all. Party spirit continued as rife as ever, but all was forgotten in the homage paid to genius. Among other marks of esteem and respect, Beatrice, one of Dante's five children, and who bore the beloved name, was presented with a considerable sum as a tribute to her father's memory. His works were diligently collected, and various public lectures upon them were instituted, and commentaries compiled without end. With a moderate interval of Italian

corruption and consequent neglect of one of the purest and noblest of poets, the interest in Dante has increased till the present time. England now vies with Germany and Italy in the study of the "*Divina Commedia*;" and there is no work or series of works in the whole of Italian literature which has tended to keep up so lively an interest in that language which Dante may be said to have created, and which, in his Treatise "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," he made the occasion of perhaps the first broadly philosophical treatise that belongs to modern literature.

We have endeavoured to confine this slight outline of the life of the great Florentine almost wholly to its historical aspect, and have left many points of interest in connexion with it altogether untouched. Our only excuse for such a limitation, shall be the incalculable importance of viewing the biography of each individual as part of the data for marking the gradation of human development; for we warmly believe that—

— through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

## MARSHAL LANNES.

AMONG all the Paladins of the modern Charlemagne, the most devoted and the most single-hearted, perhaps, was Marshal Lannes. In static talent, as a leader of armies, he was inferior to a Davoust or a Soult; but his headlong gallantry in action entitled him to vie in reputation with Ney, whom the great master of them all hailed as "bravest of the brave."

JOHN LANNES was born in the little town of Lectoure, in the Department du Gers, Guienne, April 11, 1769. His father was a petty turner, who, thinking he saw signs of superior talent in the youth, after he had learned his letters, sent him to the neighbouring college. Lannes had scarcely begun his studies there when his father fell into pecuniary difficulties, and was obliged to take him away; he then apprenticed him to a dyer. This calling he followed till the year 1792, when he enlisted in the volunteer corps of "Patriots," raised in

his Department, in which he soon rose to the rank of sergeant-major.

His first experience of war was in the "army of the Eastern Pyrenees." His military instincts soon displayed themselves, and his promotion was rapid. He had attained the rank of Chief of Brigade in 1795, when his career in arms was unexpectedly cut short for a time, by civil functionary of the Convention named Aubry, who sent to the Government a return of several officers, then serving, whom he accused of incapacity and the name of Lannes was upon the black list! He left his corps, and returned home for some months.

Early next year, when the heart of young France was aroused by the need of preparation for the campaign about to commence in Italy, Lannes flew thither, and entered Bonaparte's army as a volunteer. His valour and talent at once shone conspicuously; they were either remarked by the General-in-Chief,

or reported to him; and some daring exploits of his at the battle of Millesimo, in Piedmont, fought April 13, 1796, induced Bonaparte to make him forthwith—having regard to his previous grades—colonel of the 25th Regiment.

This generous recognition and liberal recompense of his merit prompted him to marvels of daring. At the passage of the Po, at the bridge of Lodi, his audacious onsets, even at a time when venturous courage was not rare, became the admiration of the whole army. At the battle of Bassano (Sept. 8), he had taken one flag from an Austrian ensign, and was in the act of capturing another, when his horse was killed under him; at the same instant (it is said), twelve cuirassiers came forward and called upon him to surrender. Instead of doing so, he leaped, quick as lightning, behind their leader, killed him, vaulted into the empty saddle, slew or unhorsed three or four more; rode his new steed over their prostrate bodies and gained the French lines, bearing thither in triumph the trophy for which he had so desperately struggled.

Such a man was a fit leader for a "forlorn hope." Accordingly, at the assault of Pavia, his headlong bravery was called into requisition, and its success was rewarded with promotion to be General of Brigade. In the siege of Mantua, he carried the suburb of St. George by a single charge of bayonets. Up to this time he does not seem to have received a wound; but in the combats of Fombio, Governolo, and Arcola, he was severely hurt.

When Bonaparte directed an army upon the city of Rome, early in 1797, Lannes with his corps broke through the intrenchments of the Papal army, near Imola, captured that place, and drove all before him. Pius VI., to save his capital, was soon fain to sue for terms of peace. These were dictated by Bonaparte; and Lannes, as representative of the French Republic, signed, Feb. 19, the treaty of Tolentino, by which his Holiness ceded the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, to France.

The exploits of Lannes during this campaign were only terminated by the treaty of Campo-Formio, signed October 7, 1797. Upon his return to Paris, he was, at Bonaparte's instance, named to a command in the "Army of England,"

formed avowedly for the invasion of Britain, but the real destination of which was Egypt. The expedition sailed accordingly, May 19, 1798, from Toulon, and arrived off the mouth of the Nile on the 30th June.

Lannes, now become a personal favourite of Bonaparte, displayed his accustomed bravery in the operations against the Mamelukes and other Mussulman forces opposed to the French. His corps formed part of the army with which Bonaparte marched into Syria; where it was his fate to be foiled for the first time, and (oh, ominous fact!) by a Briton, the great-hearted Sir Sidney Smith.

The French army returning baffled from Syria, the Turks became so encouraged as to advance boldly to the French camp, near the Bay of Aboukir. Their army, commanded by Mustapha, Pasha of Roumelia, was composed entirely of foot soldiers, many being janissaries, or soldiers of the Sultan's body guard. At this time no Turk knew the use of the bayonet. Mustapha was waiting the arrival of a body of Mamelukes, to act as his cavalry, but as some delay occurred in their march, Bonaparte determined to anticipate the Pasha's onset. He had three divisions of infantry at his command, one of which was that of Lannes. Murat commanded the horse. The latter began the attack, July 25, 1799, by cleaving the centre of the Turkish army, intending to turn its flanks, and so avoid the guns of some entrenchments that guarded the two wings. The impetuosity of his charge broke the first line; but those behind stood firm, and although detachments of French infantry soon arrived to support Murat, his career was stopped, and a dreadful hand-to-hand struggle took place; the Turkish artillery, said to be directed by English officers, doing great execution among the squadrons of the French. The determined spirit of the latter, and their superior discipline, at length prevailed. Lannes, with his soldiers, while the fight was raging in the centre, had attacked and carried a height called the Sand Mountain, which was the pivot of the enemy's position. From that moment the French were masters of the ground. The Turkish commander tried to bring off the remains of his army in order, but a panic seized most of them; crowds rushed in a direction where Murat's cavalry was ready

to receive them; some thousands were sabred on land, and as many more driven into the sea and drowned. The victory was complete; and it was the last great deed of arms of the French in Egypt.

When Bonaparte left Egypt to look after his interests in France, Lannes was one of the seven confidential officers whom he persuaded to accompany him in a desertion which would have cost all the parties dear, had the Directory not sunk into contempt. In all the busy intrigues which followed, Lannes took an earnest part on Bonaparte's behalf; and although the Directory knew that the ground was mined under their feet, none of them had the courage to step forward and denounce the chief plotters or any of his accomplices.

On the eve of the 18th Brumaire (Nov. 9, 1799), Bonaparte distributed the parts of all the chief actors in the drama about to follow. The sittings of the Legislature being removed from the Tuileries to the chateau of St. Cloud, to Lannes was assigned the post of "Commandant-General" of Paris, with orders to keep a watchful eye on all persons likely to disturb any new arrangement of the Government now to be hazarded. At an early hour next morning, he repaired to Bonaparte's house, in the Rue de la Victoire, where all the associates of the man about to become master of France, had agreed to rendezvous. Later in the morning, he made one in the military cavalcade which set out thence to confront the two Legislative Chambers and beard the Government. Bonaparte, on his way, reviewed the guard stationed at the Tuileries, made them an exciting speech, commended them to Lannes' especial care, and continued his journey, which had an ending we need not particularise.

When Bonaparte became First Consul, which may be said to have been the same night, his gratitude to those who had helped him into the seat of power was shown in the immediate promotion of his chief officers. Of course Lannes was not forgotten. Already general of division, he yet obtained the command of the 9th and 10th military circumscriptions, in which he made himself useful to the Government by suppressing any opposition that might have become dangerous. A "consular

guard," composed of picked soldiers, being created, he was also made one of its chiefs.

In the campaign of 1800, when Bonaparte made his unexpected descent, by the pass of Mount St. Bernard, into Piedmont, Lannes led the van of the French army. After distinguishing himself in some minor rencounters, at Montebello he fought a corps of Austrians, with far inferior numbers, held them at bay, and defeated them, as soon as General Victor could come to his aid. This combat took place June 9, and is memorable from the fact that he afterwards took his ducal name from the place where it was fought.

In a few days (June 14, 1800) followed the battle of Marengo, which inflicted such a signal defeat on the Austrians, that they were glad to sue at once for peace. At Marengo the bravery and talent of Lannes shone the more conspicuously, as he led the vanguard upon which fell the brunt of the battle. The soldiers hailed him as the "French Ajax," and Bonaparte presented him with a Sabre of Honour. Upon this field fell a real hero, of antique mould, General Desaix, whose death was sincerely lamented by every man in France. To the issue of this desperate struggle, the fiery and yet enduring valour of Lannes contributed greatly; and Desaix coming to the rescue of the main body of the French, when they were virtually defeated, and an irresistible charge of cavalry, being made spontaneously at a critical moment by Kellermann—their united movements discomfited the Austrian army, which had hitherto fought with great confidence and all but complete success.

Next year (1801) Lannes was sent as French Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal. Three years afterwards, when the Marshals of the Empire were nominated, his name appeared the *tenth* on the list. Subsequently he was created Duke of Montebello, and "Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour," and other honours were heaped upon him.

In the campaign of 1805, when the (so-called) "army of England" at Boulogne was withdrawn and poured into Austria, Lannes had the command of the fifth corps [there were seven in all, besides the reserve] of what was renamed "the Grand Army." The first great operation in which he participated

was the beleaguering of Ulm, so shamefully surrendered by the cowardly or incapable Mack. The Austrians in this war were everywhere routed; and they found little better success when the Russians came to their aid, for both were signally defeated in the "battle of the three Emperors," fought at Austerlitz, on the 2nd of December.

Lannes had the command of two divisions on this occasion, and greatly distinguished himself by making an opportune onslaught on the right of the Russian army, while other French corps were in close combat with its centre and left wing. The struggle was fearful, and the Russians are said not to have fallen into confusion till they had been fairly pressed off the field, fighting obstinately every inch of the way for a full league. In this fiery tide of war, Lannes had two aides-de-camp killed at his side. On the 26th of December, the treaty of Presburg was signed, which dismembered Austria from the coalition against Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander retiring with his army, beaten, indeed, but in good order, to renew the war upon other ground.

In the autumn of the year 1806, Napoleon took the field against the Prussians, who had the rashness to encounter the French, as it were, single-handed. Lannes struck the first blow, defeating at Saalfeld the corps of Prince Louis, who was killed in the action. Soon afterwards his division, which included the Imperial Foot Guards, was ordered to march on to Jena, where he arrived, along with Napoleon himself, on the 13th of October, when the latter prepared to attack the Prussian army, then in possession, at once. Early in the morning of the 14th, when the several French corps had been ranged, as Napoleon hoped and expected, upon the most advantageous ground, he visited the several points, to see that his lieutenants had understood and executed his orders; when he had the mortification to find the whole of Lannes' artillery, which was to begin the action, jammed in an issueless ravine, which had been mistaken, overnight, for a roadway. A practicable path was immediately cut through the end of the pass, with amazing celerity, in his presence, and the guns, waggons, &c., driven or lifted through. Whether this mistake, thus obviated, was due to Lannes' heedlessness, we cannot say; but if it were, he

made ample amends for the fault in the action which immediately followed. He attacked the extreme left of the Prussians, kept them in check with inferior numbers, and afterwards made a dash upon their centre which forced their army to shift its position, and brought about its complete discomfiture, with a loss of 20,000 killed or wounded, and about as many taken prisoners—200 cannon being captured by the victors.

Lannes was forthwith ordered to march upon Erfurt, where the Prince of Orange commanded a garrison 18,000 strong, whom he soon obliged to capitulate. That done, he advanced to Spandau, which surrendered to him at once. His corps being thus left disposable, was sent forward to the other side of the Spree. On the 21st October, one month only from the time of his departure from Paris, Napoleon entered as a master into Berlin. For a time, Prussia fell into the lowest abjection, and her King was deprived of nearly every province but those of the electorate of Brandenburg.

Napoleon having thus easily disposed of the Prussians, hastened to attack the Russians, and drive them, if possible, out of Poland. But he had now to meet a stubborn enemy, and it required all his own skill and the strategy of his best lieutenants, with the fiery bravery of such as Lannes, to overcome. In the victories of Eylau and Friedland, the Duke of Montebello gained great credit. The peace of Tilsit followed, and was concluded July 9, 1807.

In the succeeding year Lannes accompanied Napoleon into Spain, and commanded a corps at the battle of Sadala. Saragossa being invested, he was appointed to direct the operations of the siege, one of the most memorable in modern history. The glory of the victors in its capture pales before that of the vanquished in its heroic defence. The French did not obtain possession of the town, or rather of its ruined site, till February 18, 1809. Meantime, Lannes was suddenly sent for by Napoleon, whom he accompanied into Germany. At Erfurt, he was present at an interview between his master and the Emperor Alexander, at which the latter gave renewed assurance of his eternal attachment to French interests! Soon afterwards, Lannes was allowed a respite from the toils of war, and retired to a beautiful domain he had purchased

at Maisons, on the Seine, a few miles below Paris. Here he passed the winter months of 1808-9, tasting a repose with his family he was not long to enjoy.

Early in the spring of the following year, the Emperor Francis, of Austria, had matured his preparations for taking the field against the French, whose domination had become unsupportable to his people. Three separate armies were ready to encounter such forces as Napoleon was sure to march promptly forwards. The Austrians formed an aggregate of almost 400,000 supposed effective men, commanded severally by the Archdukes Charles, John, and Ferdinand; the first was stationed on the Rhine, the second in Italy, the last in Poland. The Austrians made an earnest appeal to the spirit of nationality amongst the Germans, but all in vain. In fact, a large portion of the force led by Napoleon against the Austrians were Germans themselves.

The movements of the Austrians in the first campaign were sluggish, those of the French rapid indeed. Napoleon gained five victories upon as many successive days (May 18—22) at Pfaffenhofen, Thann, Abensberg, and Eckmühl. The Archduke Charles now retreated into Bohemia, and left the road open to Vienna. The defence of that city was entrusted to the Archduke Maximilian. The rest of the Imperial family had retired. The advanced guard of the French army, led by Murat and Lannes, arrived close to the suburbs before the Austrians had time to blow up the "Thabor Bridge," which they had mined with that intention; and the French at once made a lodgment, of which the besieged could not dispossess them. But for this act of courage and presence of mind, the French vanguard might have been kept out of Vienna for a considerable time. Lannes chuckled greatly at the success which attended what may be called an act of *impudence* as well as daring. The following is the account he himself gave of the affair: "I was walking with Murat on the right bank of the Danube, when we observed on the left bank, which was occupied by the Austrians, some works going on, the evident intention of which was to blow up the bridge on the approach of our troops. The fools had the temerity to make these preparations under our very noses; but we gave them a good lesson! Having arranged our plan, we returned

to give orders; and I entrusted the command of my column of Grenadiers to an officer on whose courage and intelligence I could rely. I then returned to the bridge, accompanied by Murat and some others. We advanced, seemingly unconcerned, and entered into conversation with the commander of a post on the middle part of the bridge. We spoke to him about a pretended armistice, which, we observed, was about to be concluded. While conversing with the Austrian officers, we contrived to make them turn their regards to the left bank; and then, agreeably to the orders we had given, my column of Grenadiers advanced on the bridge. The Austrian cannoneers, on the left bank, seeing their officers mixed up with us, did not dare, or at least hesitated, to fire; my column advanced, at a quick step. Murat and I, placing ourselves at its head, we soon gained the left bank. We set to work, some of us, and throw into the river all the combustibles prepared for blowing up the bridge which crossed it; others of my men took possession of the batteries erected to defend the *tête-du-pont*. In a word, the poor deluded Austrians were perfectly astounded when I told them they were our prisoners!" In a short time after the successful execution of this stratagem, a few siege pieces were brought up and began to play upon the Imperial Palace and other chief buildings in the city. On the 12th of May, it surrendered. Napoleon, now arriving, took up his quarters in the country palace of Schönbrunn. When the capital was lost, but not before, the Archduke Charles arrived, having been sent to defend it! Finding it in the possession of the French, he was fain to retire. He took up a position near the left bank of the Danube, with his own force and the corps of the Archdukes Louis and Maximilian; this formidable host then occupied the plain of *Marckfeld* and the heights of the *Bisamberg*. The Austrians had at their command a friendly country, rich in resources, with Bohemia, Moravia, and Hungary to fall back upon; and a wide and rapid river in front, then swolled with the melted winter snows. Taught by experience, the Archdukes destroyed all the bridges by which the French might cross to encounter their army.

Napoleon, having reconnoitered the Austrian position, prepared to construct

a bridge for the passage of his army at Ebersdorf, some six miles below Vienna, where the Danube expands and encircles several islands, the largest of which, called Lobau, is about nine miles in circumference. The flood, through the interposition of these islands, being divided into three water-ways, it was necessary to throw as many bridges across it. On the 18th of May, the bridge to the small or nearer island was finished; next day that to Lobau; and early on the 20th, the bridge between the latter and the left bank of the Danube. In the forenoon of that day, the men of the vanguard began to land on the further shore, and not till the afternoon was their passage opposed, when, as the French accounts aver, only 35,000 men had formed into line. The scene then suddenly changed; the Austrian army, which had been all this time under cover, came into full view, occupying a position in a plain between Aspern, half a mile off, and Essling, distant a mile and three-quarters from the bridge. The French took possession of these villages, and prepared for battle. They had not long to wait. The generals were in doubt as to what amount of force they had to oppose. Lannes thought they were in presence of a detached corps of the main Austrian army; Massena, with better judgment, made sure that they had its whole strength to encounter.

The first movement of the Austrians was to attack the village of Aspern, which, being obstinately defended, was taken and retaken several times. Essling was similarly attacked, won, and lost. Here Lannes was worsted, and nearly taken prisoner, in spite of all his resistance; but a charge of cavalry, directed by Napoleon, released him from his danger. Night came on and gave a welcome respite to the French; whose numbers, greatly thinned, were recruited from the Isle of Lobau, as fast as the men could be got over. Early next morning, May 22, the battle recommenced. The Austrians fought with great bravery, and (for once) were directed with much judgment. The struggle on the second day began at four in the morning, and lasted till darkness again closed upon the combatants. While the battle was at the hottest, word was conveyed to Napoleon, that he must not expect the arrival of Davoust with his corps, the passage of the river being interrupted by the carry-

ing away of the connecting bridges. This was owing to a master-stroke of the Archduke Charles, who ordered a number of heavy rafts, barges loaded with stones, and even entire water-mills, constructed of wood, to be collected above Lobau, and then let them loose upon the swollen current of the Danube, so that coming down with resistless force, they at once carried away the frail works of the French engineers. The knowledge of this disaster, combined with the non-arrival of expected supplies of ammunition, half-paralysed the action of the French; and nothing but a retreat, it seemed, could save the remnants of the army from total perdition. But the Austrian Archduke knew not how, or neglected, to finish the work he had so well begun, and allowed Napoleon time enough to get together a number of pontoons, by which his shattered bands were enabled to recross to the nearer branch of the Danube, and regain the Isle of Lobau.

While these transactions were taking place, Marshal Lannes fell wounded on another part of the field. His career of glory was finished. The circumstances attending his death are thus related by an eye-witness his friend General Pelet:—

"Towards three or four o'clock, P.M., riding slowly behind the line of Light Infantry posted between Essling and Aspern, Lannes was encouraging them by his words. Beside him was General Pouzet, a veteran who had been his military instructor, and who had come with him from Spain. They had not gone far together when a bullet struck Pouzet on the forehead, and laid him dead at the feet of Lannes, who, dreadfully shocked, could proceed but a short way further in the direction of Essling, when he rode down into a hollow, and came to a stand-still, seeming overwhelmed with distress. A little while after, some soldiers came towards the place where he was carrying along the body of his friend. Lannes shrunk from the sight, averted his eyes, and exclaimed, 'Will this terrible sight follow me, then, wherever I go?' He got up, and moved onward to another spot in the same hollow, where a few officers, who, like himself, had escaped the death which had overtaken many others, gathered around him, a lull having occurred in the onset of the Austrians. He sat his



horse, at this time, with his knees crossed, and was looking around him, when a spent bullet, of four or five pounds weight, coming, as if by chance, madly from the direction of Enzersdorf, glanced from the ground near by, and struck the Marshal, took off one leg, and crushed the knee-pan of the other. This terrible blow at once deprived him of consciousness, and he fell, without speaking a word, upon the ground. Napoleon, who happened to be at no great distance, and having his eye turned that way, saw from the uniform of the sufferer, that one of his general officers had fallen, and said, in his usual laconic way, 'Who is that dropt down yonder? Go and inquire, and let me know.' The officer thus addressed, one of his staff, went accordingly. Upon his return, the Emperor said, 'Well?' The officer answered, in sadness, 'Sire, it is Marshal Lannes.' Napoleon's countenance fell. Shortly afterwards, twelve grenadiers, having made a kind of litter, formed of oak branches laid across their muskets, upon which they had raised the wounded Marshal, were bearing him along, and had reached the spot where the Emperor stood, when the latter dismounted, ran up, and seeing that the patient was still in a kind of stupor, said to him, 'Lannes, my friend, dost thou know me? It is I—it is the Emperor—it is Bonaparte—thy friend. Lannes, Lannes, thou shalt be spared to us.' The Marshal, awakened as it were by these words of kindness, replied, but with painful effort, 'I desire to live, if it were only to serve you, as well as our beloved France. But I fear, before an hour passes, you will have lost him who was your best friend.' Napoleon was sensibly affected; he kissed his favourite several times. Lannes, weak as he was from loss of blood, was yet able to pass his arms round the Emperor's neck, and affectionately return his caresses. But suddenly removing them, he said, 'Adieu, Sire, take care of your own life, so precious to all!' He then caused the bearers to proceed to Enzersdorf, where Lannes was placed in the house of a brewer, which was already encumbered with the dead and dying, for it was not possible to get him across the Danube till two days after. Meantime, it was needful to operate surgically. Lannes submitted patiently to the amputation of one thigh; but when told that the other leg must be cut off above the knee,

he obstinately insisted it should not be done. When he became a little calm, he made inquiry concerning the case of Count de Palfi, who had suffered a similar amputation, and supplied the deficiency by an ingenious mechanical contrivance. As the surgeons expected, the irritation produced by the crushed knee, and other causes, including the violent excitement of their patient, brought on a fever, during the night, of the very worst character; it was accompanied by delirium, in which he called piteously for his wife—for his children. On the 23rd, he was taken to the Isle of Lobau, where he would be better attended to. Napoleon caused Dr. Franck, a German surgeon of eminence, to come from Vienna, to aid with his advice the French surgeons, in trying to save the life of Lannes. It was all in vain; from the 24th of May to the 30th, the day he expired, he had not one moment's consciousness of his own state, nor did he once recognise the Emperor, who visited him regularly, and left his couch usually with tearful eyes."

The remains of Lannes were embalmed and sent to Paris, where they were deposited in the Pantheon—that edifice of many distinctions.

Among the estimations of the character, merits, and demerits of his chief officers, dictated by Napoleon in exile, we find the following appreciation of our hero: "In him, courage rose above mind; but every day his mind was mounting, step by step, to the level of his courage. I esteemed him very highly, and made much of him. There was not one of all my generals who, in their attachment to me, rose to his level. In some, the stream rose as high as the middle, in others to the chin; in some love for me covered them all over, head and ears; but the number of such was very few, and Lannes was one of them. . . . For a long time he was only a dashing *sabreur*; but by degrees he manifested military talent of the first order. I found him a pigmy in the art of war; he at last attained the stature of a giant. . . . My poor Lannes had passed the night which preceded the battle, in Vienna, and did not occupy a solitary couch either while there. He repaired to his post next morning without taking needful food, and did not break his fast the whole of that day of feverish exertion. Being in an exhausted state when the deadly blow

crushed his frame, he could not bear the loss of blood, nor endure the trial of a severe operation. It is commonly said that men who receive bad wounds will often prefer to die rather than bear the torture they occasion. I think such cases are few; for it is in the prospect of coming death that the mind clings most to hopes of continued life. Lannes, the bravest of men, though deprived of both limbs, certainly did not wish to die. Resenting the advice and handlings of the surgeons, he once declared to me when I came to see him, that they deserved *hanging* for treating so infamously one who was a marshal! The fact was, he had just overheard one of them intimate to me in a whisper, not meant to reach his quick ear, that it was impossible he could ever recover. [He had previously said to them, in angry remonstrance, 'What! do you think I'll peril my young life by submitting to your butcherly cuttings?'] During his cruellest suffering he still kept asking for me: if present, he would clasp me as if I could give him life; if absent, his mind still clung to my image: it seemed as if he could think of no one—of nothing else. This was in him a kind of instinct. Nevertheless, he must really have loved his wife and children more than he did me, and yet he did not speak of them, simply because he had no protection to expect from *them*. As he was *their* natural protector, so did he think me *his*. I was for him something tutelar, something apart from

and superior to himself: a kind of second Providence to him, which he dying implored to arise and save him! A report has been spread about that he died furiously reproaching, nay, cursing me. It was alleged that he had taken an utter aversion to me: how absurd! Lannes, on the contrary, adored me. And, on my side, I always knew him to be one whom I could most rely upon, under all circumstances. I do not doubt that, in the freedom of one of his proud, fiery moods—for he was an outspoken man—he may have blurted out some word of disregard; but had any one else done the like, he would have broken the head of the speaker at once. On the other hand, who can be quite sure of any one? Still, I do not think that, had he survived till the disastrous times which followed, in Lannes' nature could have been found that carelessness for the honour of his country, that ingratitude to me, which many others manifested. After all, there is little probability that, even if he had survived his last wound, he could have escaped his death in battle for any length of time. So there was small likelihood of his ever being exposed to the temptation which corrupted others. But if he had been in life when the crisis came, he was one whose talent and gallantry would have gone far to raise his country from the depression brought about by the invasions and spoliations inflicted on it by its enemies." A. B.

## WILLIAM ETTY.

In the heart of one of our most ancient cities, surrounded by the picturesque memorials of a past age, was WILLIAM ETTY born, on the 10th of March, 1787. York, as it once stood—with its narrow winding streets, its ruined walls, its bars and Barbicans and Posterns, its houses with their quaintly-gabled forms and carved conceits, on which played restlessly the lights and shadows—nursed the painter's early genius, and first made him feel the poetry of life. His father was a miller and gingerbread baker, and his small shop, with its gilded awnings, was famed the county over. His mother was the sister of an "Esquire,"

himself the son of an artisan, but adopted by a wealthy widow of distant kin as her heir. Her marriage to the humble Mr. Etty, then a miller at Hayton, gave great offence to her *parvenu* brother; and as he had it in his power to do so, he at once dismissed her husband from his situation, and left the young couple to struggle alone with the adverse stream of fortune. Their industry and worth soon overcame these temporary difficulties; and when William—the seventh in a family of ten—arrived, they were comfortably settled in their business.

Mrs. Etty was a woman of unusual energy and talent. The impress of her

character was evident in all household arrangements; and to her, more perhaps than to any one, was William indebted for the habits that insured his success. The family means were scanty, and his elder brothers had already drawn largely upon them. His education consequently suffered—at school it was brief and meagre in the extreme. Abroad, there were the inspirations of the old town, that kindled his imagination before he was conscious whence the influence came. The Minster, with its Gothic glories and resplendent colours, was an especial object of attraction, and spoke a language to him that he was not slow to interpret. There—though his parents were Methodists, and he sometimes accompanied them to chapel—he with the instinct of an artist preferred to worship. Already his aptitude for design had become manifest. His first crayon was a farthing's worth of white chalk; and another, simpler and still less costly, was a stray coal, charred by himself in the fire. Woe to the uncovered floor or wall that he approached. At the dame-school he slipped into endless scrapes; and on the advent of breeches, and under other supervision, when his pockets had become a depository for the whole arcana of his art, he speedily recommended himself "to unfavourable notice in pedagogic quarters." His "first patron" was a Mr. Hadon, a respectable tradesman, who, purchasing gingerbread at the shop, had taken notice of him and commissioned a "horse," for which he remunerated him with a penny. Another patron was the neighbouring whitesmith, who, besides occasional halfpence for chalk, would give him the use of his broad sheets of iron, and broader shop-floor, to sketch upon. His mother one day, by way of reward for some of his virtues, permitted him to use some colours, mixed with gum-water; and the pleasure afforded "amounted to ecstasy." His first box of paints was a later acquisition, given him by one of his brothers. His school-fellows recal him as an ungainly-looking little fellow, with large head, and sandy hair "standing all ways"—in manners more like a girl than a boy, timid and quiet, often teased by them, and not associating much with any one, but constantly sketching in his copybooks. During play hours he wandered about the city, looking at the prints in the windows, studying the busts, or admiring the Chinese figures

painted on the tea-chests in the grocers' shops; at night he came home, and amused himself by copying, from recollection, what he had seen. These quiet years too soon ran out, and years of busy and unwelcome toil succeeded. When only eleven and a half he was apprenticed to a printer at Hull, and sent from his mother's apron-strings "to swim the sea of life."

A rough course was before him, and one of many temptations; and now the sense of duty, and the love and fear of God, fostered in him by his parents, stood him in good stead. The *Hull Packet* was printed at the office where he was engaged. As a compositor, he was hardly worked, sometimes at his case till twelve o'clock at night, and required to be up again by five in the morning; but what grieved him most, and made his position most irksome, was the loss of Sunday—for the newspaper appearing on Monday, he was allowed no day of rest. His love of drawing did not yet forsake him; in the office, at odd moments, he sketched on the floor, or walls, figures that often deceived from their verisimilitude, but that brought him into trouble with his unsympathising master; and in the kitchen he lost the good graces of the servant, as he sat in her way, poring over his slate. But he scrupulously abstained from infringing on the hours of work, or permitting his tastes and aspirations to divert him from the acquirement of his trade. His brother Walter thirteen years his senior, and who had already pushed his fortunes in the world, came at length to his rescue; and recognising the indications of talent secured a promise that he should be permitted to exercise his favourite art at all lawful times of leisure. Though plodding diligently forward in the beaten track of duty, Etty dreamt only of being a painter. "Everything," he would say in after days, "spoke to me of the greatness of Art; all that passed through my hands as a printer. And I fed my soul with the prints in the printsellers' windows." Now, too, he was visited by the impulse to read. His accomplishments at school extended little beyond reading and writing; and the foundation of whatever book-knowledge he possessed was laid at this period. By his efforts he surmounted the disadvantages of his slender education, and taught himself more than the

ordinary run of artists ever know. The last years of his apprenticeship dragged heavily on; he counted the years, weeks, days, and even hours; yet honestly fulfilled the indentures to which his parents had pledged him. At last came the long-anticipated day, October 23, 1805; and the "golden hour of twelve," watched for on the dial-plate of Hull high church, struck his deliverance. From that date to within a month of his death, an ever-recurring entry in Etty's letters and diaries is this: "Anniversary of my emancipation from slavery;" but to the struggle consummated then, the painter was wont to ascribe the whole success of his after life.

For three weeks after this auspicious event, Etty worked as a journeyman printer, "expecting every moment a summons to London." He had written to his uncle, a gold-lace merchant (in the firm of Bodley, Etty, and Bodley), entreating his permission to pursue his chosen art. His uncle hesitated, but finally agreed to have him on a visit for a few months, that he might judge of his capability. The zealous aspirant was at York when the joyous news arrived. His provident mother packed his little parcel of necessaries for him, and would with them have enclosed his printer's apron; but he refused to take it. He would follow his true calling, and that "if he got but threepence a day at it." Arrived in the modern Babel, his patrons, as a first test of his powers, requested him to draw a favourite cat. Out came the crayons from his waistcoat pocket, and with facility and spirit, and to the life, he completed the picture. Other similar commissions followed—all in execution equally approved. In fine, William's fortune was made, though it was yet long years in reversion. His brother Walter promised to find him in cash; and his uncle in a home; and then, in his nineteenth year, and near its close, the object of his ambition seemed achieved, and happiness unknown before to be positively in his grasp. It was like the exultation of a young athlete, proud to join in the race, and full of hope and fire before one step is taken towards the goal.

Etty had to begin with the elements at an age when most of his profession are studying how to apply them. One year was passed in solitary application,

in drawing from prints, or nature, or from anything he could get hold of. "My first academy," he tells us,\* "was a plaster-cast shop. I drew in heat and cold; sometimes, the snow blowing into my studio, under the door, white as the casts." In time he completed a drawing from the antique, which he thought might be shown as a specimen of his skill. Accordingly, he secured an introduction to Opie, and by him was passed on to Fuseli, the Keeper of the Royal Academy, who admitted him as Probationer of the Academy's schools. This distinction of student, long coveted and now highly prized, brought him into close alliance with many a now celebrated name. There Collins, Jackson, Mulready, Hilton, Leslie, and others, were studying for fame; there was Wilkie, already painter of the *Village Politicians*, and painting the *Blind Fiddler*; and there, too, sat Haydon, burning with the zeal that, fed by pride and circumstance, was to blacken and consume his life. "Poor Haydon! glorious in his enthusiasm," thought Etty, as he mourned over his end. To him he always acknowledged himself indebted for encouragement, and would declare that, but for his persuasion, he should hardly have persevered.

Mr. Gilchrist informs us, in his *Life*†—from which we derive the principal facts of this sketch—that Etty used in private to relate that at first, while knowing little of art, ere London or Academy had been seen, he had thought to paint *Landscape*: "The sky was so beautiful and the effects of light and cloud. Afterwards, when I found that all the great painters of antiquity had become thus great through painting Great Actions and the Human Form, I resolved to paint nothing else. And finding"—this was later—"God's most glorious work to be WOMAN, that all human beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting—not the draper's or milliner's work—but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done."

But before this settlement of purpose, there were many difficulties to be encountered. Sir Thomas Lawrence was now the reigning prince of painters by general consent, in default of a better.

\* Art-Union Autobiography.

† *Life of William Etty, R.A.* By Alexander Gilchrist, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Bogue.

His style had a certain fascination for Etty, and its influence upon him was the greater from an arrangement made between them at this time. His ever-liberal uncle paid down a hundred guineas to Lawrence to take his nephew as his pupil for one year. A room was accorded to the student, with full liberty to copy Lawrence's pictures, and to ask advice at such moments as his master might chance to be disengaged. In that Greek-street attic began another struggle, finally crowned with success, but heavily taxing all his powers of endurance. The excellences of Lawrence were of a kind not easily copied, and his incessant occupations prevented his rendering much, if any, assistance to his pupil. "I tried vainly enough for a length of time," says Etty, "till despair almost overwhelmed me. I was ready to run away. My despondency increased: I was almost *beside myself*. Here was the turn of my fate." A voice within said, Persevere; and, though almost benten, he obeyed its behest and triumphed. Before the year's expiration, he could copy Lawrence somewhat to his own satisfaction, though probably not really to much permanent advantage; but it is a proof of the natural excellence of his genius that he contracted so little enduring evil from this continuous study of the great mannerist. He was glad, when the time came round, again to be perfectly free; once more "the old masters and nature" became his models; by day he drew heads, and in the evening the figure. Daily was he found without fail at his post in the Life-school, delighting in an attendance destined to exceed all precedent for constancy. Sometimes he was employed by his late master in making copies, but the "servility of imitation" annoyed him. Far more congenial were those pursuits that led directly to independent excellence. There was no lack of enthusiasm in his studies of anatomy and his drawings from the living form, or in his careful scrutiny of the great masterpieces of his art. Light and colour were his favourite themes of experiment. "I established theories of action of the human figure; endeavoured to compose my groups on the principles I had drawn from an extended study of Nature, not only in the studio and in the academy, but in the streets, fields, rooms—wherever the spontaneous actions of the figure pre-

sented themselves. For on *this* mainly depends their grace, truth, and beauty."

In 1809, Etty's uncle died, and he lost the kind home that, for nearly four years, had sheltered and cheered him. A handsome legacy was a poor compensation for such a loss, but it was of critical service in the deepening struggle. His brother Walter, now a partner in the gold-lace business, continued to stand by him, and, when necessary, to lend a helping hand. The coming years were to justify this generous reliance on his genius; but as yet no glimmering streaks of light played on the horizon to betoken the dawning of a brilliant success. The silver and gold medals in the Antique, the Life, and the Painting Schools were competed for, but none of them gained. Pictures were sent for exhibition, but returned year after year, both from the Academy and the British Gallery. It was hard toiling up the rugged steep, but the traveller had a brave heart. "Deep was the wound my vanity and self-conceit had received. But it was a deep cut in order to cure. I began to think I was not *half* the clever fellow I had imagined. Indeed, I began to suspect I was no clever fellow at all. I thought there must be some radical defect. My (former) master told me the truth in no flattering terms. He said I had a very good eye for colour; but that I was lamentably deficient in all other respects almost. I believed him. I girded up my loins, and set to work to cure these defects. I lit the lamp at both ends of the day. I studied the Skeleton, the origin and the insertion of the muscles I sketched from Albius. I drew in the morning; I painted in the evening and after the Royal Academy, went and drew from the prints of the antique statues of the Capitoline, the Clemantina, Florentine, and other galleries. I returned home; kept in my fire all night, to the great dismay of my land lord, that I might get up early next morning, before daylight, to draw. In short, I worked with such energy and perseverance to conquer my radical defects, that at last a better state of things began to dawn, like the sun through a November fog."

The artist's note-book of this period abounds in emphatic entries of resolves and maxims to stimulate and sustain him in his exertions. His enthusiasm betrays itself in their frequent repeti-

tion, and in the plentiful use of italics and capitals. "Use yourself to that way of life which is best, and custom will make it delightful," is an oft-recurring recipe for failing effort. "Be steadfast and firm in pursuit; not idly turning to this thing and that, and trifling away your time in subjects foreign to the art." "The continual dropping of water weareth away stones." "Study and labour are the price of improvement." "EARLY RISING is a shorter path to eminence than SLEEP." "Above all things," he writes, in words of his own, "endeavour to bridle the sensual passions. For be assured, their gratification in an unlawful way is always attended with much more disgust, remorse, and pain, than real pleasure; which, I am persuaded, is to be found only in a generous, upright, and virtuous conduct, accompanied by those fascinating charms which attend intellectual and refined pursuits." Then there is a series of "Aphorisms and Remarks," relating to his art, which demonstrate the wisdom of the culture he bestowed on himself. "Form must, above colour, be attended to;" "DRAWING is the soul of art," are early mementos, interspersed with elaborate observations and precepts. In one place, for instance, he records a discovery respecting *half-tints*; and to impress on his mind its vast importance, makes a "Memorandum and RESOLUTION. That I should think the best way in future would be: *First* night, to correctly draw and outline the figure only; *Second* night, carefully paint in the figure (with black and white, and Indian red, for instance); the *next*—having secured it with copal—*glaze*, and then *scumble* on the bloom; *glaze* in the shadows and touch on the lights carefully. And it is done.—It is a mortifying proof 'how vast is art, how narrow human wit'—to reflect how long I have painted, and that I should have neglected this very essential part of good colouring so long. But now, having my eyes open, I trust I shall ever be alive to its importance; not go on painting over and over again—every time getting deeper and deeper in error; but endeavour to make every part of my work tell; nor do over to-night what I did last night—O, Father of every good and perfect gift! do Thou be pleased to assist my blindness; and grant that in this and all other advances

to knowledge, I may be ever conscious of Thy goodness, and use them to the advantage and good of society, for Christ's sake. Amen."

But while this process of self-discipline was quietly preparing Etty for great achievements, he at last obtained admission to the long-sought arena of fame. One of his "ideal" pieces—*Telemachus Rescuing the Princess Antiope from the Wild Boar*—found a place on the walls of the Academy's Exhibition in 1811; and in the preceding year, he had secured a similar honour at the British Institution by his *Sappho*. An entrance once gained, we find his name recurring in the "Catalogues" of each successive season, attached to miscellaneous subjects that betoken some ambition, but as yet no fixity of purpose.

Etty was now nearly thirty, and had studied his art for eleven years. In the autumn of 1816, in accordance with a long-cherished wish, he started on a journey to Italy, to complete his education—his brother furnishing the needful supplies. But the step proved a complete failure—the only one in his long career. For a moment he faltered in devotion to his calling; his heart had transferred its affections. Shortly before his departure, he had fallen in love—"one of my prevailing weaknesses"—and this "miserable madness" prostrated his otherwise stalwart spirit; new scenes failed to revive his usual ardour, though they ultimately availed to cure the specific disease. His route lay through Dieppe and Rouen to Paris, and thence, through Geneva, to Florence; but his home-sickness magnifies annoyances at every stage. "I hope I shall like Italy better than Paris," he writes, "or I shall not feel resolution to stop a year. If I don't, I shall content myself with seeing what I think worth while; and then return." The journey across the Alps introduced him to combinations of form and hue altogether novel, and neither a heavy heart nor the petty grievances of the way quite sufficed to repress his admiration of the grand and exquisite scenery that alternated along the route. No milk is to be had here, no tea, or anything genial; he has to bustle about—great tea drinker as he is—and make himself a cup of tea in the dirty kitchen; and to-day, alas, he has the mortification to find his pewter teapot with a large hole broken in it by travelling. But then out-of-doors and

upon the mountains, the very air is inspiration, and the awful rocks, the precipices, trees fallen with the masses that upheld them—the ruins of nature—thickets and forests, and roaring waters, and over all the changing yet ever sublime sky, impress his imagination, and he realises “the dreams of Dante and Milton.” And when these “Alpine and chaotic terrors” soften their aspect, “chestnut trees, the rich scenery of Piedmont, and luxuriant vales of Italy burst on the view.”

At Florence, however, his spirit, generally “below temperate, sunk to the freezing point.” On the third day after his arrival, he wrote announcing to his brother his intention to return home. The fatigue and difficulties had already far outbalanced the pleasures of his journey—health was failing—his knee was still suffering from the effects of a sprain—the roads were infested with banditti—the vermin in his bed were intolerable; in fact, there was no lack of excuses to plead. He wonders not “at that sacred writer who gratefully thanked his God, because ‘he had dwelt among his own people.’ . . . If you think I have sacrificed duty to my feelings, you must forgive me, this time, my dear Walter. . . . If you have formed high hopes of me, they shall not be disappointed; but I must ‘dwell among mine own people.’” He began to draw, but could not proceed; and soon put in execution the resolve expressed. In October he was again in Paris, where he conceived the idea of entering a French studio for a short time; but his resolution failed him when it came to the point. He studied a week at the Academy, then tried the *atelier* of Regnault—“a perfect bear-garden,” therefore speedily abandoned; and before the end of November, he was once more safely ensconced in the “dear” familiar city of London.

In the little old room of former days, Etty at once recovered his self-possession. “The star of the unconquered will” again arose upon him, and diligently and with high purpose he resumed his usual habits. In 1817, his *Cupid and Euphrosyne*, exhibited at the Academy, obtained some little praise, but—what was more—indicated his approach to that range of subject and style of treatment destined to illustrate his ripening powers. The next year, a copy of Titian’s *Ganymede*, sent in to the School

of Painting, in hope of winning the medal, distanced all competition; but, through some informality in his procedure, he lost the special object of his grasp, and was obliged to content himself with the compliments of the Council, who desired the President to express to him, on the distribution of the premiums, their “high approbation.” In the note-book before alluded to, now occur “Lists of Subjects to Paint”—subjects of Grandeur, of Terror, of Poetry, of Feeling, of Sunshine—a few of which were afterwards realised on his canvas, while all attest his ambition to excel in what he calls “*La Grande Historique*.” Nor are there wanting maxims to guide his conduct, nor watchwords to invigorate his zeal. “Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings.”—“EARLY RISING! EARLY RISING!” Memoranda of books to be read also remain, the list including a wide range of works, and among them many of an exclusively moral import. From writers of this class, with characteristic gusto, he copies out encomiums on “fortitude, temperance, and self-denial;” or on the benefits of possessing “a quiet conscience—one’s time one’s own—with freedom from inordinate passions;” or philosophical reflections on “trifles from which spring the purest pleasures of life—a prospect, a flower, a song.” Among objects of artistic regard, he continually impresses on himself, with all the emphasis of large writing and capital letters, the necessity of remembering—FORM, for which the Antique and Fine Nature must be consulted—EXECUTION, DRAWING; DRAPE, PROPORTION. Raffaello, the skeleton, &c., to be studied; “Power and Splendour” to be, if possible, compassed in forthcoming pictures. Happy the union thus consummated, but so rarely witnessed, of genius and perseverance, energy and patience, power and labour. At a date, later by several years, occurs among his papers a confession of contrition for some temporary moral backsliding, that throws additional light upon his character, and illustrates so forcibly the simplicity of heart and loyalty of conscience at the root of that purity which all who knew him declare to have been unquestionably the habit of his life, as to be worthy of quotation in full:—

“Having now,” he soliloquises, “fully ascertained and proved the inadequacy

of immoral pursuits to the giving happiness or pleasure; and felt keenly their destructive effect to all peaceable, pure, good, and true enjoyment of God's works; it is my firm determination to resume my self-denying principles. And I desire ardently to make myself acceptable to Him who made me. Which determination I pray God assist me to keep; knowing that without His assistance I am truly weak, and unable to 'fight the good fight.' Let me therefore say in my heart—'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, *Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy Son: make me as one of Thy hired servants.*' And may God please to incline His ear to my prayer, and strengthen my weakness! So that I fail not in running this important race which He has set before me. Teach me, I pray Thee, O God! ever to conquer and command those passions which war against our peace, and corrupt the purity and innocence of the soul. And teach me ever to look up to Thee as my Father and strength. For Thy ways are surely 'ways of pleasantness, and all Thy paths are peace.'"

Each succeeding year now widened the basis of his reputation, though admirers were still comparatively few. As with many a man whose life is "a psalm of progress," the chorus of praise did not come till the close. In 1819 he had exhibited his *Manlius hurled from the Rock*; this was followed in 1820 by *Pandora, formed by Vulcan, and crowned by the Seasons*, a little venture which made a considerable noise; and also the same year by the *Coral Finders*, a small picture of graceful poetic fancy, sold by him at the modest price of £30, and which afterwards commanded 370 guineas. But 1821 was the most memorable of these early years—early as the spring-time of his fame, but not of his life, for he was now thirty-four. It was then he completed his celebrated *Cleopatra*, the most important and elaborate work yet attempted, and tasking his powers both of conception and execution. The description in Plutarch of the Queen's arrival in Cecilia formed the subject. The morning after the opening of the Academy Exhibition, Etty awoke a famous painter, for this splendid composition had revealed to the world the true scope of his genius. Crowds flock to

the spot where it hangs. Sir Thomas Lawrence jocularly whispers to him that they leave Mark Antony—meaning himself—whistling in the market-place, and go to gaze on Cleopatra! "The 'old *Times*' even," writes the artist, recalling in his Autobiography the auspicious day, "deigned to notice me; though as much in the shape of castigation as any other. But still, the *Times* noticed me! I felt my chariot-wheels were on the right road to fame and honour. And I now drove on, like another Jehu." Encouragements were coming—as they say troubles come—not in single file. This same year Fuseli in his Report, as Keeper, to the Council of the Academy, after justifying the practice of painting from life at sight, took occasion to commend Etty's example in this respect, as also his "unwearied perseverance of application and steady method."

Another journey to the land of Art intervened at this crisis; the wish to redeem the errors of his former trip, and the promise of companionship combining to prompt the movement. The efflorescence of his fancy, rich and fair in promise, did not suffer from this sudden transference to the genial clime of Italy, but matured in golden fruits. Paris and the Louvre were first visited, and then the travellers hurried across the Alps, through Lombardy and Tuscany, to Rome, catching glimpses only of the celebrated objects along their route. "The beautiful and tremendous aspects of light and shade" in nature, continued to delight the painter; and, despite the minor annoyances of the way, he strove to keep before him the objects of his pursuit—he must not fail this time for want of will. On the fly-leaves of his diary occur as usual, such suggestive entries as—"Lose no opportunity of drawing, painting, or improvement." "Sir Joshua says, Always have your Porte-crayon in your hand." At length the imperial city came in view, its towers peopling the barren plain, and the mountains beyond rising in a hot purple and rosy hue. The malaria was raging; but, "cost him his life," Etty was resolved to penetrate within the walls, and fulfil his long-cherished vow of reaching Rome. Arrived within the *Porta del Popolo*, he could not do less than take off his cap, and salute the genius of the place. A fortnight was passed in wanderings among its glorious



ruins, and in due homage to Michael Angelo and art. Then taking flight to Naples, he accomplished the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, on foot, and with guides alone—a feat of which, in the general lack of adventure, he never ceased to be proud.

After a month's absence, he returned to Rome, and set vigorously to work. But he was ill at ease, and his mind distracted; and the non-arrival of anticipated letters now threw him into feverish anxiety. Unfortunately, again on the eve of his departure from England, his heart had been smitten by the charms of a fair cousin. That the journey cost him no small effort of his will, is evident from ejaculations interspersed in his diary among pencil-sketches of mountain, town, and costume, such as, "*Cannot be laughed at!*"—"Must reach Rome!"—"When I have reached Rome, all is done;" and the secret cause betrays itself also—

"Beauteous, gentle, good, and kind:  
Angelic form, an angel mind!"—

or here, "I would not wish her to have me if she does not like me." Poor Etty; after all, he had to solace himself with some such unpleasant reflection. Friends took counsel together, and the suit was not approved—prospects were uncertain, marriage responsibilities were serious—and neither genius with its birthright of fame, nor love with its guerdon of bliss, could be accepted as bait for the forthcoming of fortune. "For six months past," wrote the disconsolate painter from Rome, "I have scarcely known happiness but by name; even now would almost exchange life with a dog, or resign it altogether, did not hope whisper 'brighter days may yet dawn.' I have only found existence tolerable by applying vigorously to my Art; the strongest remedy my thoughts could suggest. Even *that* was insufficient. Advice is easily given in such cases; 'tis hard to put in practice." Thoroughly despondent and dejected, he quitted Rome for Venice. "The purple light of love" seemed fading into shadowy gloom. But his spirit was roused by the disappointment, and in the struggles and pangs of those moments fresh power was born within him. "The 'exchange' is so much against me, often. My pride is hurt to think I am thought so worthless. Well, no matter! . . . Though bruised, I

am not yet broken. I bear a consciousness of something yet, bidding me despair of doing that which *After* shall not let die." His resolution not fail him; and the city of 'gradually rekindled and absorb his enthusiasm; the past, so false hopes and wishes, was left to be dead; and he again moved and st like a free man. He learnt to write laughingly of his troubles have been so often and so untrol in love, I have serious thoughts of ing my addresses to my *Tea-kett* have found her a very warm f She sings too. And you know how I am of music: I have heard a sand times more unpleasant songs hers. On a winter's night, after a spent day, with a volume of old } —Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser— lume of Dr. Johnson, or a new Sc novel; when the wind is blowing pattering the rain against one's dow; then, sweet is the song : kettle; sweeter to a studious man a crying child or scolding wife. ever, I must consider seriously. I offer her my hand, lest she : burn it."

Etty's energy had now full The morning found him copyin tures in the "cold marble Hal Venice; the evening at his fav studies in the Life-Academy. The rity of the winter never checke ardour, and the difficulties that times impeded his designs, were discovered to be overcome. His ac iments soon won him "golden op from all sorts of men;" professor nounced him *un bravo Pittore* others declared that he painted ' the fury of a devil, and the swe of an angel." In proof of their ration, the Venetians elected h Honorary Academician—a simil nour had previously been accorde from Charleston, in America. Et entered Venice with the intenti making a ten days' stay; but the tions of the place were too great thus set at naught; and spring passed into summer before he was fied with the work accomplished last, one morning in June he cele his *Io Trionfo* over *Caffè au latte* and butter, and an interesting E book, "having around me the t of my victory: viz.—small and together—thirty studies in oil aft

Venetian school, and twenty in oil of academic figures."

There was yet one thing more to be done before he left Italy; and for the fulfilment of this purpose he hastened to Florence, desirous of copying the celebrated Venus of Titian. Padua, Verona, Mantua, and Modena, lay on the route, and were made to contribute, as far as a few hours' well-spent sojourn would permit, to his improvement. The goal was, however, speedily reached, and the coveted opportunity secured. The copy was completed as only kindred genius, working in full sympathy, could have done it, and sent carefully home, to be ever afterwards a prized feature in his painting-room, that nothing could bribe him to remove. From Florence he returned to Venice, where he prolonged his studies for two more months; and then he set out homewards. At Paris, the sight of the Louvre induced him to halt awhile, and resume the use of his brush. The weeks, well employed, passed rapidly by him, and it was not till the January of the following year (1824) that he re-entered his modest lodgings in Stangate-walk. The night after his arrival saw him at his post on the Academy bench.

Etty liked to watch the ebb and flow of a river; its ceaseless motion, so significant of life, had an unwonted charm for him. He had for some years lived on the banks of the Thames at Lambeth, and on his return, finding it expedient to change his residence, resolved, nevertheless, not to abandon his old companion. The house selected immediately overlooked the water, and was at the bottom of Buckingham-street, Strand. Commencing with the lower floor, he burdened himself with a lease of twenty-one years and a rent of 120*l.*; but the top floor was the lodge for which he sighed, and on its falling vacant two years later, he ascended to it. His mother came up from York to set him a-going, and brought with her as her assistant a grand-daughter, who was to have stayed some weeks or months, but gradually assumed the important position of housekeeper, and finally became the constant and indispensable associate of the painter, the mainstay of his comfort and domestic happiness.

No time was lost in preparing for the next exhibition of the Academy. *Pa-*

*dora crowned by the Seasons* was made the subject of another picture, which was completed in six weeks, and duly sent in. It was highly commended, and was purchased by no less an authority than Sir Thomas Lawrence; but it is described as "a masterly scholastic exercise, rather than an original poem." This year the painter was elected an Associate of the Academy—an honour highly valued, though tardily conferred. The first of his great colossal pictures, the *Combat*, next produced, more than vindicated the justice of their choice; for dramatic power, and the triumph achieved over the difficulties of Art, it has always been ranked among his noblest achievements. Again he found a purchaser in a brother artist—Martin, who paid him down, at the season's close, £300 for it, a price confessedly below its merits, but more than any one else then had courage so to expend, although £2000 have since been refused for it by the Scottish Academy, in whose possession it is at the present day. The dilettante Lord Darnley now gave him a commission to paint the *Judgment of Paris* for £300; the picture, some years after its completion, commanded a thousand. Another great venture in the Historic succeeded it. Taking the story of *Judith*, he portrayed her as represented in the verses, "Then came she to the pillar of the bed, which was at Holofernes' head, and took down his falchion from thence; and approached to his bed, and took hold of the hair of his head, and said, Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel!" The idea was first conceived in York Minster, when the solemn tones of the organ were rolling through the aisles. On the back of the card containing the first rough sketch he has scribbled "Honour and glory to the next Exhibition!" "We must keep foreigners from fooling us." "AMBITION! GLORY! CONQUEST!" In that, as in all his other pictures, he resolved to aim at painting some great moral on the heart; and he accomplished his wish in the admirable expression given to his heroine of "self-devotion to her country, her people, and her God." *Judith*, however, returned unsold from Somerset House. It was ultimately secured by the Scottish Academy for 300 guineas, on the condition of their taking two pendants also that were to complete the story, and which the painter agreed to finish for 200

guineas more. The investment brought an ample return in honour to the enterprising purchasers; full four times the amount has since been proffered them in vain.

In 1828, in his forty-first year, Etty was made a Royal Academician; thus reaching one of the highest pinnacles of his ambition. He announces the fact to his friends, far and near, with characteristic simplicity and glee. To Mr. Bodley he writes: "Last night the deed was done that made me happy.....I am overwhelmed with joy. Oh! that my poor mother was here. She was as anxious about the event as myself.....I desire to thank the Giver of all good, that he has given me strength to attain this eminence in my country, and to bless those friends whose support have strengthened me in the battles I have fought against the difficulties of Art." To be "one of the forty good oil painters in the land," was of all encouragements the greatest he had yet received; and overvalued as were the initials now rightfully appended to his name for their intrinsic worth, they were not to be valued enough in the fresh impetus they gave to his persevering labours. But, notwithstanding his childish elation in the new honours thus acquired, there were things dearer to him than they all. Up to the time of his election as associate, he had signalised himself as the most regular student and of longest standing in the Life-Academy; and to the present time he had continued, without deviation, to follow in his old and favourite path of study; but, now that he was R.A., some thought he *ought* to give up his attendance. Etty thought differently; he could not understand how study in the *life* was "beneath the dignity of any rank to which his brethren might raise him;" and finally, when the question was more directly pressed, replied, "If my continuing to paint in the *life* is considered derogatory to an academician, let them not make me one; for I shall *not* give it up." Nor did he; and to the very last, even when subject to rheumatism, cough, and asthma, and the exchange of an overheated atmosphere for a dense fog sometimes so affected him that he could scarcely crawl home, and was mistaken for a drunken man—nothing could induce him to forego his evening's study in the Life School. His companions there remember him as he used slowly to ascend

the stairs, literally gasping for breath, and obliged to rest before he could commence his labours. Mr. MacIise draws the following picture of him at his favourite resort:—

"He arrived punctually at six o'clock, with his mill-board under his arm, and a little flat wooden case, of about a foot long, six inches wide, and two in depth, containing his palette—already *set*—a few brushes, a bit or two of chalk, white and black, and a little brass receptacle for his vehicle, something like an ink bottle with a screw lid. He would wait till all the Students took their choice of the view of a Figure, and then would take the best vacant seat, generally on the extreme right or left of the lower circle of seats that surround the model; all the others being generally occupied. In a calm way, even to slowness—compared with the eager rush to work of the students—he would place his brown paper mill-board on a drawing board, and begin slowly, but with great power, to delineate from the Model—in charcoal. He would spend generally the first evening, and even the second, in making an Outline. This I always expected was an example to the students; who too often commence their studies in Colour before they have made a good Outline. Then, perhaps, he would, with the common pen and ink in the room (for the students to sign their names in the book of attendance), go over the charcoal Outline. He would then rub over his tablet some of his vehicle, and a little asphaltum—touch in the masses of shadow, transparently, and begin to paint in the lights; *draping* the edges of the lights with a free hand into the shadow. Next night he would repeat the process to still further progress; and so on to completion. . . . It was delightful to see how beautifully he generalised and idealised the forms of his Studies. There was the flavour of nature in them. But the contours were for ever varied by his own admirable perception of the beautiful. And taking into consideration that both were studying from the same original, it was very curious to see his glowing study sometimes contrasted with the wretched, meagre truth of the person who happened to sit next him, and who drew with dull literality."

Among the pictures exhibited by the Academician while his honours were yet fresh upon him, were *Venus and the*

*Evening Star*, *Guardian Cherubs*, *The World Before the Flood*, and the *Bevy of Fair Women*, which was soon preferred to a place in the Duke of Sutherland's magnificent gallery. The same year the British Institution voted him 100*l.* as an acknowledgment of his "talents, industry, and perseverance." Still, as though excellence and renown were as far distant as ever, he scribbles among his memoranda the old maxims that had helped him through his severest struggles with difficulty and despair. "RETRENCH—UP EARLY—WORK HARD," are still the precepts. "Outline! Outline! Outline!" "Skeleton! Anatomy! Figure!" are all words that bespeak old aims. We cannot attempt to name in succession the numerous pictures that his powers, now rapidly maturing, brought yearly to completion. As well by the canons of a narrow criticism might one think to measure rightly the mighty gush of a true poet's song, as in words to convey a definite impression of the glorious blending of imagination and sense on the painter's canvass. The poet has this advantage among his fellows—his ethereal measures are echoed over sea and shore, and in ten thousand hearts become "a joy for ever;" the painter is confined to space, his fame lies buried, as it were, in chambers of imagery, and only those who enter can carry away a due remembrance of its form and features; the one, like a divinity, is everywhere for all worshippers, the other has his shrines, and must have pilgrims.

A blow, more deeply felt by Etty than any temporary failure could have been in his increasingly successful career, was the death of his mother, in 1829. She had reached her seventy-sixth year, when she died almost suddenly, at Hull; but her loss came upon the artist as a surprise. "All men think all men mortal but themselves;" and the fond heart, absorbing the objects of affection in itself, never thinks of them but as coeval with its own vitality. Etty loved his mother with an intensity and fervour hardly shared by any of her children. He hurried to the funeral. "I felt," he writes, describing to his niece his journey to Hull, "I felt as if at once almost all that tied me to life was cut asunder; and as if the best thing that could happen to me was to lay me down beside her. The sun smiled, but not for me. I passed happy and smiling faces; but

I was wretched. . . . The muddy waters of the Humber swept by, and murmured on the shore. The sun was sinking behind the hills. What was all the world to me? She whose smile delighted me, loved and loving, for whom I loved to be praised, knew me not, heard me not. And I could not get near her." Touching words are these, from the strong man who had battled long years with the cold neglectful world, and in whose ears the accents of newly-won and welcome applause were still ringing. They show an earnestness and depth of nature, that makes us love him almost more for what he was than what he did.

Returning to his studio, Etty completed a second picture from the story of Judith—her *Coming Forth*—one of the pendants promised to his Scottish patrons. The other—the *Maid of Judith waiting outside the Tent*—was the fruit of his next year's industry. This period was richly productive; his works, both numerous and various, evincing a steady progress. In the summer of 1830, he indulged in another trip to Paris, chiefly memorable from the outbreaking of the Revolution during his sojourn there. The "three glorious days" found him busy at the Louvre—neither barricades nor angry crowds, could prevent his painting. The second day he was at his post, nothing daunted by the rattling of the musketry through the streets without; but, at its close, his Studies were thrust into a cupboard behind the door, and he was compelled to allow them to remain there till the storm was over, glad enough then to regain them at all. Amidst the horrors surrounding him, as if by some fatality attendant on his travelling abroad, Etty was again in love—"deeply, desperately, almost hopelessly." As before, the fever had its course, its delirium, and finally its cure.

Henceforth, Etty's life may be characterised, in his own glowing gladsome words applied to his whole career, as "one long summer's day." There was little incident to diversify it. The routine of the painting-room was broken only by an annual journey to his native city, or occasional visits to his friends. To Scotland he went for the first time in 1831, and was received in the most gratifying manner by his sympathising patrons there; the visit was afterwards repeated, and with still greater *éclat*. To the Continent also he made one or two more hurried trips, not forgetting a

pilgrimage to the land of Rubens. His days were full of rich enjoyment; his art remaining an exhaustless source of pleasure, and his simple habits and contented spirit discovering an element of happiness in constantly recurring things; the roll of the river, the flush of the sunset, the quiet comfort of home had unfailing charms. Almost might it be said—

The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him were opening Paradise.

Undoubtedly his religion lay at the basis of this peace, and also of much of his success; yet it lacked sympathy with the highest spiritual objects, and shadowed forth more of the artist than the Christian. Very characteristic is his evident leaning, in his later years, to the Ancient Faith of Raphael and Michael Angelo. "Oh that I could have seen my country," he breaks out in one of his letters, "when her brows were crowned with gems, like what our abbeyes, our cathedrals, and churches once were! When schism had not split the Christian world into fighting fanatics; when the dignity of Christ's holy temple and of his worship were thought improved by making the Fine Arts handmaids thereto, and the finest efforts of the soul of man were made subservient to His glory." Or again, after vespers, at his beloved minster: "The sun declining in golden splendour shines gloriously through the great West window. Behind, the stupendous East window; and on either hand, the glorious transepts, with their lofty stained glass: glorious! springing to the heaven, which certainly must have inspired the mortals who built it. Oh! Holy Mother of the Church! dear Catholic Church! how deeply I venerate thee; thou, who produced such glorious efforts."

Meanwhile the Academy Exhibitions were extending his fame. In 1832, the *Temple of Vice* attracted general notice; and *Youth at the Helm and Pleasure at the Prow*, now in the Vernon Gallery, was then produced. *Hylas and the Nymphs*—*Venus and her Satellites*—sold for less than three hundred guineas, though sixteen hundred have since been vainly proffered for it—*Adam and Eve*—*Venus, Cupid, Psyche*—and numerous other pictures of similar subjects rapidly followed. Of his colossal paintings

*Benaiah*, completed in 1829, deserves to be mentioned; and *Ulysses and the Sirens*, exhibited in 1837. In the latter he declared that twenty years' labour was concentrated, although the actual execution occupied less than five months. Many of the details were complained of as repulsive; some protested against the dead men's bones, and others pointed reproachfully to the bare-bosomed Siren; but Etty had realised his purpose—he wished to affright and disgust; for its moral was, "The wages of sin is death." Contemporaneously with this was painted *Samson and Delilah*, pronounced by Mr. Gilchrist to be "the very perfection of the Cabinet Historic." Etty sold them both to a merchant for £250—a sum, as so in many other cases, perceived to be below their worth; the mere money value of the *Sirens* alone is estimated at £2,000. These efforts were followed, in 1838, by the *Good Samaritan*, and later by the *Rape of Proserpine*, an embodiment of the lines—

In that fair field of Euna gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gathered.

*Perseus and Andromeda*, *Bathers surprised by a Swan*, *The Dunce*, *Magdalen*, *The Entombment*, *The Graces*, *Hesperus and his Daughters Three*, were some of the subjects next treated by him. The constantly-recurring nudities of his productions became a subject of frequent remark and condemnation, and led many to draw an inference respecting his character which we have seen was by no means founded on fact. "I have never wished," he wrote, in defence of himself, "to seduce others from the path and practice of virtue, which alone leads to happiness here and hereafter; and if in any of my pictures an immoral sentiment has been aimed at, I consent it should be burned." "To the pure all things are pure," was his constant motto; only a mind essentially vicious, and utterly blind to the spiritual meaning of all true art, could, he believed, abuse his pictures. Extreme beauty and purity in his idea were twin sisters; and the glowing hues with which he invested the human form were only a reflection of the original splendour shed by the Creator upon His creatures. As in words Milton portrayed Eve "on the soft, downy bank dasked with flowers," as the fairest of God's gifts to man, the chief bliss and

beauty of his earthly Eden, so Etty wished to paint her daughters as, in his own words, "the most glorious of her works."

The picture-dealers, meantime, were bringing him ample employment. His income had been gradually increasing for several years; at first he was contented to add to it by occasional portrait-painting, till at last a ready sale was found for his other works. His prices, always moderate, began to advance, though there was still a wide difference between what he demanded and their ultimate value. In these successes the kind friends who had helped him in his earliest struggles, and to whom, indeed, for a long time he was indebted for support, were not forgotten. Every obligation was scrupulously discharged. In matters of business—to him an occult science—Etty placed himself entirely in the hands of his brother Walter, paying him his receipts, and drawing whatever was necessary to meet current expenses. As late as 1831, we find a balance of 804*l.* against the painter; but progressive payments rapidly modified this unfavourable aspect of affairs; and in ten years from that date, the arrears being fully acquitted, he invested his first savings in the Three per Cents. In little more than three years, the "Etty Fund," as friends denominated it, had swollen to 5,000*l.*; and when he died, besides his house, he left, as the proceeds of his art, some 17,000*l.*, to which must be added 5,000*l.* realised by the sale of his studies, copies, and unfinished pictures—a much smaller sum than would have been obtained, had they not all been thrown on the market at once.

The Royal patronage was for the first time extended to Etty in 1843, when he was commissioned by Prince Albert to execute one of a series of frescoes, designed to decorate the new Summer Temple, in Buckingham Palace Gardens. Throughout it proved an ungrateful task, alien to old habits and predilections. Never could patron commit a much greater mistake than thus to summon a great colourist, in the prime of his power and his fame, to new and untried fields of art. The experiment was a failure; and the fresco, when finished, was removed by request. The painter received 40*l.* as a compensation for his labours—a pitiful reward for the time expended, now when his

reputation secured him abundant occupation; and the more evidently such, from the fact that the fresco itself was sold by a dealer soon afterwards for 400*l.* Etty had meanwhile, however, a more congenial object before him. It was his ambition to paint "three times three" colossal pictures, that would make his name immortal. The *Joan of Arc*, a series of three—to complete the number—was already sketched. "She keeps her place in my best affections. When the triple epics are completed, triple thanks to God for sustaining me, will break forth from my heart's fountain. 'The night cometh'; and I must work while it is day, lest I be weighed in the balance, like Belshazzar, and 'found wanting.'" At a later period, he visited Orleans to catch the inspiration of the place; and on his return, toiled with unflinching energy to realize the conception. He had to battle with a "triple league" of "weather, asthma, cough," that every year now became a more formidable foe; but victory, as it had always favoured him, did not desert him at the last. On Monday, May 5th, in his sixty-first year, the colossal Three left his studio, to take their chance in the world. "I painted on the picture," he wrote to his brother a few days previously, "I painted on the picture till Saturday night, and then gave Sunday for a general revision of it alone, and completion of the portions not yet done. By one o'clock, on Easter Sunday, I felt that I ought to go to the Abbey, and return thanks to Almighty God, for having so mercifully dealt with me as to enable me to complete so far this colossal effort; and that nothing should prevent me, I went, and never did the glorious Abbey look more beautiful. . . . I spent the evening in peace." In the first of the trio, the painter pictures his heroine as having found the sword she had dreamt of, and devoting herself and it to the service of her God and country; in the second, as under the influence of that inspiration, riding to victory; in the third, as clasping her crucifix and invoking Heaven from the midst of the flames. They added dignity to the Exhibition, despite some faults, from the circumstances of their execution, and perhaps also some lack of originality in the grouping of the figures; and they were speedily purchased for 2,500*l.*

Feeling himself free once more to

return to the fanciful range of subject which had engaged his attention of late, Etty commenced the *Fleur de Lis*—which Mr. Gilchrist describes to be as “signal a triumph as ever came to life under Etty’s hands; for glory of Colour, and lyrical glow, as it were, unsurpassed, nay, unapproached by any master. In no other picture,” he adds, “ancient or modern, is sunlight, ‘the glow of summer noonday,’ given to equal perfection.” But the painter’s work was nearly done. The thought of realizing a competence for himself and niece had induced him to labour, were it possible, even more closely each successive year. His health gave renewed symptoms of failure; and his persistence, notwithstanding friendly warning and entreaty, in braving the fogs that intervened between Buckingham-street and Trafalgar-square, at length made it clear that the only chance of prolonging his life lay in removal from London. If he had to die, he might as well die, he would plead, at the Academy as at home. Others thought differently; and the attractions of his native city, that no vicissitudes or successes had lessened in his eyes, came also to the rescue. York had throughout his career been a central object of interest; the burning of the Minster twice in ten years had affected him as nothing else could but the loss of friends; in every discussion respecting proposed improvements and demolitions, he had taken a most active part, enlisting all his influence on the side of the antique and picturesque; and indeed, in whatever he deemed to concern its honour or prosperity, the strength of his attachment at once appeared. A final retirement and settlement had for some time been in prospective; and having purchased a house, he removed thither in June, 1848—to die within a stone’s throw of the place where he was born, and from which he had gone forth a poor printer’s boy to become a world-famed painter. Here, in the absence of his usual avocations, he wrote the short and desultory “Autobiography,” which appeared in the *Art Union Journal*.

There was yet one crowning triumph in store. The Society of Arts proposed to secure his pictures, if possible, for their second collective exhibition of the works of living painters. Every effort was put forth to that end, and ultimately one hundred and thirty-three

samples of his achievement were hung together within their rooms. “If ever I felt proud,” he avowed some months later to an old friend, “it was when, after great anxiety, exertion, and fatigue, I had completed the arrangement of them; and sat me down in a chair, in the midst of these my children. I then felt it was something to be William Etty.” Thus in the last year of his life he became truly known; such a display of varied, creative power, alike harmonious, and imposing, overpowered objectors, and extorted unanimous admiration. Yet some of his finest works were absent, and of course hundreds of inferior productions. Before his retirement, he had exhibited more than two hundred and forty paintings; and it is calculated that not much under two thousand pictures, finished and unfinished, and of varying scope and extent, remain in evidence of his industry and genius. He held that colour was the proper province of the painter, as form, of the sculptor, and no man ever more fully unfolded its glories. His perpetual study of the *Life*, made him the rival of Rubens as a painter of flesh; and contributed to place him among the most successful and eminent of his Art. As a draughtsman, perhaps, he failed; but his pictures display a largeness of style that more than compensates for minor defects. Not possessing that imaginative power which ranks the artist with the great poet, he still *felt* the soul of beauty in things earthly, and many of his paintings are real poems.

The excitement attendant on the Exhibition, without doubt accelerated Etty’s death. After a five months’ arduous campaign in town, he returned to York; and in little more than six weeks from that time he was compelled to yield to the weight of increasing disease. As he lay on his bed, he was deeply affected by a glimpse of the sun, setting blood-red in beauty and majesty. It was the last of the gorgeous scenes of time he was permitted to see, for he himself was passing away. He died on the 13th of November, 1854.

Biography is but a picture—a study in the Life School. Happy the man whose character will bear portrayal in its unadorned simplicity, and in whose actions there shines forth a high purpose and a resolute will—an example powerful to win, and worthy of our admiration.

## ALEXANDRE VINET.

NEAR the shore of lake Leman, in the Canton de Vaud, lies the village of Clarens, rendered famous by the "Nouvelle Heloise" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is one of the most enchanting spots in the world. In the horizon, Mont Blanc lifts his brow covered with perpetual snows, and around him mountains of less lofty mien form the court of the monarch of the Alps. At the base of this magnificent amphitheatre are spread the calm and limpid waters of the lake, and here and there on its surface the traveller's eye perceives the white sail of some barque of Savoy. On a small peninsula stands the Castle of Chillon, to which Lord Byron has devoted an immortal poem. At some distance is seen the little town of Vevey, surrounded with a smiling champaign, cultivated with all the care and skill bestowed upon the grounds of an aristocratic domain; and above Vevey, on the slope of a verdant hill, lies Clarens with its rustic roofs and cemetery. There, under an unpretending monument, repose the mortal remains of ALEXANDRE VINET.

It is not without lively emotion that the writer commences these pages, dedicated to the memory of one of the most excellent and amiable servants of Christ that have adorned our age; of an old friend, too, with whom for sixteen years he laboured in connexion with the *Semeur*, a periodical of which more will be said in the course of this notice. The remembrance of this association is one of the privileges of his life. But friendship shall not prevent impartiality; on the contrary, if there were need, it would supply an additional motive for the fullest sincerity in criticism as in eulogy, for M. Vinet had even more humility than talent, and he would not excuse in his biographer any excess of panegyric.

M. Alexandre Vinet was born at Ouchy, near Lausanne, 17th June, 1797. His father, who was the schoolmaster of the village, maintained in his household the old method of severity; and the young Alexandre passed his first years under a rigid discipline. This was a great advantage for a spirit naturally pure and elevated; he thus learned to understand and to respect the rule of duty, and he never forgot the precious teaching of the paternal roof.

He studied classics and theology at the Academy of Lausanne. Nothing remarkable occurred at the commencement of his career. M. Vinet had not yet had opportunity for the display of his rare mental powers. There is even reason to suppose that theology, at that time too much neglected at Lausanne, had few attractions for him, and that his taste rather inclined towards literature. We shall only mention that, at the death of a venerable Professor of the Academy, he was chosen to pronounce over the tomb words of gratitude and farewell—a mark of deference on the part of his fellow-students, who did not think that the future would so fully confirm their choice.

At the age of twenty he was appointed to the professorship of the French language and literature at Basle, in German Switzerland. His duties were honourable, but laborious and thankless. The citizens of Basle, who were more interested in commerce than the Belles Lettres, were also somewhat prejudiced against the young professor from French Switzerland. In course of time, however, M. Vinet surmounted these difficulties. The zeal and diligence which he brought to his work, the sweetness of his disposition, the dignity of his manners and of his whole bearing, the ability of which he gave proofs more and more striking, all obtained for him a well-deserved influence. He became, by degrees, the centre of a movement at once literary and religious. The Council of State of Basle gave him a higher chair in the University; and when, at the end of twenty years, he left the city to return to his own country, his departure caused universal regret.

Up to the period of his ordination, which took place in 1819, and even for some time afterwards, M. Vinet manifested no decided piety. It was only in 1823 or 1824 that he began to give serious attention to sacred things, and to seek peace for his own conscience in them. What passed in this solemn strife, this tragical passage from darkness to light? It is impossible to give a connected account of the workings of M. Vinet's mind at this crisis. He has not followed the example of so many



other Christians, who delight to tell their personal experiences. He allowed a sort of bashfulness to cover, as with a veil, the intimate communion of his soul with God; and to the same degree that he was open on all literary and scientific subjects, he was reserved upon the great crises of his faith. The inner drama appeared to him too sacred to be exposed to the eye of an indifferent or superficial world. Several circumstances lead to the opinion that M. Vinet had severe struggles with doubt before coming into the full enjoyment of the Gospel. Like Pascal, with whom he presented some striking analogies, he traversed the arid plains of the desert before he reached the fertile valleys of the promised land. Not that he had adopted at any time of his life, the frivolous and scoffing infidelity of the school of Voltaire; the disposition of his mind was too serious, the authority of his conscience too strong, to allow of so low a descent. But his contemplative intellect had probably raised difficult questions, which could only be decided by the painful exertion of his whole soul, powerfully assisted by grace from above. Thus he was wont to say that to be *convaincu* a man must be *vaincu*—vanquished by the power of the Spirit in his doubts and passions.

It may likewise be assumed that M. Vinet's progress in religion was influenced by the revival which, originating in the zeal of some pious English travellers, at that time agitated Geneva, Lausanne, and several other Cantons of Switzerland. The revival had several defects. It wanted, perhaps, loftiness of ideas, depth in its doctrine, moderation in its deeds; and those who best appreciate the movement, have since acknowledged these deficiencies. But it was full of energy, ardour, intrepidity in the face of obstacles, always ready to make the most heroic sacrifices. It administered a violent rebuke to the languishing propensities of Swiss Protestantism; and M. Vinet, without adopting, as a whole, the dogmatic formulae of the revival, received from it a wholesome stimulus. He found there what supplied the wants of his soul, and he made it his own, or modified in his meditations what he could not entirely accept in the theology of continental Methodism.

In one word, M. Vinet's faith was eminently his own, a personal concern,

the result of his thinking, his re- his praying; and this explains how he became in his writings, as in his courses, a most strenuous defender of human personality or individual religious things. He did not allow it was possible to transmit a creed or a territorial domain; he disapproved of all institutions which serve to sustain illusions on this subject, and have had each man called upon to form his opinions, and to declare in his individual capacity. He must not anticipate.

The first work which drew attention to the name of M. Vinet was an "Essay in favour of Liberty of ship," published in 1826. This was opportune for pleading this cause. (On re-ascending the throne of France, the old Bourbons brought them the prejudices of Louis against the Dissenting Churches; although they did not dare openly persecute the Protestants, they vexed them neither vexation nor insultery, on its side, abused with an arrogance all the privileges of a religion. It was now that Col Lambrechts, formerly Minister of Justice, bequeathed to the "Société des Christian Morals" the sum of two hundred francs, to be awarded as a prize for the best treatise on religious liberty. This coincidence excited a lively interest; twenty-nine essays were sent to the committee of examination. M. Vinet obtained this palm by a unanimous consent. M. Guizot, who was commissioned to make the report, declared Christian," he said, "the faith is profound, inflexible, fervent, he professes a respect not less profound for the faith of ..... I cannot well express the emotion I have felt at the sight of a mind composed, of a pious mind with who respect due to liberty of conscience, matter of conscience, who would it an offence against God to do even in thought only, the rights pertain to the faith of his fellows. .... This essay is also the one in which the question is best discussed and which contains the greatest number of ideas, well defined and original, always presented in an ingenious and often with a talent full of brilliancy."

Under such illustrious patronage, M. Vinet's book found numerous readers, especially among the Protestants of France and Switzerland. It is divided into two parts, the "Proofs" and the "System." In the first, the author develops the chief political, philosophical, and religious arguments to be adduced in favour of liberty of worship. In the second, he considers the question more generally, examines the nature of civil society and of religious society, and points out the institutions which ought to be in force in respect of each. This division, as M. Guizot observed, is arbitrary, and has involved the author in unavoidable repetitions. Generally speaking, M. Vinet had not a systematic mind. Not one of his works gives sign of a settled and defined method—he could not even construct his sermons on a regular plan. Admirable in detail, he was confused and uncertain in his treatment of a subject as a whole. This defect appears to have been inherent in his mental character. In questions of doctrine, as in all others, he hesitated between opposite directions, and he never had his theory neatly formulated. Sometimes he inclines to Arminianism, or even to Rationalism, in his conceptions of God, of Christ, and of man; at other times he seems to adopt a rigid Calvinism. Hence it is that the different religious schools claim in turn the support of his name. Hence it is, also, that, notwithstanding his excellences both of intellect and heart, he will always be placed far below thinkers of the first order. M. Vinet is a valuable companion on a journey, who enlivens travel with conversation full of good and wholesome sentiment, but he is not, he cannot be, a sure guide, nor the chief of a school.

After defending religious liberty in France, M. Vinet was compelled to maintain it in his native country. The civil power of the Canton de Vaud, encouraged, it must be confessed, in its acts of intolerance by a considerable section of the Protestant clergy, exercised unjustifiable severity towards the Dissenters, on whom they had fastened the sobriquet of *Mômiers*. A law authorising persecution had been adopted by the *Grand Conseil*. Respectable pastors were imprisoned, fined, or banished, because they had held meetings for edification. In 1829, the people, taking example from the magistrates, proceeded

to violence against the *Mômiers*; they entered their assemblies by force, maltreated the officials, stoned the pastors; and the organs of the Government of Vaud, far from rebuking these savage excesses, gave them all possible sanction by their expressed opinions. The *Gazette de Lausanne* propounded a dangerous distinction between the inward liberty of belief and the outward liberty of religious action, contending that the direction of public worship should belong to the high civil authority of the State, and that to allow the first corner to establish a new sect, would end in complete anarchy. The political chiefs of the Canton de Vaud had simply borrowed these exalted sentiments from the old code of the Roman Catholic Church.

M. Vinet interposed, invoking the sacred principles of religious liberty, and feared not, in the name of the sovereign rights of conscience, to attack the intolerant law which prohibited the dissidents from meeting. "You say," cried he, with generous indignation, "you say that the citizen who braves the law is a rebel; but there is a law above the law; there is revolt which is a duty. You scoff at sectaries without title, without vocation—so were the Apostles, so were the reformers . . . An unjust law must be respected by me, though unjust, when it only injures my interest; and my fellow-citizens, equally injured, owe it the same respect. But an immoral law, an irreligious law, a law which compels me to do that which my conscience and the law of God condemn—if it is not possible to obtain its abrogation, it must be braved. This principle, far from being subversive of society, is its vital principle; it is the struggle of good against evil. Let us suppress this strife: what is there to retard humanity on the downward slope of vice and misery? It is from revolt to revolt, if we may use the word, that communities advance to perfection, that civilisation is established, that justice reigns, that truth flourishes."\*

The last sentence we have quoted was impeached by the Council of State, as tending to excite the citizens to revolt; and judicial proceedings were commenced, not only against the author, but against M. Monnard, Professor in the Academy of Lausanne, who had

\* "Observations on the Article concerning Sectaries," inserted in the *Gazette de Lausanne*, March 12, 1829.

shared in the publication of the pamphlet in the Canton de Vaud. The debates were long and spirited; all enlightened men in French Switzerland followed them with the most intense interest, well knowing that the cause of religious liberty was deeply involved. In the end, M. Vinet was acquitted by the Tribunal of Vaud, on the charge of preaching revolt; and M. Monnard was condemned to pay a fine of eighty francs, solely on account of a legal informality in the publication. This was a real victory; the friends of liberty of worship gained their cause against their adversaries. In a new pamphlet, which he drew up for his own justification, M. Vinet distinguished between the sacrifices that may be made to civil society and those that may not. We may give up that which accords with our natural inclinations, or increases our material well-being. "This," said M. Vinet, "we may sacrifice to the civil power, and assuredly we have the right to give it up. But we may not sacrifice our conscience to the civil power, because our relation to conscience is widely different from our relation to worldly good. This good belongs to us, but we belong to our conscience; it is for us to dispose of our goods, but for our conscience to dispose of us!" Memorable words, which in all times, in all countries, should be the motto of the servants of Christ.

The noble efforts of M. Vinet and his friends were not lost; for in 1830, after the revolution of July, at Paris, a liberal movement overthrew the Government of the Canton de Vaud, and replaced it with a more intelligent magistracy, which brought forward a system of legislation favourable to the rights of Dissenters. But, alas! in 1845 a low Radicalism obtained power in the country, and we again find M. Vinet in the van, resolved to fight to the last in support of the rights of conscience and of Christian faith.

These struggles, however, did not absorb all the attention or energy of M. Vinet. On the contrary, it was with great distaste and reluctance that he descended into the arena; and he left it as soon as he could without failing in his duty. He did not love controversy; his soul, usually calm, always ingenious and pure, did not breathe at ease in this stormy atmosphere. He avoided noise as carefully as others seek for it, and the constant occupation of his life was

rather to build up than to pull down. Let us, then, attempt to estimate his character as a preacher, a literary man, a religious reformer, and a professor of theology.

M. Vinet never fulfilled the duties of a regular pastor, and consequently his sermons were not adapted to any particular congregation. Some of his discourses were specially addressed to the students, and a small number of select hearers in the University of Basle; others were merely read in the Academic Hall as lectures, or examples of oratorical treatment. Many were only intended to appear in the columns of religious journals. It was seldom, and especially in the latter period of his life at long intervals, that he preached, in the proper sense of the word, before large assemblies.

These facts indicate the origin of the different volumes entitled, "Discourses on some Religious Topics;" "Additional Discourses;" "Evangelical Meditations;" "Evangelical Studies;" &c. The exceptional position of the orator was both favourable and unfavourable to his preaching. M. Vinet could, without difficulty, break through the scholastic forms of the sermon; he abandoned the artificial divisions, the superannuated argument, the conventional phraseology—that old model from which the most distinguished ministers have feared to depart. He is free; he gives way to his own inclination, and is natural; he has the tongue and the accent of life. It is no longer a preacher, it is a man who speaks in these discourses. But some inconvenience accompanies these advantages. What are these "Discourses, these "Meditations," and "Studies" of our author? Something mixed, something indeterminate, neither sermon nor essays; a combination of abstract discussion and oratorical passion. This kind of composition is not simple enough to be popular, nor grave enough to be academical. There is too much science for the multitude, and too little for the scientific. M. Vinet seldom observes any regular order; he is very ingenious in linking his thoughts one to the other; his analysis is minute and delicate; he follows out an idea in its finest ramifications, and astonishes the reader, whilst he also charms him with the abundance and originality of his reasonings. But *organic* power is wanting; he lacks the vigorous syn-

thesis of great orators. Each page, taken by itself, interests and suggests useful reflections, but an entire discourse does not leave a simple and well-defined impression on the mind of the reader. M. Vinet himself, with his wonted modesty, advised young men not to choose him for their model. In fact, those who have done so, have imitated his faults without attaining his excellences; they have become subtle, affected, and fastidious.

The style of his discourses or evangelical studies is sometimes lively and vigorous; at others, adorned with brilliant imagery. The writer excels in his choice of words and figures, to express the most delicate shades of thought. He is at the greatest pains to say only what he wishes, and that in the fittest terms. His language is full of subdued emotion; his conscience opens to ours, and the hand which writes is forgotten in presence of the pious and devoted spirit which longs to bring us to the feet of the Saviour-God. But the style of M. Vinet is by no means free from defect. Sometimes it is overcharged with metaphor, and becomes obscure; it contains plays upon words, studied antitheses, inappropriate phrases, and novel terms. M. Vinet was never in Paris; he would have derived much advantage from a residence of a few years in France, in the midst of its more illustrious men of letters; and might have obtained that undefinable classical finish which especially distinguishes French literature.

We can give but an incomplete sketch of the subjects treated of in these volumes of "Discourses." M. Vinet did not cultivate doctrinal preaching, in the theological acceptance of the term; there is not one of his oratorical studies specially devoted to the exposition of a dogma. Perhaps he feared to deal with these mysterious questions, or thought that doctrinal sermons were sufficiently numerous. As little did he practise what we may call the applicatory style of preaching. This tender and humble Christian avoided pursuing the obstinate sinner into his last entrenchments, and terrifying him with the thunders of Sinai. He seemed to shun what appeared too practical, the more precise details drawn from the habits and vices of the day. His spirit chose rather to move in an ethereal and ideal sphere.

His first "Discourses" are of a cha-

racter essentially apologetic—and, in certain respects, they are the best of all. The speaker addresses himself to men of good education, and endeavours to prove to them that the Gospel is true, that it responds to the profoundest wants of the heart, and that it is the source of all joy, as of all holiness. "I have not presumed," he says in one of his prefaces, "to preach Christ in the Areopagus, and to contend against the doctors. . . . But I have turned involuntarily, and without premeditation, to that numerous class of cultivated minds, which, nurtured in the bosom of Christianity, and imbued—if I dare so express myself—with Christian prejudices, struggle painfully either against their own heart, which the seriousness of Christianity awes, or against the too general opinion that Christianity, so necessary, so beautiful, so consolatory, cannot justify herself in the eye of reason."

The second volume of discourses is especially devoted to the development of the duties and application of Christian law. M. Vinet reproached certain theologians of the *revival* with having directed their attention too much on doctrine, to the neglect of the *moral* aspect of Christianity. He strongly wished to make good this defect; but he does not fall into the opposite extreme. Throughout he preserves the close connexion of law with doctrine, of sanctification with faith. With him faith is the centre of Christianity, the point of contact between God and man, the basis of regeneration, the inexhaustible source of life. And this faith, to which he gave so high a place, was not a series of formulæ to be preserved in the memory and repeated mechanically on certain occasions; it was the contemplation and acceptance of Christ, Christ himself in us. "To believe," says he, in the discourse entitled *Le Regard*, "to believe is to look to Christ; it is an attentive, serious, prolonged look . . . a look simple and child-like, one in which the whole soul is concentrated—a look of the soul, not of the intellect—a look which does not seek to analyse its object, but receives it all entire into the soul, through the eyes."

M. Vinet's later evangelical studies contain more of the mystic element—we use the word in its most favourable signification. As he advanced in knowledge of men and experience of

life, our pious friend accorded less to reason and more to the intuitions and aspirations of the heart. He greatly admired the best book of the middle ages—the “Imitation of Jesus Christ;” and imbibed from it certain religious tendencies. Shortly before his death, he formed the design of publishing a new French translation of the “Imitation,” with a preface and notes. His soul, imbued with Divine love, united St. John and St. Paul in its ideal of Christian life; it thirsted for communion with the Redeemer; it longed to behold Him face to face through the veil of our material nature.

With regard to M. Vinet’s manner in preaching, or of his oratorical action, on the rare occasions of his ascending the pulpit, we have said nothing. It is almost impossible to give any idea of it to those who have never heard him. He was little practised in the forms of art, and had never been at any great pains to study minutely his attitudes, his gestures, or the modulations of his voice. He set before himself an end more noble and more worthy of a messenger of the Gospel. As the faithfulness of his memory did not allow him to retain more than the form of his discourses, he depended in part upon the inspiration of the moment, and fortunate was the failing for preacher and hearer. His spoken sermons were more simple, more natural than his written discourses. What was chiefly remarkable in his oratorical action was its *perfect sincerity*; a merit less usual than might be expected even in good preachers. There was no factitious exaltation, no exaggerated ardour; he avoided, as morally wrong, whatever by a hair’s breadth only went beyond the limit of his actual conviction and feeling. He was altogether true in gestures and in accent. That which he presented to the auditors he himself *was*. And what seriousness! what humility! what penetrating spirituality! “There was in his discourse,” says one who heard him, “a strongly-marked individuality. . . . His voice, sonorous and vibrating, diffused in every accent the emotions of which it was full, and the ease which he took to efface himself, to conceal himself behind the truths he uttered, only brought out in stronger relief this talent so pure, so true, so original.”\*

After the preacher comes the literary man. M. Vinet devoted the most fruitful years of his youth to literature, and it was in this direction that the preference of his mind would have carried him, if the Christian faith had not imposed on him other and more important duties. In his Professorship at the University at Basle, he was placed in some sort on the border of two great civilisations. He studied the best writers of France and Germany—Corneille and Schiller, Racine and Goëthe, Voltaire and Lessing, Augustin Thierry and Jean de Müller, Descartes and Kant, Rousseau and Jean Paul Richter. Like the bee, he sought everywhere for juices to be converted into the delicious honey of literary culture. To Germany he owed his great scientific knowledge; to France the strength of his good sense and the purity of his language; and he drew from the old chronicles of Switzerland, and the literature of England, the manly inspirations of free thought; and from these differing elements his eminently original mind formed new and precious materials.

Whilst at Basle, M. Vinet published a *Chrestomathie Française*, a collection of extracts in prose and verse, from the French classics. This work is in three volumes, corresponding to the first three divisions of life; infancy, childhood, and youth. But it is not a simple compilation. The extracts are accompanied by short biographical notices of the writers literary or grammatical remarks, and occasionally detailed analyses. There is in particular, at the commencement of the third volume, a “Review of the Principal Prose Writers and Poets of France,” which supplies us with an admirable summary of M. Vinet’s extended labours. All our writers from Villehardouin and Joinville to Chateaubriand and Lamartine, are criticised in a concise style, and with superior judgment. “It is a comprehensive and highly-finished piece, really a literary *chef d’œuvre* of M. Vinet’s,” says a celebrated critic, M. Sainte Beuve. “All his qualities of correctness, propriety, requisite discrimination, bold yet compressed thought, are blended in due proportion with the subject. Every mesh of the network is strong and tightly drawn; it is most substantial, most useful, even most agreeable reading, while it calls into vigorous

\* *Le Semeur*, Vol. xvii., p. 41.

exercise all the faculties of the mind."\*

We now come to the *Semour*, in which M. Vinet displayed the marvellous fertility of his literary talents, and which occupied a considerable place in his career. The *Semour*, a weekly paper of sixteen quarto columns, first appeared in September, 1831, under the superintendence of M. Henry Lutteroth, who to large worldly means united great devotion of spirit and remarkable intelligence. It was designed to supply a medium for the consideration, from a Christian point of view, of all questions of philosophy, politics, literature, art, social economy, &c. It never raised the standard of a sect, nor elaborated a narrow doctrinal formulæ; its broad basis rested on the fundamental truths of the Gospel. The most distinguished Protestants of France and Switzerland brought it the tribute of their assistance. The *Semour* never obtained popularity; its principles were too rigid for frivolous minds, and its tone too elevated for uncultivated readers. But it acquired a legitimate influence in the higher circles of French society, and from its first publication to its cessation, in 1850, it always ranked with the first periodicals of the country.

M. Vinet soon took a prominent position in connexion with the *Semour*. Other contributors might be better acquainted with political affairs, or could bring more science to the treatment of philosophical subjects, or could employ language more easily understood by the majority of readers; but in matters which called for profound thought, refined taste, delicate and ingenious discussion, he had no superior in the *Semour*, nor even an equal. To great and constant moral severity he added candour, toleration, and, above all, the desire to benefit those writers whose works he criticised; and to the last of these qualities must we attribute the frequently exaggerated praises which he accorded to productions of moderate merit. He took a peculiar pleasure in encouraging the least manifestations of goodness and talent; he sought carefully for beauties concealed beneath an uninviting exterior; and whenever he perceived the faint image of his religious or literary ideal, he hailed it with his

warmest sympathy. Who knows all the good impressions that his brotherly approbation produced upon second-rate and obscure authors?

M. Vinet's original and kindly criticism was desired, and it might be said solicited, by the most celebrated writers of France. M. de Lamartine, Beranger, Michelet, Sainte Beuve, Ballanche, Charles Nodiere, and others, valued his opinion highly, and the modest professor of Switzerland received from them letters full of expressions of esteem and obligation.

The diversity of the subjects dealt with by M. Vinet in the columns of the *Semour* is astonishing, and testifies to the extent of his studies. Lyric poetry, dramatic poetry, ancient and modern history, eloquence, philology, theological and ecclesiastical questions—he examines everything, and wherever he penetrates, he leaves behind him a luminous track. Perhaps—to perform the duty of the critic—the sequence of his ideas is uncertain, and his style is more abstract and obscure than comports with his theme. It is not always easy to get at his real meaning among the numerous digressions and the profusion of heterogeneous metaphors with which it is overburdened. Many of his articles cannot be read without a sense of weariness. But is not this a case for the poet's

— Ubi plura nitent non paucis offendar macula?

It was the constant practice of M. Vinet—and it is this which constitutes the novelty of his literary criticism—to apply the doctrines and precepts of Christianity to all the results of human intelligence. The hand of the Christian guided the pen of the man of letters. Whatever the book before him—Victor Hugo's "Odes," or Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws," "Songs" by Beranger, or the "Genius of Christianity" by M. de Chateaubriand—he sought the verdict of religion before pronouncing his sentence. M. Vinet believed, and rightly believed, that the Gospel should not be confined within the walls of temples or theological seminaries, but should be called to exercise sovereignty in all spheres of intellectual and social activity.

The best articles contributed by him to the *Semour*, together with some lectures on literature delivered at intervals in the Academy of Geneva, have been

\* *Critiques et Portraits Littéraires*, par G. A. Sainte

published since his death under the titles, "Studies on the French Literature of the Eighteenth Century," in two volumes; "Of the Nineteenth Century," in three volumes; "Studies on Blaise Pascal," one volume, &c. Notwithstanding the necessarily fragmentary and irregular composition of these works, they will be consulted with advantage by men of piety and taste.

But we leave the literary man to speak of M. Vinet as a religious reformer. The great question which he had gradually solved and conscientiously decided for himself, was the *separation of Church and State*. At the outset of his career he confined himself, as we have seen, to maintaining full liberty of worship, demanding for all religious communions the same rights and the same independence, and requiring that the civil position of individuals should be in no wise affected by their religious belief, or by the ecclesiastical society to which they might belong. But on more maturely considering this grave problem, he arrived at the conclusion that liberty and equality of worship could not be perfectly guaranteed without the previous condition of an entire separation between the Church and the State. Then, extending his reflections to the general question, he became persuaded that the origin, the nature, the means of action, the end of the State, were very different from those of the Church; whence he concludes that the two institutions should be entirely distinct from each other.

In an important work published by him in 1842, he gives a complete exposition of these ideas. It is entitled, "Essay on the Manifestation of Religious Convictions, and the Separation of Church and State viewed as a Necessary Consequence and as a Guarantee for the Principle." We give the long title in full, because it indicates the contents of the book. Great caution is necessary in estimating the literary character of this work. The two parts do not bear a just proportion to each other, and the argumentation is badly arranged, while the style is laboured and diffuse, and occasionally is rather injurious than vigorous. Few readers have been able to go through it to the last page. Some portions are excellent, with fine suggestive thoughts scattered here and there; but it is not well put together as a book. The author has

evidently come far short of what he could do. He commences by showing that every man is under a positive obligation to manifest his convictions, especially his religious convictions. This is a duty to truth, which gains by being known; to society, which cannot be indifferent to the belief of its members; to himself, because every man should be sincere—that is, show what he is by declaring what he believes. But the free manifestation of religious conviction is impracticable, or at least endangered, so long as the Church is joined to the State; for this union unavoidably gives rise to protection and privilege for some religious denomination, inferiority and oppression for others. Truth, no longer presented to reason and conscience in its own power, comes accompanied with, or only despoiled of, certain temporal advantages—a false system, and one which favours dissimulation and hypocrisy.

These premises being laid down, M. Vinet immediately approaches the subject of the separation of Church and State. What is the State? According to his views, it is the work of the *natural* man; it has no end apart from earthly interests; it cannot, and ought not, to occupy itself with the relations of man to God, or with the salvation of the soul in eternity. Civil society is composed only of that which men have the right to put into the common stock, and to subordinate to the opinions of the majority. But there is in man an element—conscience—that he cannot submit to the community without doing violence to his essential nature. Conscience is strictly individual; it has no account to render but to itself and to God. The State has, therefore, no right to pretend to the government of consciences. The State, as such, has no religion; it cannot adopt any, officially, without overstepping its limits.

The Church, on the contrary, in its high and true signification, is the work of regenerated man, or rather the work of the Spirit of God. It is the society of believers, the community of consciences, which in entering it perform a voluntary act. Civil society is an affair of necessity; no one may live out of its pale. Religious society is an affair of liberty; everyone is free to be a member of it, and everyone is free to leave it. The State must employ constraint in the name of common in-

terests; the Church can only employ persuasion in the name of truth. In the first, the external being predominates; in the second, the internal. The State properly has nothing to do with conscience; the Church has to do with conscience alone. The union between these two is, therefore, illogical, abnormal, hurtful to the one and the other; it is an adulterous union.

It is not our intention to discuss M. Vinet's theory; such a discussion would be out of place in a simple biographical notice. It will be sufficient to say, that this thesis, propounded in such absolute terms, drew forth numerous opponents, even among those Christians who, like MM. Gaussin and Merle d'Aubigné, at Geneva, for example, had been compelled to form independent congregations. To them it seemed that the line of demarcation drawn by M. Vinet between the mission of the Church and that of the State, was too broad, and at variance with the nature of things. They maintained that the two societies, whilst accomplishing quite distinct objects, might go hand in hand and be joined, just as the citizen and the believer are combined in the same man.

However this may be, M. Vinet remained to the last unaltered in his views, and returned to the subject in numerous pamphlets. He was eminently an individualist; he thought the slightest violence offered to the personality, to the spontaneity of man, brought with it fatal consequences, and rather than consent, he would have reduced the State to a purely material institution, or to the minimum of its powers. He anticipated from liberty the triumph of truth and union; a generous illusion, if illusion it be. Those who do not accept M. Vinet's theory in its full extent yet render a respectful homage to the religion and nobility of his convictions.

Let us turn from the Christian reformer to the professor, as the next character in which the subject of this notice appears. He was invited to return to the Canton de Vaud in the year 1837. His fellow-citizens, unwilling that the most illustrious of their number should remain in a foreign city, urged upon the Council of State his nomination to the chair of *Practical Theology* in the Academy of Lausanne. It was not without great regret that M. Vinet quitted Basle, where he had laboured

for so many years, and with the happiest results; but he could not resist the call of his own people and country. He obeyed, and was installed in his new functions with unwonted ceremony. His lectures embraced sacred eloquence, catechetical science, and all that related to the duties of the ministry. He also went through a course on the practical philosophy of Christianity, and gave expositions of several books of the New Testament.

He did not usually read his lectures, but preferred speaking from simple notes. This method of teaching was more lively and attractive, but it has deprived the religious public of many writings which would have contributed to the instruction of all. His treatises on "L'Homiletique," or the Theory of Preaching, on "Theologie Pastorale," or the Theory of the Gospel Ministry, published after his death, are useful works, but they are compiled from imperfect notes, or from extracts copied into the note-books of his hearers. They are, so to speak, *membra disiecta* of the professor,—fragments,—stones, placed side by side, and awaiting the disposition of the skilful architect.

Is it necessary to add that M. Vinet fully obtained the affection, the confidence, the admiration of his students? How deep the interest was with which he inspired them, the following lines written by one of them will show: "M. Vinet's teaching continues to be with us, in its form and method, the most exalted type of professorial teaching. Free from all pedantry, from all scholastic formalism, from all stiffness, it was animated and natural, as well as rich and profound. It was truly the outpouring of his thought, and especially of his soul, into the thought and soul of his pupils. He was eminently *suggestive*, creative for their intellect; thus we never rose from his lectures without that spark which a word of sympathy kindles in the heart."

Let us also listen to M. Sainte Beuve. He relates that he was at Lausanne, six days after visiting the magnificent monuments of Rome. "The morning after my arrival," he adds, "I went to M. Vinet's class—a poor college classroom, quite bare, with simple white walls, and desks of wood. He was speaking of Bourdaloue, and la Bruyère. Erskine the Scotchman was present also. I heard there a lecture discrimi-



native and elevating, the eloquence of thought and conscience. In exquisite and concise language, the pious soul, all seriousness and emotion, spread its treasury before us. How profound the impression, how penetrating, how entirely Christian! What a contrast to the pomp of the Vatican! Never did I so experience the noble and pure enjoyment of intellect."

Whilst M. Vinet was devoting himself to these peaceful labours, the Canton de Vaud was overrun with a Radicalism which, under cover of the popular distrust of the Sonderbund and the Jesuits, sought the overthrow of the established authorities. A democratic revolution, or rather a demagogic revolution, broke out at Lausanne, in February 1845, and new counsellors of state were appointed in the tumult of the insurrection. Being Socialists, these magistrates did not respect the rights of the Church or the pastoral body. They asserted that as the ministers of the Gospel were paid from the public treasury, they must bow before the authority of the masses; and among other things, ordered them to read from the pulpit a political proclamation in which the excesses of the Radicals were extolled.

The ministers of the canton felt that they could not comply with these unjust demands without dishonour. They met to determine what should be done; and after two days of solemn discussion, a hundred and sixty of them—more than half of their number—sent in their resignation, choosing to risk their bread and the bread of their children, rather than make their sacred office minister to the passions of Socialistic Radicalism. The Free Church of the Canton de Vaud was founded without the worldly resources of that of Scotland, but with the same faith.

It was natural that M. Vinet should take an active part in these grave transactions. Some of his anticipations had been realised, and he saw that the union of Church and State had become impossible, at least in his own country. He was a member of the Synodal Commission charged with the duty of composing the Confession of Faith, and the disciplinary regulations of the Free Church. He performed his duties under a sense of great responsibility, and pub-

lished various pamphlets respecting the project of the new Ecclesiastical constitution, for the information of those pastors who had resigned.

But his powers were exhausted. For some time past, his health had been feeble, tottering, interrupted by painful infirmities; and it is astonishing that he was able to write so much, with such a debilitated frame. He often dictated articles from his bed, and he devoted to labour the intervals of ease allowed him by his illness. In the month of April, 1847, his state began to cause alarm. He was conveyed to Clarens, that he might benefit by the country air. During the last two days of his life he said very little; for he did not like a display of piety in the hour of death. One of his friends having told him that fervent prayers were offered up for him, he answered "You could scarcely pray for a more unworthy creature." Another said, "What shall I ask for you?" and he replied, "Ask for the simplest graces" (*grâces élémentaires*). He breathed his last on the 4th of May, 1847. Some moments before his death, he said "I cannot think any longer."

M. Alexandre Vinet was of a tall and massive frame. At first sight his figure did not indicate the eminent qualities of his mind. He had a low forehead, prominent cheekbones, and thick lips. His head was usually bent, and he never aimed at effect in the drawing-room. But when he was interested in conversation, his look lightened with a brilliant light; his countenance assumed an indefinable character of serenity, nobility, and power; his voice found accents which penetrated to the bottom of the heart; the man of genius appeared throughout. The name of M. Vinet will not perish; and of some of his works, though they will never be popular, the readers will continue to increase among the higher ranks of cultivated society. They have been translated into English and German, and have found their way even to the distant cities of Russia. All our young theologians will find substantial and strengthening nourishment in his books. He has raised the Christian character in the esteem of all, and posterity will hail him as a bright example of the union of faith with philosophy. G. DE F.

## RICHARD LALOR SHEIL

THE recent publication of a valuable contribution to political and literary biography, Mr. McCullagh's "Memoirs of the Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil," and the re-appearance (with Notes by Mr. Savage) of Sheil's ably-written "Sketches of the Irish Bar and Bench," which were first given to the world, about thirty years ago, in the "New Monthly Magazine," have recalled attention to one of the most gifted men of the present age. It is, therefore, no inappropriate time to glance at the career of a man who so recently, and for so long a period, held a conspicuous position before the public—a position which even those who differed widely from him on many important subjects, admitted to be the result of eminent abilities, extensive acquirements, and the assiduous cultivation of brilliant rhetorical powers. In the following pages we shall, as much as possible, avoid dwelling on the public questions in which Sheil took so prominent a part, and shall endeavour to make our picture less a political sketch, than a portraiture of talent winning its way to the front ranks of society, at a time when many men of rare abilities were rivals for fame, seeking either to gain a great name amongst the people at large, or

The applause of listening senates to command.

RICHARD SHEIL (he did not take the name Lalor till his second marriage, in 1830) was born on the 17th of August, 1791, in the county of Kilkenny. His father was extensively engaged in commercial pursuits, and passed many years in Cadiz in mercantile industry, which led to considerable wealth. When the relaxation of the penal laws permitted the purchase of landed property by the Irish Catholics, Mr. Sheil, father of the subject of our memoir, became the owner of an estate (named by him Bellevue) on the banks of the river Suir; and here, amidst the romantic scenery of the "Valley of the Suir," young Sheil passed his early days, and imbibed that taste for the beauties of nature which clung to him through life, and gave to so much of his descriptive oratory that impressiveness and exquisite colouring which so won upon his audience. For this spot

the orator through life retained a lasting affection; and it is pleasant to find him, in the current of agitation, turning to these scenes of his early life, and glancing back with affectionate regard to the cherished memories of boyhood's days. "How often (writes he in a magazine article, in 1829) have I stood upon the Suir's bank, when the bells in the neighbouring city (Waterford), the smoke of which was turned into a cloud of gold by a Claude-Lorraine sunset, tolled the death of the departing day. How often have I fixed my gaze upon the glittering expanse of the full and overflowing water, crowded with ships, whose white sails were filled with just wind enough to carry them to sea. The murmurs of the city were heard upon the right, and the lofty spire of its church rose up high and arrowy to the sky. The sullen and dull roar of the ocean used to come over the opposite hills, from the bay of Tramore. I had many a time looked with admiration upon the noble landscape, in the midst of which I was born, but I never felt or appreciated its beauty so well as when the consciousness that I was leaving it, not to return for years to it again, endeared me to the place of my birth."

The circumstance glanced at in the last line of this quotation took place in 1802, in which year young Sheil was sent to a school at Kensington, near London, at the head of which was M. le Prince de Broglie, son of Marshal Broglie. He had, with many other members of the French nobility, found shelter in England when the fury of the Parisian populace deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of many of the most virtuous of the community. Having taken orders, he opened a school for the education, principally, of the children of those who, like himself, had been driven into exile. To this academy Sheil was conducted, according to arrangement, by his first instructor, a French priest, who had in Bellevue commenced the education of the young orator. This gentleman availed himself of the permission granted in 1802 by Napoleon to the clergy to return to France, but M. de Broglie did not adopt that course, considering that he could not conscientiously take the oath of

fidelity to the French Constitution. Sheil's description of his schoolmaster is a perfect picture of one of the representatives of the *ancien régime*. "I saw in him a little, slender, and gracefully-constructed Abbé, with a sloping forehead, on which the few hairs that were left him were nicely arranged and well powdered and pomatomed. He had a gentle smile, full of suavity, which was made up of guile and of weakness, but which deserved the designation of *aimable* in the best sense of the word. His clothes were adapted to his symmetrical person, and his silk waistcoat and black silk stockings, with his small shoes buckled with silver, gave him altogether a glossy aspect. Notwithstanding his humble pursuits, he was designated by everybody as 'Monsieur le Prince.'"

We cannot linger over the schoolboy days of Sheil, of which his "Recollections" have told so much, and in so interesting a manner. It is to be remarked, however, that as Sheil was surrounded by young Frenchmen, he acquired great facility in speaking their language fluently; so that when, in 1804, he was removed to Stoneyhurst College (on the Kensington school breaking up), he was a greater adept in French than in English. A schoolfellow at Stoneyhurst thus describes him: "His face was pale and meagre; his limbs lank; his hair starting upwards from his head like a brush; a sort of muscular action pervading his whole frame; his dress foreign; his talk broken English; and his voice a squeak. Add to this a pair of brilliant eyes, lighting up all the peculiarities of his figure, and you have before you the boy Sheil."

This singular "boy Sheil" spent three years at Stoneyhurst College, and as the Jesuits have always devoted much attention to composition, he there began to develop his acquaintance with the resources of the English language, of which he afterwards obtained such extraordinary command. In 1807, he entered Trinity College, and devoted himself to the study of classical authors, in preference to those who wrote on scientific subjects. At this period of his life he passed each vacation in his father's house at Bellevue, and it is recorded that his opening talents filled his parents with pride. The tendency of his mind, however, to dramatic notions was observed with

regret by his father, who had a deeply-rooted wish to see his son prosper at the Bar, success which he deemed incompatible with the indulgence of a taste for the literature of the stage. We shall see that in after life dramatic authorship and forensic pursuits divided Sheil's attention, and that it was not till he abandoned the former walk that he made real progress in the latter.

In 1809, while Sheil was passing through College, an unexpected blow fell upon him. The sunshine which had hitherto shone upon his path was clouded by an event which caused the sale of his father's property. It seems that the elder Sheil had invested a large sum of money in a mercantile house in Dublin, under what is known as the Anonymous Partnership Act of 1782, by means of which capitalists were enabled to limit their liability. By not attending to the requirements of the statute, Mr. Shiel forfeited his right to its protection; and, accordingly, when the house in question became bankrupt, he was involved in the debts. He had to part with Bellevue and remove to Dublin; and could not afford to pay any longer his son's university fees. A kind and noble-hearted relative came forward (Dr. Foley, of Waterford), and rather than that the young collegian should be stopped in a career, in which it seemed probable he would win distinction, he offered to allow him 100*l.* a-year till he should be called to the bar. Mr. Sheil only accepted 80*l.* a-year, as he considered that sum enough for his son's requirements. Sheil was thus enabled to pursue his college studies, and by constant attendance at the Historical Society, where he frequently spoke, he acquired a facility in addressing an audience, and laid the foundation of that oratorical power, the fame of which was afterwards so widely spread. His voice, however, was so shrill, his utterance so rapid, and his gesticulation so theatrical, that his talents failed to make the same impression that was caused by young men of less genius but more polished elocution.

Sheil's first appearance as a speaker in the stormy arena of public life was on the 9th February, 1811. The occasion was a meeting in Dublin, over which Lord Ffrench presided, and the resolution to which the youthful orator spoke was one to the effect that a deputa-

tion should proceed to London, to confer with the advocates of the Catholic claimants in both Houses of Parliament, and to consult with them as to the best mode of giving a fresh impetus to the cause. At this period the difference was at its height between those who were ready to allow to the English Crown a *veto* in the appointment of Catholic Bishops, and those who refused to accept the Relief Bill on any such condition. Sheil came forward to support the former party, and attracted attention by the earnestness of his manner. Having thus broken the ice, he spoke a few weeks afterwards at a meeting held for the purpose of presenting an Address to the Prince of Wales, who was at this time, in consequence of the mental infirmity of the King, called on to assume the Regency. It will be remembered that in 1789, a difference of opinion took place between the Parliament of England and that of Ireland, as to the imposing of limitations on the intended Regent, and that the Parliament of Ireland decided in favour of plenary powers being conferred on the Prince. The King's recovery prevented the continuation of disputes on the subject at that period, but the question arose again in 1810, and the people of Ireland were in favour of giving to the Prince of Wales full regal power. They thought that they saw in him a friend to the Catholic claims because he had been the friend of their great English advocate, Charles James Fox. How they were undeceived we shall find hereafter. Sheil's speech on this occasion drew forth great applause, for though his manner was still marked with eccentric gesticulation, there was an enthusiasm about him which carried away the feelings of the audience.

Having, in July, 1811, taken his degree in Trinity College, Dublin—Sheil proceeded to London to "eat his terms," in accordance with the absurd system then exclusively in vogue. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, and joined a debating club, "The Eccentrics," of which Canning had been a member. Here in an assembly where argument was preferred to flowery diction, if he would win his way, he found it necessary to avoid the excessive figurativeness of his language. He resided in London with his father's brother, from whom, however, some little quarrel estranged him for a time. They were soon reconciled, and the nephew completed his "terms." Being

anxious, however, to be called to the Bar without infringing on the scanty resources of his father, Sheil set to work at a tragedy, by means of which he expected to pay the expenses of the "Call." His father, though applauding his son's independent resolution, did not like the idea of the delay which must take place before he entered on his professional pursuits, and also feared the growth of the dramatic taste in a soil where he hoped for law; or, at all events, forensic eloquence. He, therefore, paid the fees; and in Hilary Term, 1814, the Irish Bar received another gifted son in the person of Richard Sheil.

We must here go back a little, to a meeting which was held on the 8th of December, 1813, at which Sheil made a very eloquent speech. At that period a difference took place between Grattan and the Catholic Committee, on the subject of the *Veto*. Sheil sided with the Vetoists and Grattan, and his panegyric on that distinguished man is a touching tribute to patriotism. O'Connell, who opposed the *Veto*, felt that Sheil had influenced the meeting, and delivered a very able speech in reply. With all the tact of the practised debater, he complimented Sheil, while he answered him, and advised him to "raise his soul to the elevation of his talents, and not take the puny ground of party or division. God and nature had been bountiful to him. Let him in recompense consecrate to the service of Ireland and liberty all the fascinations of his fancy, and the brilliant glories of his genius." O'Connell's arguments prevailed, and Sheil himself became an opponent of the *Veto* some years afterwards, when he and O'Connell co-operated in the final struggle for Emancipation.

Concurrently with forensic exertions (but sometimes, to his father's regret, in preference to them), Sheil composed several tragedies. "Adelaide," "The Apostate," "Bellamira," "Evadne," "The Huguenot," and some adaptations from the elder English dramatists, give evidence of deep poetic feeling and great command of language. These plays produced some thousands of pounds for their author. They had the advantage of being represented by Miss O'Neil, Charles Kemble, Macready, and other eminent performers. Although it does not appear that Sheil at any

time before entering Parliament contemplated the abandonment of the legal profession, it would seem that at one period his devoted attachment to dramatic composition was likely to have the same practical result, and it was the failure of "The Huguenot," his last play—which he considered his best—through the fault of some of the second-rate actors, that caused him to devote all his great energies to the Bar and to political agitation, at that time closely linked with the legal profession. Sheil, however, did not abandon literary pursuits, but wrote a good deal for magazines and reviews. Several of the "Sketches of the Irish Bar and Bench," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, were his, the rest being contributed by William Henry Curran, Esq., son of the great orator. In the *Edinburgh Review*, also, Sheil wrote several articles of considerable merit.

The beauties of Sheil's plays are so closely interwoven with the plot, that unless an entire scene were quoted, it would be difficult to convey an idea of his dramatic power. The Statue Scene in "Evadne" has always been considered most beautiful. A daughter clinging to the image of her father, and seeking even from the cold marble, protection against him to save whose life that father had died, and by her eloquence softening him who sought to do her wrong, is a fine emanation of poetic genius. There is a calm, melancholy beauty in the following lines, in which Vicentio contemplates Evadne, whom he untruly believes inconstant, and whom he is about to abandon. His regret that her beauty had survived her supposed falsehood to him gives rise to a conflict of feeling. It is, therefore, more in "sorrow than in anger," that he exclaims:—

Let me peruse the face where loveliness  
Stays, like the light after the Sun is set.  
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes  
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front  
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple  
Sacred to holy thinking, and those lips  
Wear the sweet smile of sleeping infancy.  
They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still  
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form  
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they twined  
Which should exceed the other.

The following lines from "The Apostate," sound like one of Sheil's bursts of eloquent indignation at the refusal of Catholic Emancipation.

*Hemaya*—Tell me, what can we do?  
*Malco*—What men can do

Who groan beneath the lash of tyranny  
And feel the strength of madness.  
Thy voice would be a trumpet in the mountains  
That from their snow-crowned tops and hollow vale  
Would echo back the blast of liberty.

When Moore was entertained in Dublin in 1818, it fell to Sheil and Maturin to return thanks for "The Dramatic Talent of Ireland." Sheil's speech was highly poetical. After expressing his happiness at the consciousness that all his plays had for their object the denunciation of intolerance, he proceeds to sketch some of the principal Irish poets. The following passage respecting Goldsmith and Moore is very beautiful—"In Goldsmith we find the pensiveness of the evening, but in Moore, with the pensiveness of the evening, we behold its illumination. Moore's thoughts are like those beautiful little birds, described by Campbell, gleaming in a Transatlantic sunset; or, like these birds, to use the poet's comparison, they seem atoms of the rainbow. To Moore we are indebted not only for his own delicious music but also for the immortal poetry to which he has wedded the melodies of Ireland; for with the magic of Prospero, he has given a more substantial, but still celestial form to the spirit of sound."

But we must return to Sheil's sterner pursuits. At the Bar his practice as a *Visi Prius* advocate became tolerably good, but as Protestants alone could be king's counsel, several barristers who were his juniors passed to the Inner Bar, and thereby had the privilege of acting as leading counsel. It thus happened that often in a case which he would have presented to the jury in a speech replete with eloquence, he was obliged to sit silent, while some member of the favoured creed, wearing a silk gown, feebly told his client's wrong. There were, it is true, many gifted Protestant barristers, such as Plunkett, Bushe, Sawrin, and Burrowes; but it is admitted that from the cause to which we have referred, Sheil, O'Connell, and others suffered a great deal. Hence it appears from forensic history, that though they were engaged in many cases (and O'Connell at last in almost every case outside Chancery), the Bar speeches of the Catholic lawyers were comparatively few. It was the same cause which made them such adepts at cross-examination, as that often falls to junior counsel.

Sheil had not much political standing

till 1823; for in the only public for an Irish Catholic, his adhesion to *Veto* separated him for a long time from O'Connell. He married a daughter of O'Halloran in 1816, who died some years afterwards, leaving him one son. He was mixed in society with Curran, Phillips, and other leading men of the time, and most of his attention was occupied with dramatic authorship, and some professional practice. On one occasion, in 1819, he ridiculed O'Connell in a public letter, but the reply was so effective, that Sheil's chance of popularity was lessened, and he returned to his

"I'll go and finish my tragedy," as an expression, on prudently closing his literary controversy.

The year 1823 was a most important year in the history of these countries, as was then that, merging all their differences, the Catholics of Ireland united to obtain their civil rights. There had for some time been a political organisation in Ireland, the *United Irishmen*, which had been well received, and counselled peace, but the hopes of the people were entertained that he would descend from the Throne the role of the Catholic disabilities were ended to disappointment. Then came the famine of 1822, during which the people of England generously came forward with personal subscriptions to relieve the amount. With an improved aspect came the formation of the Catholic Association, for the purpose of uniting to obtain religious freedom and civil rights, and this society soon became known as the "Catholic Association." The defect of the former societies was that they were placed on too narrow a basis. O'Connell suggested to his friends—for they had become friends—on the ground of a mutual acquaintance, to combine all classes for the attainment of the desired object, by engaging them in a vast national body, in order to meet the requisite outlay, and called "Catholic Rent" was introduced, and the association—though at first commenced with only a few members, who were with difficulty gathered together—soon began to attract the notice of Great Britain and the anxious attention of Government. It fell to O'Connell to prepare the first petition to present to the Association. The first point respecting which the people sought relief was as to the admini-

stration of justice, and the eloquent writer of the petition pointed out with much force the hardship of the people, where the magistracy not only differed in religion from the poorer classes, but in many cases felt a marked antipathy for those of whom they ought to have been the natural protectors. Mr. Brougham presented the petition in the House of Commons, and moved that it should be referred to one of the Committees. Mr. Secretary Peel opposed the motion, and concluded a lengthened speech by characterising the petition as being in the "declamatory style of condemned tragedy." In Ireland, where it was known that Sheil wrote the petition, the point respecting the authorship excited considerable ridicule against the Association; but that body continued to increase in numbers and importance until 1825, when an act was passed for its suppression until 1828. There were, however, some openings left in the act, which enabled the members of the Association to carry on the agitation, by merely making some technical alterations in their mode of conducting business.

As we are neither writing the history of Ireland, nor (which was indeed the same thing at the period we treat of) the history of the Association, but only of such prominent matters as were personally interwoven with Sheil's career, we must hurry over a good deal of ground which presents points of much interest. Throughout the entire course of the agitation, Sheil held the second place before the country, and his fiery rhetoric often drew forth more enthusiastic applause than even O'Connell could elicit. His knowledge of French was also brought into requisition, and he wrote several articles in that language for *L'Etoile*, a journal published in Paris. Legal evidence on this point, however, could not be obtained, as a gentleman, named Hughes, a well-known member of the press, refused to prove the notes of the speech in which he admitted the authorship.

When the Duke of York died—at the close of 1826—Sheil delivered one of his most beautiful speeches, but we must premise a few words. The Duke had, unfortunately, in the House of Lords, declared with an oath that should he reach the throne (and he was heir presumptive), he would never con-

sent to Catholic emancipation. This declaration created a strong feeling of indignation against the Duke amongst the Catholics, and at a public dinner Sheil spoke of the Duke of York's supposed insanity in a manner which gave great offence to the Royal Family, and had the effect of excluding him from office till the death of William IV. Sheil often, in the most manly manner, expressed regret for this after-dinner gibe at infirmity, and took the opportunity of the Duke's death to deliver a speech in which he expressed the hope that all animosity against the dead enemy of Catholic freedom would cease. As a specimen of Sheil's serious style, we present it to the reader:—

"The pomp of death will for a few nights fill the gilded apartments in which the body of the Duke will lie in state. The artist will endeavour to avert that decay to which even princes are doomed, and embalm him with odours which may resist the cadaverous scent for a-while. He will be laid in a winding-sheet, fringed with silver and with gold—he will be enclosed in rich and spicy wood, and his illustrious descent and withered hopes will be inscribed upon his glittering coffin. The bell of St. Paul will toll—London, rich, luxurious, Babylonian London, will start at the recollection that even Kings must die. The day of his solemn obsequies will arrive—the gorgeous procession will go forth in its funeral glory; the ancient chapel of Windsor Castle will be thrown open, and its gothic aisle will be thronged with the array of Royalty—the emblazoned windows will be illuminated—the notes of holy melody will arise—the beautiful service of the dead will be repeated by the heads of the Church, of which he will be the cold and senseless champion—the vaults of the dead will be unclosed—the nobles and the ladies, and the high priests of the land will look down into those deep depositories of the pride, and the vanity, and the ambition of the world. They will behold the heir to the greatest empire of the world taking possession, not of that palace which was raised at such enormous and unavailing cost, but 'of that house which lasts till doomsday.' The coffin will go sadly and slowly down; they will hear it as its ponderous mass strikes on the remains of its Royal kindred; the chant will be resumed—a moment's awful

pause will take place—the marble vault of which none but the Archangel shall disturb the slumbers will be closed—the songs of death will cease—the procession will wind through the aisles again and restore them to their loneliness. The torches will fade in the open daylight—the multitude of the great, who will have attended the ceremony, will gradually disperse; they will roll again in their gilded chariots into the din and tumult of the great metropolis; the business and all the frivolities of life will be resumed, and the heir to three kingdoms will be in a week forgotten. We, too, will forget; but before we forget, let us forgive."

A prosecution was commenced against Sheil about this time for a speech on the "Memoirs of Wolfe Tone," then recently published. Sheil, in speaking at the Association of this work, pointed out some passages as a lesson to Government against repeating the disregard of popular feeling, such as was displayed in 1794-5-6, with the awful results in 1798. This was taken as a threat, and Sheil was prosecuted; but when Lord Liverpool died (27th February, 1827), and Canning became Prime Minister, the prosecution was abandoned. In order to give Canning time to make such arrangements as might lead to the settlement of the Catholic question, the agitation was suspended for a while, it being known that the Prime Minister was personally in favour of concession. But the death of that distinguished statesman soon put an end to these hopes, and the Association resumed its labours.

The Duke of Wellington having, after the short-lived Goderich Administration, succeeded to power in January, 1828, on principles hostile to the granting of the Catholic claims, the Association resolved to oppose the supporters of his Administration; and in the following summer they carried this resolution into execution at the Clare election, where they returned O'Connell (for a Catholic could be elected, though it was decided that he could not sit), against Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, after one of the most memorable contests on record. Sheil was most active at the election, of which he has left a very graphic account. The reader is aware that the Catholic question was settled soon afterwards, and the Association was dissolved, on the motion of Sheil,

even before the new bill for its total suppression was passed.

During the progress of the agitation, Sheil often went to England, to help to rouse the people to assist the Catholic cause. He attended a meeting at Penenden Heath, in Kent, but they would not listen to him. His speech, however, though not heard, was spoken; and as he gave a copy to the newspapers, it was published at once and attracted much notice. Jeremy Bentham pronounced it a "masterly union of logic and rhetoric." A public dinner was given to Sheil at the London Tavern, at which the leading friends of Catholic Emancipation were present.

Sheil became King's Counsel in 1830, and entered Parliament in 1831. He failed in his first attempt to be returned for the county of Louth; and he became a member of the House as representative for Milbourne Port, a borough in the nomination of the Marquis of Anglesea. He had now married a lady of considerable property (Mrs. Power, who had been a Miss Lalor), so that he was independent of professional income, and therefore resolved on turning his attention to political pursuits. He took part in the first repeal agitation, and spoke on the subject in the debate of 1834; but he did not join the Repeal Association, which was formed in 1840. In 1833 a charge was made against him of privately supporting the Coercion Bill, which he publicly condemned, but he was honourably acquitted by a committee of the House of Commons. During his parliamentary career he sat for Milbourne Port, Louth, Tipperary, and Dungannon; and though not a frequent speaker, he took part in most of the important discussions which arose. His official life commenced when Her Majesty came to the throne—and he held the posts of Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Judge-Advocate, Master of the Mint, and Ambassador to Florence. To enter on the history of Sheil's parliamentary life, would be to sketch the rise and fall of the various Administrations from 1831 to 1852. His speeches were always effective, for he learned how to catch the ear of the House.

One of these speeches, delivered in 1837, attacking Lord Lyndhurst (who was present) for calling the Irish "aliens," created a wonderful sensation in the House. The peroration is singu-

larly brilliant, and, in the opinion of competent judges, has not been surpassed in parliamentary eloquence. The following is an extract; but it is due to truth to premise, that Lord Lyndhurst afterwards told Sir Robert Peel that he did not intend to convey the meaning which had been given to his words:—

"Aliens! Was Arthur Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, 'Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?' The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. The battles, sieges, fortunes that he passed, ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered, that from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to the last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets through the phalanxes that had never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steepes and filled the moats at Badajoz? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all the greatest. Tell me—for you were there (I appeal to the gallant soldier before me [Sir Henry Hardinge], from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast)—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, united by the voice and inspired by the example



of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the aliens blanched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been pent up was let loose—when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from Heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?"

The speech in Dublin, at the trials of 1844, contains also some very fine passages, well worth the careful perusal of the student of oratory.

Sheil suffered much from gout for many years, and it was a sudden attack of this disease, caused by the news of his step-son's death, which proved fatal to him at Florence, on the 21st May, 1852. His remains were brought to Ireland, and interred at Long-Orchard, in the county of Tipperary.

Those who wish to acquire a minute acquaintance with the career of Sheil, will find in Mr. McCullagh's volumes a most interesting biography by one who

possessed Sheil's personal friendship. The "Sketches of the Irish Bar and Bench" give a good illustration of Sheil's graphic powers as a writer; and his speeches were edited, some years ago, by a member of the Irish bar (Mr. M'Nevin), and may be had in a convenient form for a moderate sum.

The writer of this sketch had not the pleasure of personally knowing Sheil, but has often heard him speak. In the old Catholic Association Sheil's power over his audience was something wonderful. His burning thoughts and brilliant figures made a great impression on his hearers. If his illustrations were sometimes far-fetched, still they were striking, and even though they might sometimes sin against the canons of severe criticism, they never failed to arouse attention. He seldom spoke in the House of Commons, and never without careful preparation, for he was most anxious to win his way to the dizzy heights of parliamentary fame, and therefore feared to risk a fall. But it is not true that Sheil was "all glitter." Some of his pathetic appeals to the heart must touch the feelings of any man not dead to the loftier sensibilities of our nature. He was most liberal in his views, and denounced with fiery invective those who persecuted men for conscience' sake, even though they might be of his own creed. No one will place him in the same position with Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, or Curran, but it was impossible to listen to Richard Lalor Sheil for ten minutes without feeling (as Professor Wilson says in one of his immortal *Noctes*) that you were in the presence of a man of genius.

J. B.

# OBITUARY.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1855.

In life, a man belongs first to himself, and only in a secondary sense to his fellows. He has his own sphere of action, of thought, of love, and hate, within which no mortal may intrude unbidden; and of which whoever attempts to speak will, it is likeliest, speak foolishly, if not maliciously. But when the individual has passed off the stage, when censure and praise are alike to him, then all men crowd round the open grave to claim their share of the heritage he has left—to canvass his whole life, his thinkings, sayings, doings, and use them for example or warning without scruple or hindrance. If there be anything in a man's life worth the attention of his fellows, there is no time so fitting for the study of it as the period of his death. Then, if any when, men are disposed to tread softly as they approach the sanctuary of a brother man's life; to judge more lovingly and, perhaps, more truly concerning him. True, the greatest men probably are not known till long after they have lain in the grave—till the tumult which their course aroused has somewhat subsided. But yet there is a fitness in speaking even of them, at the time when we begin to feel what it really is that we have lost. At least most men are ready to hear tidings of those who have just departed, and this alone is call sufficient to those who have anything to communicate respecting them. It will be our aim, in this chronicle, to present some picture of the illustrious men who, as the months roll on, pass away from among us; and, as the lives of those who rule the world come to a close, to save from the wreck of time such memorials as may be a help and guidance for us who remain awhile behind—not forgetting that the same characters may profitably be kept in view, and, perchance, studied again when some haze of time has intervened.

In the sphere of Politics two names—on the opposite extremes of the horizon—have been blotted from the list of the living. Of all the men who mark and make epochs in the world's history,

those may most truly be said to belong to their age, who either inaugurate a new order of things or whose death closes the line of representatives of some principle that has been before the world for centuries. Of these last, let us hope that NICHOLAS, Emperor of Russia, may one day prove to have been one. It may yet be seen that at this point in European history a pure despotism has ceased to be possible; that he who henceforth aspires to rule, even in Russia, must rule, if not in constitutional forms, at least in the spirit which all constitutions endeavour more or less successfully to embody; must rule, that is to say, in some degree, with a view to the welfare and the will of his people.

Perhaps, too, the future historian may find in this our half-yearly list one name worthy to rank among the makers of new epochs, the name of JOSEPH HUME. These two men,\* whose careers came to an end within so short a period of each other, might well stand as representatives of the opposite tendencies that are now doing stern battle, not with arms only, but wherever men meet together and have dealings one with another. The one, a monarch by questionable "Divine right," ruling seventy millions of human beings, with the modicum of wisdom and goodness allotted to him; the other, an uncrowned king of men, ruling by the unquestionable (not less Divine) right of his own God-given insight and truthfulness. In both there was a force that would not let them be lost sight of by whoever

\* Notices of both have already appeared among the "Lives of the Illustrious," Vol. II., p. 78, and Vol. IV., p. 273. These sketches were drawn while the subjects of them were yet in the full pursuit of the career; the present notice, partaking rather of the nature of an obituary, will, avoiding repetition as much as possible, treat of their lives from this new and altered point of sight. It may be as well to say here, that we shall record in this chronicle the names of the recently dead, without regard to notices which may have already appeared, and without precluding a more lengthened biography whenever there shall seem to be any sufficient advantage in looking back. We are indebted to the *Times* and other journals for permission to avail ourselves, in the instances acknowledged in the text, of the valuable memoirs which have already appeared in their columns.

looks out on the affairs of the world; in both, too, were defects which, though different in kind, should not be forgotten. If we were called on to compare the extent of the dominions over which these two men actually ruled, perhaps the untitled one may be found to have held a sway that ceases not with his death, over all the wide dominions of England; the other whose will but yesterday was the sole law for one fourteenth of the inhabitants of this planet, ceased to rule from the moment when another will assumed the guidance in the same sphere.

NICHOLAS PAULOVITCH was born the 25th June, Old Style: the 6th July, therefore, according to the modern reckoning, or more properly the 7th, since in the last century one day less separated the two styles. The third son, the seventh of ten children, of the too-famous Emperor Paul, and his Empress Marie Feodorowna (formerly the Princess Mary of Wurtemberg), he was educated with little expectation of his ever ascending the Imperial throne. He was but five years old at the time of the murder of his father (March 23, 1801). The details of this tragic event are too well known. Alexander, the heir to the throne, waited, it is said, in a room below, while his father was being strangled with his own scarf. The Empress, on the first disturbance, snatched the two young Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael from their beds, and was proceeding to place them in safety, when she was assured by Count Pahlen that for them there was no danger. During the early part of the reign of Alexander, the future Emperor was brought up in as much privacy as was possible in his rank. He was educated, under the care of his mother and the Princess Lieven, by Count Lansdorf, aided by the philologist Adelung, and Stork, who gave him lessons in political economy. Of his youthful days, the records which have transpired are not, perhaps, to be too implicitly relied on; yet from their tone we may draw some inferences which, on the whole, are not very favourable to the subject of them. It does not appear that he ever manifested any peculiar depth or vigour of intellect at this time. The studies to which he seemed most addicted were the science of military evolutions, the modern languages, and music. In the two former branches he attained a proficiency

which, in a prospective Emperor, was not unnaturally extolled as remarkable; in music, we are told that he went so far as to compose—a parade march! More authentic and more sorrowfully important is this fact, that in the spring-time of life he never made a friend. Of all those who surrounded his youth, whether his seniors or equals in age (and among these we might name Adelberg, Benkendorff, Orloff), not one ever received any substantial mark of respect or favour in after life. In truth, if the capability for strong attachment be one of the first qualities of a noble man, we must even refuse altogether the title of great to such a character. As a boy, we are told, he was “taciturn, melancholy, and given to trifling.” He was too young to take any active part in the French invasion, but he was old enough to be an observant spectator of the greatest struggle in which his future subjects or serfs were ever engaged. The recollection of the enthusiasm and devotion then manifested by them may have lured him on to those boundless schemes of aggression which were on the morning of the 2nd of March so suddenly brought to a close. It does not appear that at this period he showed any signs of that almost miraculous energy and strength of will and intellect which hereafter he was to manifest. Even from the follies of youth he seemed exempt; at least from such as are thought to belong especially to that age, and, too readily perhaps, forgiven. But this exemption cannot be said to apply strictly to his later life. As he approached manhood, the probability that he would one day become Emperor increased, and it was thought advisable to pursue his education with this prospect in view. On the proclamation of peace, in 1815, he made the tour of Europe, visiting especially the scenes of the great battles of modern times, and also the Courts of various nations; and among other cities, he came to London, where his youthful and martial appearance gained him the general good will. It was generally supposed that this tour was undertaken chiefly with a view to a matrimonial alliance—certain it is, that while at the Court of Berlin, the young Cæsarovitch was betrothed to Charlotte, the eldest daughter of the King of Prussia, Frederick William III. On his return to

Russia, he took a tour through several provinces of the empire, during which his attention was chiefly devoted to the reviews and other military displays which awaited him at every step. On the 13th July, 1816, his marriage with the princess just named took place, and the years from this period to his accession, formed the brightest portion of his life. He resided chiefly at the Amschow Palace, about half-a-mile from the Winter Palace, and here he busied himself in supplying those deficiencies in his education of which he had already become conscious. With his consort, who was baptized according to the Greek faith and took the title of Alexandra Feodorowna, he lived on terms of affection, which it could be wished were more common in Royal circles—and the Empress (who still survives), appears to be a woman well fitted to command the esteem of such a character, and so far as he was capable of love, to engage his affections also. About a year after their marriage the present Emperor, Alexander Cæsarovitch, was born, and several other children subsequently crowned their union.\*

Meanwhile, events were developing themselves in Europe, which materially influenced the stage on which Nicholas was hereafter to act so conspicuous a part. In Russia especially, the year 1818 marked a transition in the state of affairs, following too closely the alteration in Alexander's physical health. From the first, it would seem, the horrors attending his father's murder had preyed deeply on his mind. The subserviency to the murderers in which he was held throughout his reign, seems to have produced a settled melancholy, an almost pardonable distrust of men, and the first result of this was an increased stringency in the application even of the arbitrary laws and customs of

Russia. The press was stinted of the small measure of liberty it enjoyed; stern edicts were issued against the society of Freemasons, and against the missionaries of various sects and countries. In Poland, too, where the Imperial word was pledged to grant a constitution, the whole rigour of Russian despotism had been unrelentingly applied. Yet there was wanting that unity and vigour which alone can make despotism tolerable, and which, before and since that time, have almost made Russian autocracy respectable in the eyes of Europe. Throughout the whole body of Government officials there reigned a system of peculation, and immorality of every kind, with which, even in its modified form in later days, Nicholas found himself unable to contend. The personal will of the Sovereign had little to do with his public acts. Absorbed in melancholy, a prey to disease, given up, it is said, to mystical speculations, based on the writings of Madame Krüdner, he lived at Taganrog, in the beautiful climate of Southern Russia—a despot powerful for evil, but unable or indisposed to use his vast power for the real benefit of mankind.

It was necessary for us thus to sketch the character of the predecessor of Nicholas, in order to be in a position rightly to judge of the actions of the late Czar. The death of Alexander, at Taganrog, in 1825, only anticipated (if, indeed, it did not actually result from) the conspiracies of the old Boyards, who were incensed by the only humane and wise measure to which Alexander was disposed—namely, the emancipation of the serfs; while, on the other hand, the spirit of freedom, which no force can ever wholly suppress, was gaining vent in the various secret societies, and stood ready to seize the first opportunity of asserting itself. Such was the state of feeling, at the time when the couriers brought from Taganrog to St. Petersburg the news of the death of Alexander. In the natural course of succession, Constantine, the brother next in age, would have succeeded. But Constantine, fierce, imperious, brutal, had few friends except in the army, and these could not materially have availed him. Moreover, he was united in a left-handed marriage to a Polish lady, Jane Guidzinska, and thus was in some measure incapacitated from ascending the Russian throne. It

\* The following is a list of the family of the late Emperor, who all survive him: The Grand Duke Alexander (now Emperor) born 25th April, 1818, and married 28th April, 1841, the Princess Marie, daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, by whom he has a youthful family, his eldest son Nicholas (now Cæsarovitch), born 20th Sept., 1843. The Grand Duchess Marie, born 18th Aug., 1849, widow of the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The Grand Duchess Olga, born 17th Sept., 1822, and married 13th July, 1846, to the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg. The Grand Duke Constantine, born 21st Sept., 1827, married 23rd April, 1847, to the Princess Alexandria, of Saxe Altenburg. The Grand Duke Nicholas, born 8th Aug., 1831. The Grand Duke Michael, born Oct. 25th, 1832. The surviving sisters of the late Emperor are the reigning Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar and the Queen of Holland.

is difficult to believe that up to the period of Alexander's death Nicholas had no knowledge of the dignity that awaited him; yet we are assured that it was during an interview with his mother, immediately after the receipt of the news, that he first learned the existence of a sealed packet, which had been confided to the Grand Council of State, to be opened only in the event of Alexander's death. This packet contained three documents; the first, a letter from Alexander to Constantine, urging upon him the necessity for his renouncing all pretensions to the throne, "in order that he might be able to give to the pledge which he voluntarily and cheerfully made at his separation (from the Princess Julia of Saxe Coburg), a stronger guarantee and force;" the second document was a letter from Constantine, promising to fulfil the conditions imposed on him; and the third a decree constituting Nicholas the successor to the throne. Constantine, who was at the time at Warsaw, hastened to take the oath of allegiance to his brother; while Nicholas, though he must have been aware of the position in which he stood, likewise took the oath of fealty to Constantine.

Of the tragedy of the 25th December, when this new reign was baptized in the blood of Russia's best sons, there is little need to repeat what all readers know. The conspiracy, shared alike by the more ardent lovers of freedom and the old Russian party, was subdued, not by grape shot merely, but by the stern attitude and eagle glances of the new Sovereign. The serfs who composed the revolted regiment, mechanically obeyed the order "right shoulder forward"—and the revolt was over—save only the cruel vengeance from which the leaders made little or no attempt to escape.\* The various accounts which

\* Of the five who were selected as the leaders to undergo the hitherto unknown penalty of hanging we may here record the names—Pestel, Rykoff, Kakofski, Mouravief (whose brother had fallen in the insurrection), and Bestryff. Poor Pestel's spirit (and a nobler never lived), still survives in that well-known music, scratched on the wall of his cell with a nail just before his execution. Rykoff was well-known to his countrymen, and deserves to be so to all Europe as a poet. Thanks to Mr. Herzen, of London, we are enabled here to preserve the following fragment of an ode addressed, in 1825, to the present Emperor Alexander II.: would we might hope that its full significance, which the writer never could have divined, may now, after the lapse of thirty years, be felt by him to whom it was addressed. We give an almost literal translation from the original Russian, which first appeared in a St.

have come to us of the events of that day are conflicting in some points agree, that in presence of the regents Nicholas displayed the courage of a lion; but it would seem that he was not induced without difficulty to expose himself to the danger, and that he yielded to the entreaties of Count Borsowski to show himself to the public at the moment when the danger remaining was almost as imminent.

The courage that can face death without shrinking is less rare than the "two o'clock in the morning" courage on which Napoleon prided himself, which leaves a man the full use of his faculties, to observe and to use the opportunities of the moment. In the present emergency, at another occasion somewhat later, the prevalence of the cholera and a tumult among the ignorant people of St. Petersburg, the Czar showed that he could do by strong will and iron yet of that courage which has its deeper down in the nature of man is scarcely proof. However that be, we know that in the terrible blood that flowed that day were drenched not only the hopes of the Russian rulers, but whatever liberal tendencies may have existed in the breast of the young monarch. Henceforward, bent on shutting out from the world of the earth under his rule the thoughts and aspirations which were stirring around. The Marquis de Custine had a conversation with the Emperor as to the memorable events of the 25th December, the following words of Nicholas: "I did nothing extraordinary. I said to the soldiers, 'Return to your ranks!' and, at the moment of the regiment in review, I cried, 'Your knees!' They all obeyed. I gave me power was, that the first day, I had resigned myself to death. I am grateful for having succeeded, but I am not proud of it; it was by no merit of my own." The same narrator he said, "I have the reputation of a representative monarch. It is the government of falsehood.

Petersburgh Review: "Already the voice of Liberty is lifted up threatening the Mighty. Let the peoples benth then to! the kings gathered together are a Child! perhaps the Future also holds a threat. Learn, in thy earliest years how to King! Love thy people. Thou owest it to them. Love free-spokenness; love it to and know how to drive far from thee the spirits of adulation and of servitude."

and corruption, and rather than adopt it, I would fall back to the borders of China." Again, "Despotism is the very essence of my government, and it suits the genius of the land." Once only, in Poland, in 1830, did he even approach the resemblance of constitutional freedom; and the result of the experiment was to draw from him the declaration that never again would he try to be a constitutional monarch. He was right; for nature had assuredly not made him for such a post.

The subsequent part of his life is, in truth, the history of Russia. To an extent rarely seen among mortals, he had the power of giving life and motion to that huge, soulless body he had inherited—the Russian Empire. The spirit of progress, and the strongest instincts of human men and women, seemed paralysed before that all-subduing will. It was his aim to rule, not only his own hereditary Empire, but, if he might, all the world beside, without any one to check or to share his power. Scarcely had solemn masses been performed, and holy water sprinkled over the blood-reeking soil of St. Petersburg, scarcely was the ceremony of his coronation over (3rd September, 1826), when war was declared with Persia, which, after continuing more than a year, was concluded by a treaty, whereby the Shah ceded two fine provinces to Russia, and bound himself to pay 20 millions of silver roubles as the penalty of resistance. About a year afterwards, Nicholas declared war with Turkey; Adrianople opened its gates,\* and Con-

stantinople was itself in danger, although the Turks in the Balkan, and in the defence of Silistria and Varna, had covered themselves with glory.

This was the first and last campaign in which Nicholas took part personally; and here we must do justice to the sagacity which enabled him to see when his plans could best be carried out by his subordinates, free from the constraint of his personal presence. Not that he ceased to be the guiding mind in all these transactions, but his withdrawal freed the able general to whom the war was entrusted from the constraint of advice which could not be disregarded, whether judicious or not. The successful termination of these wars might have satisfied even Nicholas, and it seemed that now he would be content to devote himself to the internal improvement of his dominions. He had sufficient insight to detect the absolute necessity of reform in the various administrative departments, and none could be better able to carry it out. But events beyond the limits of his own empire demanded his notice in spite of himself.

There is conclusive proof that at the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1830, Nicholas was preparing for a crusade against the new Government, while assuring the French monarch of his pacific intentions towards France. But a nearer care diverted him from his purpose. The spirit of freedom had spread into Poland, mocked with a constitution and groaning under the rule of Constantine. The Polish Diet dared to depose Nicholas from the throne of

\* The Treaty of Adrianople—sufficiently obscure to general readers to excuse a brief notice here—must always remain one of the strangest passages in diplomatic history. The Russian Commander who affected to dictate terms to the Sultan, found himself with a force nominally of 20,000 men in a hostile town, which counted 80,000 inhabitants, and at the least, 20,000 fighting men; Molke gives the number of effective combatants at Constantinople as 30,000. As many more Albanians were at Sophia. Of the fortresses on the Danube, Widdin, Nicopolis, Sistowa, and Rustchuck still held out; Shumla, with a very considerable force, remained in the hands of the Turks. The communication between Adrianople and the ports in the Black Sea might at any moment have been cut off. Diebitch and his army were completely isolated, and removed from all possibility of succour. Bad as all this was, and hopeless as was the condition of the Russians as thus described, the debilitated and sickly state of their forces in Adrianople was worse than all. Diebitch's troops were melting away in his hands under the influence of a combination of diseases, and yet, being in this situation, he wrested from the ignorance and timidity of his opponents the solid fruits of victory, and all the results of the most successful campaign. He instantly commenced bullying the Turks, and threatening them with extreme consequences unless

they at once yielded the town up to his mercy and constituted the troops prisoners of war. No one knew better at the time than Diebitch that his case was hopeless if his artifice did not succeed, for, had the Turks kept his troops in check but a single week, they must have melted away from the effects of disease and fatigue. Even could he have forced his way into the town, it would simply have been to lead his troops to the shambles, if the population had risen against him. All depended upon success in the endeavour to frighten the Turks out of their courage. Strange to say, the Pashas did not wait for the expiration of the time allowed them for consideration of Diebitch's propositions. The Turkish troops threw away their arms, and the inhabitants flocked out to offer submission and sweetmeats to their Russian conquerors. By the terms of the Treaty which ensued, the Dardanelles were to be open to the ships of all nations, the Porte to pay to the Russian Government 12,000,000 of Dutch ducats; to yield the long-coveted recognition of Russian protectorate over Greece and the Danubian provinces, and to raze all the Turkish fortresses on the left bank of the Danube. Yet of the army of 50,000 men who had crossed the Pruth to impose these disgraceful conditions, scarcely one man lived to return to Russia.

Poland, to stand up for the constitutional rights secured by solemn oaths to their land. But already 150,000 men were marching into Poland. So far as we may, we would draw a veil over the horrors that succeeded; they have been told often enough to produce all the good that can be effected by the telling. In the park at Warsaw, at the back of the Imperial palace, there still stands an iron monument erected to commemorate the subjection of Poland—a monument of a great people's grief, but a far more striking memorial of Imperial baseness. Too sadly does this monument embody the words he spoke at Varsovia, in 1835: "I have caused a citadel to be constructed here, and I declare to you that at the slightest disturbance I will destroy your city. I will lay waste Varsovia; and assuredly it will not be I who will rebuild it." The rest of this reign, down to the time of the events which even now shake Europe, offers few facts that throw any new light on the personal character of the man. In 1830, war was declared with Circassia—a war which, with little honour to the Russian arms, has continued up to the present time. In 1840, the insidious propositions of Russia being adopted by the British Government and by that of Austria, led us to the brink of war with France, and engaged us in military operations in Syria; but with this exception the peace of the world remained undisturbed until 1848. Throughout these years, and down to his last moment, he seems to have pursued with a steadiness all but sublime the objects of his life. No human frailty, nor, alas! any human compassion, stood in the way of his policy to extend the limbs of his colossal empire, and to make his individual will felt to its remotest borders. No ignoble aim truly—yet an aim which kind Heaven permits not to any mortal wholly to accomplish. What lay within human power Nicholas achieved, and the recoil of his policy upon himself, which was only forestalled by his death, was what no man could have foretold, but what, now that it has happened, all wise men may see to have been inevitable, so long as the laws which regulate human affairs remain immutable.

In 1845, it was whispered in St. Petersburg that the Emperor had left the capital—none knew for certain, till the English papers announced his ar-

rival in London. The purport of that visit, we now know, eight years afterwards, as revealed in the "secret correspondence." It is said that while a child, his mother would point him to the west, and tell him that there lay England, the land whose friendship he must ever seek; and that the Emperor, in after life, repeated this maxim as the rule which guided his policy. It is tolerably certain that he would have preferred an alliance with this country to a union with France. For the "Citizen King," he entertained a scarcely disguised contempt, and for the present Emperor he can hardly be supposed to have felt much sympathy. To England first, and then to France, were the proposals made that were to further his darling schemes of conquest; with what success all Europe knows now that it is too late. That he had his preferences there is no doubt; but to him the strictest alliances and the most solemn promises were only the means to ulterior ends. We quote the words of a writer, in the *Moniteur*; if, as rumour gives out, they are from another Imperial pen, the fact might be suggestive of much:—

"To stretch forth the powerful hand of Russia upon Europe to enslave it; to make Germany its vassal, and, if necessary, step over its body to reach the East; to keep the mouths of the Danube as the gates of Austria, and the banks of the Niemen as the entrance to Prussia; to stifle the last palpitations of Poland so as to prevent the revival of a nationality which protected the South against the North; to place the Baltic and the Black Sea under the sovereignty of the Russian flag floating from the towers of Cronstadt and Sebastopol; to keep the East in check; to weaken Turkey, to exhaust her without killing her, and to await the propitious moment for pouncing upon that prey so eagerly watched for a century by the eagle eye of the Czar, to possess the first army and the first navy in the world, so as to be master by land as well as by sea; to fix a day in the future when the Colossus continuing his giant strides would boldly cross the Bosphorus, and establish himself at the mouth of the Dardanelles, on the shores of that beautiful Mediterranean which was to become a Russian lake; to universalise the Greek dogma, and make St. Sophia the St. Peter of future centuries—in a word, to

construct a new Roman empire with new Cæsars; such was the policy of the Emperor Nicholas."

We have already seen that not a little was done during the lifetime of the late Czar to forward the traditional policy of the House of Romanoff, as sketched in the document known (we pretend not to judge of its authenticity) as Peter the Great's will. Not less vigorous and not more scrupulous was his domestic policy. Viewed in the light of the present moment, it may appear to have been more successful; yet perhaps the lapse of a few years may reveal defects yet unnoticed even here. He has sought to encourage commerce, at the risk, perhaps, of seeing his nobles become too mighty to submit to his power, and, it may be, at some long distant time, too enlightened to bow to the irresponsible will of any man. He laboriously gathered from every corner of the world every new invention that could widen his material power; he hoarded the designs for every improvement, to be carried out in such time and way as he might deem expedient. Had he lived undisturbed another twenty years, might he not have found that the telegraph, the steam press, the railroad, have strange power to upheave the dullness of ages, and give vitality and purpose to the inert mass of men? Could he have said to these material agents of progress, thus far and no farther? Perhaps not. Nicholas again, in accordance with the same traditional policy, sought out the most distinguished and able foreigners to fill his chief offices. Might not this, too, have been a source of embarrassment, had his life been prolonged? Or again, what would have been the result had he carried out to the full extent the best purpose of his life, the emancipation of the serfs? Would the millions thus raised to the dignity of men have proved easy to rule? or would the newly-loosed instincts have run wild over the land, and overturned "order" in a conventional and even in a higher sense? It is usually profitless to speculate on what might have been; yet we may say that the death of this man has cut the knot of many problems kindred to those we have hinted. Unless, indeed, it should be found that they are yet unsolved, and that in their settlement vaster interests than those of Russia only are bound up.

In the convulsions of 1848 and 1849 (with the exception of his interference in Hungary), Nicholas remained passive—not seeking in the *culbute générale* of thrones and vested interests to push his schemes of acquisition. Perhaps an instinct truer than any maxims of State-policy taught him that here was no safe ground for him; perhaps he waited, foreseeing too truly the reaction that was soon to set in; or, perhaps, that infatuation which later developed itself taught him to look with contempt on the new Powers that were heralded in by the din of revolutions. Certain it is that the course he took proved the best calculated to further the ends of his life, and that by his conduct in these years he greatly increased his influence in Europe, and gained, perhaps for the first time, the reputation of a far-sighted, and wise, as well as a brave and powerful Prince. From this time forward the events of his reign belong to the current history of our day, rather than to biography. No new feature of personal character is disclosed by the events of 1853 and 1854. The same policy, changing its means but steadfast to its ends, pursued with the same indomitable will on a more magnificent scale. Such is the aspect of Russian policy during the last two years. The conventional idea of the Russian Emperor as a gigantic intellect and will, without conscience and without pity, is perhaps nearer the truth than most popular notions—nor have we, separated as we are by distance, and now, alas! by the din of war, the materials for filling in the finer lines of the picture. Yet hatred itself cannot refuse to respect the many qualities which undeniably fitted this man to be the ruler of a great Empire, to subdue all hearts, and to guide the steps of weaker men whither he would.

Nicholas, it is said, in his younger days, was fond of carving on trees the name of Napoleon. It were flattery to carry out the parallel to great length—yet there are not wanting points of comparison. It was accident, perhaps, rather than any deep-rooted difference, that made the one man the incarnation of despotism, the other the "armed soldier of democracy." Each was the representative of his nation; each had strength enough to force the world to acknowledge them as such. For rocky, all-enduring strength, which rose superior to the claims of circumstances, of sur-



rounding men, and even of physical nature, the two sovereigns may well be compared. For frankness and directness in dealing with those around him, we may unhesitatingly give the palm to Nicholas. A certain stern, unimpassioned sincerity, far removed from Muscovite cunning, must be freely ascribed to him—nor need we be too hasty in adopting all that has been said and written to serve a momentary purpose, respecting his duplicity in political affairs. His policy has been consistent, it could not remain a secret to those who were admitted to the interior of the diplomatic circle; if others had not the wisdom to foresee and guard against its possible consequences, that may be a reason for charging them with folly, but not for condemning Nicholas as insincere. In dealing with men, Nicholas and Napoleon alike found the means of subduing all wills to their own—the one, by that mystic “divinity that hedges a king”—the other, by the indisputable force of personal qualities only. One cannot say of either that they were intensely loved by any of those around them; neither was it mainly by fear that they ruled; men obeyed them because they had unlimited faith in them; because they were manifestly endowed with the faculties which entitle a man to rule, and command the reverence of all around them. Such obedience is more lasting, more deep, and true than any more homage to the accident that gives the name of Emperor.

Another comparison which has been more than once made, we may cite as throwing some partial light on the character of the late Czar. M. de Ferrounays, who witnessed his conduct during the insurrection at the commencement of his reign, is reported to have said: “I have seen Peter the Great civilised.” Too literally taken, the parallel would be unjust to both, yet it is not without some appropriateness. Nicholas was far enough removed from the drunken savage, who, while aspiring to rule the world, could not control his own lowest impulses. Perhaps this virtue of self-control, near akin to that which poor Burns so mournfully declares to be “wisdom’s root,” was the quality which we may most unhesitatingly ascribe to Nicholas. Setting out from the assumption, that it was his duty to exhibit before the eyes of all men the heaven-descended dignity of the Emperor, it is,

in one view at least, a magnificent spectacle to see how he kept this aim before him, in all times and under all difficulties. Not even the hand of death, laid plainly upon him, could restrain him from being present at a review. That his love for the Empress and his children was pure and strong, we may well believe; yet, even with them, he was always the Emperor—still keeping up the stateliness of a Court, while his strong heart must have longed to burst forth in ways of its own seeking, to bind those dear ones closely to the husband and father, as such. Doubtless there was a nearer, less fettered intercourse in the privacy of the palace, which none have had the opportunity of recording; yet we should have revered and esteemed him none the less, could we have fancied him capable of a jest with his friend or a romp with his children. That is not the truest dignity which sits on the bearer like a suit of armour, rather than a dress which plainly and fittingly belongs to him, which can be trusted to preserve itself unimpaired, when not required for use. The haughtiness which Nicholas maintained was, first, the result of natural disposition; then of policy; then of habit; yet must there have been a constant watchfulness, a restraint that showed he was the wearer of an adventitious dignity—that his emperorship was a mask, not an inherent right of his own nature. Yet it is not for us, stifled in constitutionalisms, and too well used to see our kings in name the mere puppets of circumstances—it is not for us to slight the ruler who, in his own person, actually conducted the government of his vast empire—who knew how to use the abilities of his servants, as tools in his own hands, without embarrassing himself with their individual aims and peculiarities. It was only in virtue of his perpetual subjection of himself to an idea, that he was able to rule thus.

The official writer before quoted has some remarks which we cannot refrain from here reproducing: “Russian ambition, purified by the spirit of political wisdom, exalted by the religious sentiment, ruled in Nicholas. This monarch, in truth, combined in himself all the stern attributes of his race. Nature, blood, tradition, education, all made him a ruler. His gigantic stature, his lofty brow, the straight, bold lines of his countenance, the stern, cold, piercing

glance, that never revealed a flash of inspiration, whose impassability never betrayed an emotion of the heart; his full, deep, sonorous voice, his step, firm and rapid as his will, all revealed his rank, his sovereignty, his mission. Dignity was so habitual, so easy to him, that he was ever the same, always the sovereign, whether in the pomp of the Court, at the head of his troops, or in the familiarities of private life. To see him thus calm, simple, proud, receiving the homage of courtiers and ambassadors, passing along the lines of his regiments, or traversing the streets of his capitals, it seemed as if the genius of Royalty, old and worn out in certain races of the West, had renewed its youth, and resumed its *prestige* and vigour, among a people who but yesterday were born into the family of civilised nations. Assuredly, in this nature, so marked, there was something grand, something to awe, and to lead men captive; yet was there wanting one of the noblest qualities of man, especially of an emperor—mercy. The Czar never forgave. His autocracy was not merely absolute; it was pitiless: its attendants were exile, confiscation, penalties of all kinds. It was as impossible to move him as to convince him: his heart was as inflexible as his will." Let it be added, since it must, that where pity, the divinest of human qualities, is absent, there can be no fuel for the fire that distinguishes the warrior and the ruler of men in any shape. The "civilised Peter the Great" can hardly bear comparison with his savage ancestor in this respect. Not that Nicholas ever degraded himself by the cruelty of the wild beast, as Peter did; not that Peter could ever be called merciful. Yet we know that he was capable of intense love, towards one or two individuals, at least; and but for this it were impossible to understand how he had inspired armies and peoples with a faith in himself, not as Czar merely, but as a being somewhat more than human; how it was that millions could be led to follow him over battle-fields and ice-bound plains, trusting their lives and their all to his genius. We repeat, such confidence is not to be won by those in whom the softer elements of man's nature seem wanting, or wholly effaced; and by Nicholas this highest tribute which men can pay to their fellow-man was never earned. Though busied day and

night with military affairs, he wisely refrained from attempting to win the reputation of a warrior. Had he tried, he would probably have found how inferior is the obedience that can be enforced as a matter of drill to the enthusiasm inspired by personal character.

The end of this man's life was well befitting the whole tenour of it. There can be no doubt that the constant tension of every faculty and nerve at length broke down that royal frame. Nicholas was not, like Napoleon or Peter, the creator of a system that sprang out of his own individuality, and therefore within the compass of his powers. He was the incarnation of a spirit which not he only but his subjects had received from his predecessors, which he resolutely maintained to the last moment, but at the cost of his life. There is no need for us here to tell how, in pursuit of his aims, he suddenly, perhaps unexpectedly, found himself in arms against the civilised world—how bravely he nerved himself to the conflict, or how, with chequered issues, it has gone on till now. Enough that the magnitude of the task turned his brain: that his physical frame, kept to its task as by the iron hand of destiny, endured so long as human nature could, and then gave way. It is not known, in reality, what was the proximate cause of his death; nor how much reliance is to be placed on the self-glorifications of Dr. Granville and others, who have claimed special knowledge as to his physical peculiarities. That the intense action of his mind cut short the thread of bodily life, few can doubt; nor is it unreasonable to believe that inherited tendencies made him more susceptible of the effect of sudden emotions. There is little in the record of his last acts, or of the few hours that elapsed after he resigned the direction of affairs, before his death, to modify our judgment of the man. Indeed it seldom happens that the last hours of a life betray a direction very different from its whole course. Some few incidents, however, gathered from the newspapers of the day (not the most reliable source, but the only one as yet available), may be worth preserving:—

"His Majesty (says the semi-official account) had long been suffering from an attack of 'grippe.' As early as the 18th of February (N. S.), the body physician, Dr. Mandt, requested permission

to call in other physicians. The Emperor assented, smiling and joking the while, on Dr. Carell being admitted. The Emperor's condition became slowly aggravated through insomnia and increased cough, with much expectoration, so that the physicians entreated his Majesty not to quit his apartments on the 22nd. But the Emperor would hear of no such thing; whereupon one of the physicians said, 'Were any soldier as ill as is your Majesty, there is not a doctor in the whole army that would allow him to quit the hospital.' The Emperor answered, 'Gentlemen, you have done your duty—I thank you; and now I will fulfil mine.' Having said this, he mounted his sledge, although the weather was rather cold (15 degrees Reaumur, or 34 below freezing-point Fahrenheit), and drove to the exercise-house of the Guards, to inspect some Infantry which were about to march in order to complete the regiments in Lithuania."

The effort was too much, and after his return from the review he never left his little study—still stretched on his simple camp-bed, still busied in dispatching and receiving messengers to and from Sebastopol. Four days he lay thus, after he had transferred all business into the hands of his successor. On the night of the first of March, Dr. Mandt told him his end was nigh. For a moment, the part he had played through life was continued—"Do you dare to condemn me to death?" he asked. Then, as if feeling that his day as Emperor was over, he calmly made the arrangements that could no longer be postponed. A kindly farewell was taken of the attendants who had been near his person—a few words were spoken, that might aid to harmonise the conduct of his two sons (possible rivals for the throne)—the Empress was commended to the special care of a favourite attendant. Then, at noon, on the second of March, that life, on which so many others hung, had passed away in silence, as other human lives pass away.

Almost the last words the Emperor spoke were a message to the King of Prussia, entreating the continuance of his aid to Russia. But the account of his last words, contained in an official order to the Imperial Guards by his successor, contains more suggestive matter. After a message, exhorting his soldiers to fight bravely for their coun-

try, he added, "If the condition of all my subjects has not been improved so much as I could wish, it is that I could do no more." Sad is it to be reminded, by these last words of the most royal of modern rulers, of those words of one of the most contemptible—" *Moi seul je ferai le bonheur de mon peuple.*" Alas! that both of these monarchs, called to rule in perilous times, should have so misunderstood their province, and forgotten that to no one man is it given to make, nor (thank Heaven!) wholly to mar, the happiness of a people. The French monarch was swept off as an insect by the breeze, and few troubled themselves further, when once he was gone, respecting him. The other and greater likewise was swept away, not because he failed in anything that will and foresight could accomplish, but because, like the former, he had forgotten the onward march of human thoughts and aspirations, and sought, within his single brain, to comprehend and guide the whole progress of humanity. His giant nature bent not before the torrent, but it broke, for it was human. Would that other rulers would learn to think that men are to be led by wisdom, but can never be permanently or usefully governed by force.

At the moment when the Imperial troubler of Europe passed off the scene, there lay yet unburied the now lifeless frame of another, not less worthy to be called a ruler of men, though undistinguished by rank or title.

JOSEPH HUME died at Burnley Hall, Norfolk, on the 20th February, but twelve days before the Emperor of Russia. To write his life would be to write the history of England, at least for the last half century; and this, for want of space (and for weightier reasons) may not be done here. The birth of the veteran reformer takes us back almost to the beginning of the forgotten "good old times when George the Third was King." In 1777, at Montrose, he first saw the light. Of his father, a sea-captain, we know little; of his mother, we can discover that she was accomplished enough to give her son the rudiments of a good education; wise enough, to add to this the utmost advantages that the excellent Scotch school system could give; and, moreover, brave and shrewd enough, when occasion urged, to keep a crockery shop, and thrive in

it, much to the benefit, no doubt, of young Joseph and his brother, apprenticed to an apothecary at thirteen. Mr. Hume studied medicine, first at Aberdeen, then at Edinburgh, and then "walked the hospitals" in London. After a preliminary voyage, he went out to India as a surgeon in the Company's service, in 1799—and here commences the course which led to the distinction he afterwards arrived at. We extract the following well-told story of his career, from the *Times* newspaper:—

"India only gave scope to his native power and energy of mind. We have heard that in his second voyage out, in one of the 'ancient Arks' of the Company, crammed with passengers of all classes, conditions, and professions, he volunteered, on the accidental death of the purser, to supply the duties of that deceased functionary during the remainder of the voyage—that his assiduity and good temper in that vocation gained him many friendships; and that on the arrival of the vessel in Calcutta, the captain, officers, and passengers gave him a public testimonial in acknowledgment of his gratuitous services. Thus, the young surgeon landed with a ready-made reputation. His keen instinct led him immediately to observe that few of the Company's servants acquired the native languages. He lost no time, therefore, in setting to work and mastering that difficult accomplishment. Labour was to him a pastime, especially if any rupees could be gained by it. Mr. Hume, moreover, early studied the religions of the East, and the superstitions of that vast and mixed Asiatic population, whose succession of creeds, moulded into so many sects, is so essential a knowledge for the rule of India.

"The authorities early recognised in young Hume a valuable and laborious servant. In 1802-3, on the eve of Lord Lake's Mahratta war, much consternation at the seat of government occurred. On a discovery that the gunpowder in store was useless from damp, Mr. Hume's knowledge of chemistry came fortunately in aid of bad administration; he undertook the restoration of this all-important munition of war, and he succeeded. Attached in his medical capacity to a regiment in the expedition, he was almost immediately selected by Major-General Powell as the interpreter to the Commander-in-

Chief. But our space will not permit us to follow this industrious man throughout his Indian career. Sufficient it is to mention, that he not only continued his medical duties, but filled successively important posts in the offices of paymaster and postmaster of the forces, in the prize agencies, and the commissariat. So recently as the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Military, Ordnance, and Commissariat Expenditure (of which he was an active and valuable member), he astonished his colleagues by the intelligence and acuteness of his examination of witnesses. On some expression of surprise in the committee, he observed, "You forget I was once Commissary-General to an army of 12,000 men in India!" Not only did he gain high reputation by these multifarious civil employments, but he realised large emoluments. Peace concluded, within five years Mr. Hume returned to the Presidency, and with a sufficient private fortune to justify his retirement from his profession, and, much sooner than falls to the lot of most men in the service of the East India Company, he resigned his civil employments, and arrived in England, the possessor of an honestly-earned fortune of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*

"The best proof of Mr. Hume's worthy possession of affluence, was his use of pecuniary competency. On his arrival in Europe, he continued his active pursuit of mental improvement and practical knowledge. In 1809, he made a tour of the United Kingdom, visiting all the principal ports and manufacturing towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, as 'fact-hunting' was his pleasure, he devoted the greater portion of the years 1810 and 1811 to tours on the Continent; extending his travels to Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, the Ionian Isles, Sicily, Malta, Sardinia, &c.

"The two ultimate objects of Joseph Hume, thus independent in circumstances, and in the prime of life, were the acquisition of seats in the East India Direction and in Parliament. We believe that at this period, his political convictions and earlier associations had been those of a 'Tory,' but that home politics had been a secondary interest in his mind during his struggle in India for ways and means of pecuniary independence. Certain it is that the future Radical first entered the House of Commons as a Tory. The borough of Wey-

mouth and Melcombe-Regis was the cradle of our aspiring legislator. The patron of the borough and one of its members (Sir John Lowther Johnstone) having died, Mr. Hume succeeded to the vacant seat in January, 1812, the last session of the Parliament. A Scotch solicitor, trustee of the deceased baronet, 'introduced' Mr. Hume to the constituency for a valuable consideration. Mr. Hume had bargained for a second return. The new member took his seat on the Treasury bench, supporting the Perceval Administration. His Ministerial votes were never abandoned for Liberal minorities. On the dissolution of Parliament the following autumn, the patrons of the seat refused him re-election. We have reason to believe that the ex-member's reforming and progressive tendencies having broken out in occasional visits to his constituents (which Hume thought it his duty to make, but which the trustees deemed works of supererogation), and at which he advocated schools and other social benefits, the Duke of Cumberland and his co-trustees, the patrons, determined to provide a substitute. Mr. Hume, we believe, on an arbitration, obtained some return-money for the breach of contract. It is by no means unlikely that experience of the 'borough system' opened the eyes of the Indian Reformer to the defects in the representation.

"During his six years' exclusion from the House of Commons, till elected for Aberdeen in 1818, Mr. Hume was not idle. He was an active member of the central committee of the Lancasterian school system. At this period, forming a friendship with the late Francis Place, of Westminster, he became deeply interested in the promotion of the moral and intellectual interests of the working classes, and in the improvement of their physical condition, and he also published a pamphlet advocating the establishment of savings banks and on the principles of their subsequent foundation. Mr. Hume's natural ambition for a seat in the East India Direction found him now at liberty also for the untiring pursuit of this second object of personal honour and interest. Although invariably unsuccessful, it incensed his constant exposure of Indian abuses in each periodical meeting of the Proprietary. His canvass for the Direction, also, by one of the fortunate accidents of life, was destined to have great influence on his

further prosperity and happiness. On one occasion Mr. Hume had obtained access to a proprietor enjoying four votes—a gentleman of great influence, but of peculiar aversion to canvassers for the Direction—the late Mr. Burnley, of Guildford-street. Nevertheless, Mr. Hume effected his visit, and his forcible representation of Indian abuses, and of the efficacy of his curative prescriptions, if elected a Director, and of the consequent advantages to stockholders, established him in the good graces of the old gentleman, and, what was of more value, in those of the daughter. Although he failed to force the India House, he won and wedded the lady—the present amiable and excellent Mrs. Hume.

"We resume Mr. Hume's public and Parliamentary career. He continued unseated till his return to the Parliament which met on the 14th of January, 1819. We then find him representing the 'Aberdeen District of Burghs,' comprehending his native town of Montrose cum Brechin, Inverbervie, and Aberbrothock. The whole electors of these self-elect burghs, members of close corporations, did not then exceed 100 persons. The neighbouring peers and lairds were the half-dozen patrons. Mr. Hume, aided by the late Lord Panmure and by the liberal party of the North of Scotland, in a desperate struggle beat the boroughmongers, and succeeded in obtaining the return. This was the stepping-stone to his permanent and independent position in the House of Commons.

"In 1830 Mr. Hume relinquished the Scotch burghs, being returned with the late Mr. Byng, unopposed, for Middlesex. He continued to sit for the metropolitan county till the dissolution of 1837, when, in July, Colonel Wood defeated him by a small majority. Mr. O'Connell in the same month returned him for Kilkenny. In the new Parliament of 1841 Mr. Hume was again defeated at Leeds. In 1842, on the retirement of Mr. Chalmers from Montrose, Mr. Hume returned to his old political love, and he died in the service of his fellow-townsmen.

"How are we to characterise or even note the Herculean labours of this prodigy in representative government? It is impossible, within the limits of volumes, to record his innumerable speeches in Parliament, his motions, his returns,

his select committees, his reports, his personal and party contests in the House of Commons, much less his various agitations 'out of doors.' His speeches alone, during thirty-seven years, occupy volumes of 'Hansard.' In some, Mr. Hume's speeches occur in 150 pages, on various political and legislative questions. We cannot attempt even an analysis of the chief subjects of his active and busy discussion. He is the modern Prynne, who defies all reprint, comments, or review. In this age of levelling legislation on social interests, he was always 'on his legs.' He spoke oftener, and frequently made longer speeches, than any other member of the Commons since England enjoyed a House of Commons. In the Court of Directors and in Parliament he stood for many years almost alone contending for the freedom of trade against the East India monopoly. He proposed sweeping and repeated plans of reform of the army, navy, and ordnance, and of almost every civil department, of the Established Churches and Ecclesiastical Courts, of the civil and criminal laws, of the system of public accounts, of general taxation, duties, and customs. He early advocated the abolition of military flogging, naval impressment, and imprisonment for debt. He carried, almost single-handed, the repeal of the old combination laws, the prohibition of the export of machinery, and the act preventing workmen from going abroad. He led forlorn hopes against colonial abuses, against town and country municipal self-elect government, election expenses, the licensing systems, the duties on paper, print, 'on tea, tobacco, and snuff.' He assaulted and carried by storm Orange lodges and close vestries, to say nothing of his aid of Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Reform Act of 1832. He was the unrelenting persecutor of sinecurists, drones, and old men pretending to do the work of the young in the State. Out of doors he was a member of every Liberal and Radical club and association. He occupied for years the throne of the old Crown and Anchor Tavern, in Palace-yard, and in Covent-garden meetings."

Nor least among his labours was his constant advocacy of the cause of education. For this end he, the stern guardian of the public money, voted the supplies freely, and among the last

"motions" placed by him on the books of the House, was one—characteristic in this respect, though not approved by us in its peculiar features—for more widely extending the benefits of the British Museum and other exhibitions of science and art. Until the close of the Session of 1854, his natural force seemed unimpaired—save that his late attendance in the House was restricted to the nights when some subject within his own sphere (yet what subject was not?) was under discussion. The rest shall here be given in the words of a memorial of filial piety, by Mr. Joseph Burnley Hume, dated Kensal-green Cemetery, March 4th:—

It may be twelve months since a change came o'er  
him, vague and dim;  
The heart with age fell worn and weak; it stinted  
trunk and limb.  
Or ere the frame began to bow, or the firm hand to  
shake,  
He wanted and wasted aashy pale; whilst haply in  
him spake  
A feeling, like an inner voice, that whispered of  
elsewhere;  
For somewhat gentlier wrought the brain beneath  
his blanching hair.  
But in the autumn, in Calthness, befel him on a  
day  
A sickness, that he knew was sent to summon him  
away;  
And he grew still and mused at times; or turned a  
thoughtful eye  
On this or that, to order all his house ere he should  
die:  
And, when the leaves were falling fast, he told a  
friend of yore:  
"I'm going down to Norfolk now,—and shall return  
no more."  
He went: and, when hard winter raged and frosts  
on frosts were shed,  
From feeble he grew feebler, till he could not leave  
his bed;  
And in a while he called us all, and said: "Tis  
come at last;  
The hand of death is on me now; the bourn will  
soon be past.  
Yet, thank God! neither ache nor pain have I,  
nor aught of ill;  
'Tis but the wheelwork wearing out:—anon it must  
be still.  
I could indeed have wished to see some few things  
more set right;  
But it is well: to mutual love I leave ye all: good  
night!"  
And from that hour a slumber gathered o'er him  
and prevailed,  
And deepened with eve's darkening shades, nor  
e'en at noontide failed;  
And 'neath his numb wand, spell by spell, with  
declination slow  
His breathing slackened, and his pulse sank lower  
and more low,  
Until they flickered as the sparks in some expiring  
wick,  
That now seem lost amid the gloom, and yet again  
are quick.  
Three long clear nights heaven's myriad eyes above  
that deep trance shone;  
Three long bright days the glorious beams o'er  
dazzling snows streamed on;  
But when the third slow-setting sun its last sweet  
smile had shot,  
We listened for another gasp, though faint—but he  
was not:

Of this world not: and yet so soft a touch had  
loosed the ties  
Of soul and clay, that not in death had he unclosed  
his eyes!  
So then we kissed him, one by one, and slowly  
turned away;  
We thought of what he had been spared: we could  
not choose but pray:  
And praying so lay down to rest:—but I, I could not  
sleep,  
And rose anon, beside his corse a morning watch to  
keep.  
When, lo! from his marked lineaments there  
beamed, as ne'er before  
In my sight, an expression, fraught with vivid light  
and lore,  
That breathed a sense of lofty joy, a sort of smile  
superb,  
A calm yet half-triumphant mood, that seemed full  
hard to curb;  
As though he had unveiled the truth, which zealots  
so disguise,  
And solved the world-old problem, and found all to  
his surmise!  
Since then throughout the land have spread the  
tidings of his death;  
And many have breathed benisons; though some  
have spared their breath;  
And when we laid him here, grown men and old  
men too shed tears:  
Methinks there were but few did not, despite our sex  
and years.  
Yet none, perchance, my father knew, as I would  
have him known!  
For he, if ever any, had a being all his own!  
To me, in this late age, he seemed a birth of  
younger time;  
A creature, such as might have walked the earth  
when in its prime.  
His body was a master-piece; for force, endurance,  
speed,  
And every kind of action perfect; beautiful indeed:  
Of temper such, that ne'er perhaps with less repose  
or food  
Did any nourish or sustain a frame of flesh and  
blood:  
And so robust, that seven and seventy years left  
unimpaired  
A vigour, his abstemious ways had ne'er abused nor  
spared;  
And unto this was knit a soul of nature's simplest  
mould,  
Strong, calm, brave, tender, manly, like some  
patriarch of old;  
And so sincere, that, what e'en foes would promise,  
he believed;  
And did so ever and again, how oft soe'er deceived.  
To see good was to follow it in his instinctive creed;  
For him to do what he felt right no effort seemed to  
need;  
Nor, even when 'twas done, cared he or thought re-  
ward to claim;  
His virtue was its own reward! he sought nor  
power nor fame.  
A more unselfish course than his did seldom Heaven  
inspire;  
And in that course he persevered with courage  
nought could tire.  
No labour seemed to weary him; no conflict to appal;  
Unqualling, aye e'en sanguine, 'mid the worst that  
could befall;  
And evermore unruddied: strife embittered not his  
mind;  
Defeat and scorn could never leave one rankling  
 pang behind.  
Full often ere the echo of the jeer had ceased to creep  
About St. Stephen's, unto him 'twas nought—he  
was asleep!  
And often, ere the hour that marred some grand  
aim, passed away,  
You might have seen him on his knees, among his  
babes, at play!  
Nor e'er, I deem, to mortal man was given to enjoy  
More perfect health of body and soul, a bliss with-  
out alloy.

In him, too, mute, the poet dwelt; in all that stirs  
the heart,  
All Nature's charms, all good men's deeds and du-  
ties he felt part;  
And in all creatures' welfare took delight profound  
and strong:  
Yea, 'twas a festal to him to see a joyous throng!  
Nor was he slow to sympathise with misery and  
grief;  
But, in the striving to amend all this, he found re-  
lief.  
Benevolent himself, in quenchless hope the earth he  
trod:  
His being one continued act of thanksgiving to God!  
And thus a long charmed life he lived, that scarce  
knew check or fall;  
Successful as but few can be, and happy beyond all!  
Nay now meseems, his cold clay's silent smile was  
but a seal  
By angels set to affirm our faith in his eternal weal!  
Nor will I doubt that e'en on earth by many a  
grateful tongue  
At fitting times and seasons shall his meed of praise  
be sung!  
For to his simple soul was given a sturdy common  
sense,  
That seized what finer feelings missed, with striking  
presence.  
To him, by intuition, came high thoughts and bold  
and new;  
And all unawed by custom he embraced the right  
and true;  
And from afar, alone, despite a gibing, roaring  
thrang,  
He urged reforms, and claimed redress of many a  
freeman's wrong:  
Although not his the skill to ensure or work these  
out alone:  
And others gat more thanks than he for crops that  
he had sown.  
For one art did he mainly want—that art men's  
minds to reach;  
And in a wordy age he stood a Moses, "slow of  
speech,"  
That lacked his Aaron, lacked discourse and dia-  
lectic thought  
To range and serry arguments to crown the truth  
he taught:  
Till not all those e'en, who admired his probity, dis-  
cerned  
That from his unschooled utterance much wisdom  
might be learned.  
Yet, when men heed how many steps of import the  
most grave,  
Which years since he advised, alone, let who would  
sneer or rave,  
Have been adopted, and have proved his counsel  
wise and just,  
They cannot but revere him, who is here laid,  
"dust to dust."  
Nor will that reverence dwindle; nay, e'en now, be-  
side his tomb,  
On tongues unborn, methinks I hear a great name—  
JOSEPH HUME.

In looking back on a career like this,  
it is idle to speak of integrity and  
energy in their conventional sense.  
That he refused office more than once,  
that he never received a farthing of  
public money while unsparingly devot-  
ing his own fortune to the objects he  
had in view, these are but small mat-  
ters. Fidelity to conviction throughout  
life is surely a greater matter than  
merely abstaining from picking other  
men's pockets. Moreover, the courage  
and honesty which leads a man to  
follow every hour the dictates of con-

science and reason at that hour, are surely more worthy of reverence than mere fidelity to any set of men or of measures. Once only was Mr. Hume accused of giving a party vote—when he saw that a measure, right in principle, was being used merely for the annoyance of the Ministry. That he was the man of the people in times when the people knew not their own friends, would of itself mark him as a man of large and general sympathies; that he sought to raise them by education, in schools, museums, and picture galleries, and never scrupled to oppose a popular cry when it was a foolish one, shows that the gift of keen insight was joined to the warm heart—as, indeed, in life they ever are. When we come higher, and try him by tests which, in these days, it seems absurd to apply to statesmen, we may still find our reverence not wholly ungrounded. When we speak of a “consistent” course of half a century, we use words whose strict import would imply a something quite alien from human nature; but the actual, well-understood meaning of which conveys what perhaps is not wholly commendation. We mean that the man so spoken of acted always deliberately, after a certain set of well-defined and well-kept principles; but in saying this, we deny him, in some measure, the possession of those wilder impulses, less trustworthy, and yet more powerful, which men, though in detail they distrust them, yet evermore demand in the man on whom they are to repose unwavering faith. Such force of character as can command their trust will not always act in right lines; the power that is to storm the door of all hearts, and rise superior to all circumstances, will sometimes rush into very eccentric directions. To say of a man who has lived long, that he has never been led away by some enthusiasm, is scarcely unmixed praise. Yet this we may say more truly of Mr. Hume than of most public men.

To us, in contemplating the life of Mr. Hume, it seems, that if there be one leading fault in the general tenor of his public course, it was that he aimed too exclusively at material interests; relied too much on mere mechanical means of progress, and too little on those unseen influences whose power is manifested but once in half a century, and then carries all before it

so smoothly that no man has time to wonder. In truth, perhaps, Hume was as much the victim of the time as of error peculiar to his own temperament. Let us be sure, once for all, that the quality so much lauded as “practical common sense” is either mere cunning and insensibility—a thing not to be praised but wholly condemned—or else it is very near akin to the gift which practical men delight to sneer at as “genius.” That Hume was not without the finer gift we venture to affirm. The circumstances of his early life, perhaps, taught him to turn whatever faculty he had into money, and when he entered public life, the same habit of aiming at tangible and immediate results followed him. Yet did he aim at higher things for his countrymen than mere relief from taxes or possession of the franchise; he aimed to make them masters of themselves—to give them intelligence, freedom, virtue—and he chiefly valued material reform as helping on these higher ends. Well may we, then, accept his life for what it was, and gathering what fruit we may from it, go on perchance to better things.

It is not always that royal personages can claim a place in the chronicle of the truly illustrious, however wide our interpretation of the phrase; yet the three members of the Sardinian Royal family, who, within a few days, were snatched away by death, deserve to be noticed here, as well for personal qualities, as for the influence which, in life and death, they have wielded over the fate of Europe. The kingdom of Sardinia, or more properly of Piedmont, has claims upon English sympathies above most others, as being destined, we may hope, to be the cradle of that new and united Italy, towards which the eyes of all lovers of freedom are now turned. Whether the progress of Italy, towards a higher culture and broader liberties, shall be gradual and joyous, or blood-stained and tardy, depends very mainly on the wisdom of the ruler of Piedmont in these eventful times; and hence it is not unimportant to note the dispositions of those who are and have been closely connected with the sovereign. The QUEEN DOWAGER MARIA THERESA, mother of King Victor Emanuel, has perhaps exercised less influence than the others whom we shall have here to name. She was the second daughter of Ferdinand II.,



the late Duke of Tuscany, and sister, therefore, to Leopold, the reigning Duke. She was born on the 21st March, 1801, and married on the 30th September, 1817, to Charles Albert, the late King of Piedmont, who died in exile in Portugal, in 1840—not too soon for the interests of humanity. Her influence in matters of State, so we are informed, was not great; and her death, at Turin, on the 12th of January, will have affected few beyond those who were bound to the deceased by family and personal ties.

Of wider interest was the announcement of the death of MARIE ADELAIDE, wife of Victor Emanuel, the present King of Sardinia, eight days only after the death of the Queen Dowager. Not seeking to enter into the intrigues of statesmen, she mixed in public affairs only to know where she might heal sorrow, or reconcile any of those sad divisions which too often arose among those dear to her, during the War of Independence. She was born the 3rd June, 1822, being the daughter of the Archduke Raimier of Austria, her mother (the Princess Mary, still living) being the sister of Charles Albert. Her marriage, therefore, with Victor Emanuel (April 12, 1842) was an event of domestic as well as public interest. Born and bred in a despotic court, a devoted member of that Church which has long been the foe of Italian freedom, and which, when she first entered Turin, had almost unlimited power at the Court of Charles Albert, we are assured that neither Vienna nor Rome ever found in her the means of influencing the mind of the King. In the crisis through which Piedmont has recently passed, this perfect appreciation of her position and responsibilities by the Queen was of inestimable value. It banished from the palace that struggle of political and ecclesiastical fears and passions which so frequently finds admission through female weakness; it saved the King from the insinuations and the intrigues of retrograde statesmen, ghostly alarmists, and foreign courts, and it disassociated the supposed interests and influence of women in the most elevated situations, from the interests and the influence of arbitrary power, religious intolerance, and priestly bigotry.

In all the trials of the great changes now fairly inaugurated in Piedmont, the

late Queen is said to have been a constant source of comfort and support to Victor Emanuel; and she deserves to be remembered gratefully, not less for the affectionate graces and active virtues of her private, than for the just and temperate moderation of her public career.

The deceased Queen leaves four sons, Umberto, Armeдео, Oddone, and Vittorio, and two daughters, Clotilde and Mario—the eldest born in 1833. It is no mere courtly phrase to say that the Piedmontese people mourned her untimely death (on the 20th of January, of puerperal fever) as a loss to themselves, and not less as the deepest wound that could befall the husband whom she loved so dearly.

Another short space of three weeks, and the King of Piedmont is again a mourner—this time for his only brother. FERDINAND MARIA, DUKE OF GENOA, was born the 15th November, 1822—and throughout life had shared the successes and sorrows of his elder brother. His especial delight was in the army, who now mourn in him a brave and generous leader. In his last days, suffering under the malady that had long been stealing over him, his brave heart chafed that he could not take the command of the Sardinian contingent which at that moment was going forth to the battle of the nations; and this, together with his grief for the loss of his mother, is said to have hastened his end. In the first war of Independence, he took a glorious part, and his name must be forever associated with the conquest of Peschiera. On the 30th of May, 1848, at the close of the battle of Goito, Charles Albert received a letter from his son Ferdinand, announcing that he had planted the standard of Italian freedom, after a siege of fifteen days, on the bastion of this fortress; where, in 1800, the illustrious General had vainly expended so much blood and so much precious time. It was on the 13th of April, 1848, that the Sicilian Assembly decreed, "Sicily is henceforth a constitutional monarchy, and calls to the throne an Italian Prince;" and the Prince whom the representatives of these generous islanders called to the throne was Ferdinand Maria. The hopes of Sicilian independence were too soon blasted, but the man of their choice would assuredly have shown himself

worthy of a place among the sovereigns of Europe. The late Duke was married on the 22nd April, 1850, to Elizabeth, daughter of Prince John, now King of Saxony, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter. His death, on the 10th of February, will leave a vacancy, in private and public spheres, which only the lapse of many years can fill up.

Those who have studied the history of the Peninsular war, and to whom the party names of Carlist and Christino are as echoes of the past, have scarcely remembered that DON CARLOS was, until recently, a living person.

Charles Marie Isidore, Infant of Spain, better known as Don Carlos, son of the King Charles IV., was born on the 29th March, 1788, and expired at Trieste, on the 10th March, 1855, at the age of sixty-seven years. Ferdinand VII., brother of the late Don Carlos, ascended the throne of Spain amidst the happiest auspices. As Prince of the Asturias, he had acquired the popularity which had deserted his parent. That feeble-minded monarch, carried away by his affection for Godoy, the Prince of Peace, abdicated his throne rather than endanger the life of his courtly minion. Ferdinand was crowned with the diadem that had once circled the regal brow of Charles V., and the Spanish nation—undismayed by the approach of the French army of invasion—hailed the accession of their new monarch with demonstrations of joy. In the hour of danger Ferdinand proved himself unworthy of the affections of his subjects and of the blood they shed in the protection of his throne. Then followed the brief reign of Joseph, the patriotic insurrection, the Peninsular war, and the restoration of Ferdinand, who, like a true Bourbon, had in his days of adversity "neither learnt nor forgotten." The Constitution was repeatedly broken by this worshipper of absolutism, and the prisons of the kingdom were crowded with those who had steadfastly sustained his cause and had been most lavish of their blood. The revolution of 1820 ensued, which extorted from the fears of the royal tyrant the Constitution which his gratitude to the noble Spanish nation, or his sense of justice, should have bestowed without constraint. Three years later, this Constitution was disregarded by Ferdinand, and the assistance of French bayonets was claimed by that

monarch to coerce his rebellious subjects. Towards the termination of his reign each succeeding year witnessed its gloomy tyranny—consequent insurrection, civil war, and a ferocious retaliation on the defeated patriots. Ferdinand VII. had contracted three alliances during the vicissitudes of his career, but his old age found him alike childless and without a friend. The crown would, therefore, on his demise, have descended to his brother Don Carlos, the subject of our commentary. This Prince, of a gloomy and bigoted nature, had acquired the confidence and support of the Spanish clergy, who foresaw, in the fanatic disposition of Don Carlos, a fitting instrument to advance the re-establishment of the Holy Inquisition, and the former priestly reign of terror. An estrangement, approaching to actual hatred, had sprung up between the two brothers; and Ferdinand, not despairing of a direct succession, contracted a fourth marriage. Maria Christina, a younger sister of the Bourbon King of Naples—the present Queen-Mother of Spain and Duchess of Rianzares—was the object of his choice. The natural wishes of Ferdinand were about to be gratified; and, in his determination to establish a direct lineage, the old monarch abolished, with the sanction of the Cortes, the Salique law, introduced into Spain by his ancestor, Philip V. The foresight of the King proved fortunate, for, on the 16th of October, 1831, the present Queen Isabella II. was born. Don Carlos protested vehemently against the measure which had given a Queen to Spain, and had deprived him of his expected crown. A startling episode shortly occurred, which resembled more the exaggerated intrigue of a dramatic plot, than a plain historical fact. Ferdinand is supposed to be on his death-bed. The clergy are on the alert. Don Carlos, by the aid of a royal favourite whom he had bribed, obtains a revocation of the law which had destroyed his hopes of the throne. The King to all appearance expires, and the Carlist party adopt every measure to consolidate their power. Ferdinand, to the confusion of the latter, awakes from his lethargy, annuls the act of revocation, banishes Don Carlos from the kingdom, arrests the chiefs of the clergy, and appoints his consort Queen Regent during the minority of Isabella II. The reign of Ferdinand VII. terminated in

1833; and the monarch who had ascended the throne of Spain amidst the rejoicings of the nation, closed his earthly career amidst the indifference or hatred of his subjects. In the year 1834 Don Carlos invaded Spain, and was proclaimed King by his adherents. The aristocracy, fearing the curtailment of their privileges, and the clergy, for the reason already stated, supported his claims to the throne, and a civil war speedily broke out. Then ensued the terrible struggle between the partisans of the Pretender, and the supporters of Isabella II. The alternate successes of the Ochristinos and the Carlists deluged Spain with blood, and impoverished the country. After a cruel contest of several years, the nation recoiled at the fearful and continued sacrifices demanded of it, and this intestine war ceased. The services of the British Legion and the qualities of Espartero contributed in no small degree to the happy result. Thus disappointed in his ambitious projects, Don Carlos retired from the Spanish territory, and was detained under surveillance in Bourges from 1839 to 1845. In that year he renounced all pretensions to the throne of Spain, in favour of his son, and, quitting the soil of France, he retired into Italy, where he breathed his last.

Don Carlos married, in 1816, the Infanta Maria Francisca d'Assise, daughter of John VI., King of Portugal. He lost his first wife in 1834, and was married, in 1838, to the Infanta Maria Theresa Princess de Beira, daughter of John VI. King of Portugal, and widow of the Infante Don Pedro of Spain. By his first marriage Don Carlos leaves two sons, to the eldest of whom, Don Carlos Luis Conde Montemolin, he ceded his claims to the Spanish throne on the 18th of May, 1845. The Conde de Montemolin was married, in July, 1850, to the Princess Maria Caroline Ferdinanda, sister of Ferdinand II. King of the Two Sicilies.

With Don Carlos died one of the most formidable representatives of legitimatism in Europe, and in the person of his son there is little fear of a revival of his claims.

Just at the time when all eyes are most intently fixed on Turkey, one of the last representatives of the *ancien régime* in that strange land has departed. The European may probably

ask, who was KHOSREF PASHA, and why should his death be a matter of concern to the world, and be received by his countrymen with a feeling akin to awe? It may be enough to say that this old man was the last representative of Turkey as it was in the days of Louis XVI. and Catherine of Russia, when a historian spoke of "the last traveller from Constantinople," and Oriental tales were written about the Grand Signior and bashaws of three tails. Indeed, Khosref had the three tails carried bodily behind him during almost his whole career. He died on the 1st of February, in his ninety-seventh year.

The following details respecting him we extract from the foreign correspondence of the *Times*: "At a time when Louis XV. was sinking into a dishonourable old age, when English mobs were shouting for 'Wilkes and Liberty,' and the American colonies discussing the right of self-taxation, a lame hump-backed Georgian boy was exposed in the slave-market of Stamboul. Ordinarily, the passport to high rank in Turkey is a pretty face and engaging manners. Khosref was destitute of the former advantage, but no Royal or popular favourite was ever more gifted with the faculty of winning and retaining goodwill. He must have given in early childhood some signs of the cleverness which distinguished him in after years; for he was purchased for the palace of Abdul-Hamed, and quickly received into the Imperial favour, at a time when to be a favourite slave was the chief or only way to the great dignities of the empire. After a short time Khosref was attached to the household of the young Mahmoud, afterwards the greatest of the later Turkish Sultans. A friendship more durable than the common run of Oriental attachments appears to have arisen between them, and Khosref devoted himself to the interests of the young Prince. Abdul-Hamed died, and Selim succeeded; Mustafa murdered Selim, and Mahmoud dethroned Mustafa. From this time the fortunes of Khosref rose. He was made secretary to the Capudan Pasha, and laid the foundations of his enormous wealth. Appointed to the Pashalic of Egypt, he introduced order into that country, and was looked upon as a merciful and moderately able man. But a more

energetic spirit was at work in the African province. Against Mehemet Ali the Pasha could not hold his ground; and after a long struggle, he was driven away by the intrigues of the crafty Albanian who succeeded him. But the influence of Khosref was always afterwards exercised to check his successful rival. The rupture between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali was looked upon as his work, and it is well known that when the Egyptian forces advanced to Koniah the head of Khosref was demanded as the price of peace by the victorious Viceroy. But Khosref lived to see Mehemet Ali in the grave, as well as his two successors, and the rebellious province once more dependent on the Sultan's throne. In the meantime, the Sultan's favourite had received new honours and amassed fresh wealth. In those times the post of Capudan Pasha was the most lucrative in Turkey, or perhaps in the world. He might be said to take a contract for keeping up the Ottoman navy. He received the revenues of the Morea, the islands, and some of the Asiatic towns; with these he must maintain a fleet for sea, and whatever remained over was his own. The course to be pursued by a prudent Pasha was obvious. There was no necessity that the Sultan should have an efficient fleet, but it was of great importance that the Minister should keep up his own establishments and fill his own coffers. Khosref was a good financier where his own interest was concerned, and his tenure of the post of Capudan Pasha made him the richest subject in the empire in the course of a few years. He also managed one or two political affairs very adroitly. The Pasha of Smyrna, in the year 1817, presumed to dispute the authority of the Sultan. Had he been the ruler of some inland province, difficult of access, his chance of impunity would have been great, but in a seaport city he could hardly expect long-continued success. However, the affair caused much anxiety to the Porte, and the Capudan Pasha was sent with his fleet into the waters of Smyrna. He professed a desire to see the Pasha, and invited him on board. The Pasha was in an agony of doubt, and prepared for resistance, while still inclined to trust himself in the admiral's ship, in the hope that Khosref would not dare to injure him. After

long hesitation he ventured, and the moment he came on board Khosref made the signal for death. To have quietly made away with a rebellious Pasha was a great exploit in those days, and the Capudan Pasha rose into higher favour than ever. All through the stormy reign of Mahmoud, his fortune never failed him; though once or twice disgraced, he still kept his head, while less prudent men disappeared on every side. Since the ascension of Abdul Medjid he lived in retirement on the Bosphorus, only quitting his palace on State occasions, or to attend some extraordinary Council. His voice was strongly against the present war, for he belonged to the party who wished to rest on Russian protection, and he dreaded the immediate presence of Western troops more than the future domination of the Czar. He was a personal friend of Menschikoff, who sent him presents of overland tea, which the Pasha acknowledged by gifts of choice tobacco. Wily and worldly, he may be compared to Talleyrand. Like that statesman, he has been ready to acquiesce in every change, and has generally succeeded in gaining something by every convulsion. As he was a slave of the Imperial house, from which condition there is no manumission, his great wealth fell, according to Turkish custom, to the Sultan."

Two statesmen, who have watched the course of one *régime* after another in France, have been removed during the present year. M. DUPONT DE L'EURE died on the 3rd of March. JACQUES CHARLES DUPONT (DE L'EURE), was born February 27, 1767. After having completed his collegiate education, he turned his attention to the study of the law, and began public life as a barrister. His talent, energy, and patriotism, very speedily brought him forward; during the stormy progress of the French Revolution, he was unanimously appointed to important magisterial duties, and he invariably justified, by his moderation and firmness the confidence which his fellow citizens reposed in him. Dupont de l'Eure's political career may be said to have commenced in 1813, when he was returned to the *corps législatif*, by the electors of the town of Evreux; named vice-president of the Chamber, under the government of the "hundred days," the man-

liness of his behaviour contrasted strongly with the pusillanimity which everywhere prevailed. Nothing could induce him to quit his post, and he withdrew from his seat in the House only when compelled to do so by main force. The year 1817 saw Dupont de l'Eure once more chosen as one of the representatives of the nation. He took his place on the Opposition benches, and for twenty-five consecutive years encouraged the Liberal party in their struggle against the reactionary tendencies of the aristocracy. It was not likely that such a course should remain unnoticed by the ruling powers; accordingly, a decree of M. Peyronnet, the Keeper of the Seals, deprived Dupont de l'Eure of his office, as President of the Court at Rouen; and after twenty-seven years' arduous service, the venerable magistrate was dismissed without even a pension. When the July revolutions broke out, Dupont de l'Eure hailed it as the dawn of a truly liberal epoch, and consented to join Louis Philippe's first Cabinet in the capacity of Minister of Justice. He soon, however, discovered that the Orleans dynasty had no intention of carrying on the work of reform to the full extent he anticipated, and in December, 1830, he sent in his resignation—satisfied with watching and checking, as far as he could, the ultra-Conservative policy of M. Guizot's administration. The Republican outburst of February, 1848, was another stage in Dupont de l'Eure's political life—it was the last. Appointed a President of the Provisional Government, and of the Council of Ministers, he had now become too old to take an active part in State affairs, and he merely lent to his more energetic colleagues the sanctity of his well-known name. Like them, he had to yield before the iron rule of military disasters, and the accession of General Cavaignac to the Presidency was the signal of his final exit.

M. THEODORE DUCOS, the French Minister of Marine and the Colonies, died March 17, after a long and painful illness. He was born in 1801, at Bordeaux. His father, at one time a respectable merchant in that city, failed, and was totally ruined. The late Minister, about the year 1815, was happy to obtain a situation as a merchant's clerk, at a salary of 100*l.* a year. Shortly afterwards, he had placed at his disposal

a capital of 30,000 francs, with which he set up in business. In a few years he became a leading merchant. M. Ducos took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies for the first time in 1834, for his native city, and was re-elected afterwards without any difficulty. He belonged to the *Centre Gauche*, or Liberal Conservative party, sitting on the same benches as M. de Morny, to whose acquaintance, doubtless, his subsequent rise was owing. When the Legitimist deputies undertook the pilgrimage to Belgrave-square, for the purpose of expressing their sympathy to the Count de Chambord, it was M. Ducos who proposed that the famous word *féliciter* should be applied to them in the address drawn up at the beginning of the session. He was one of the earliest adherents to the *coup d'état* of 1851, and had held office ever since. His Ministry will long be remembered as one characterised by energy, skill, and perseverance of no ordinary degree. "In two years and a half," says the *Times*, "he placed at the service of the country sixty ships of war, twenty-four of which were first-rates, carrying 3,000 guns, and with a motive power equal to that of 23,000 tons."

Death has been busy among the notables of Greece. M. VARNAVAS PANGALOS, the oldest of the patriots who struggled for the independence of Greece, and one of those who sacrificed a large fortune to the cause, died at Athens in January last, at the remarkable age of 111 years. General TRAVELLAS, the hero of Missolonghi; GARD-SKIOTIS GRIVAS, formerly Palace Marshal; and DELIANY, formerly President of the Senate, all died within the space of ten days in the month of March.

Another hero of revolution, long forgotten, RICHARD PLUNKETT, one of the volunteers of 1792, died in February last, at the age of 107.

A politician whose name will long stand as the representative of all that was chivalrous and sound in English Conservatism, SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS, died at his town residence on the 5th of May. He was the eldest son of the first baronet, Sir Hugh Inglis, by Catherine, daughter of Harry Johnson, Esq., of Mitton Bryan, county of Bedford. He was born on the 12th of

January, 1786, and was consequently in his seventieth year. In 1807, being then only twenty-one, he married Mary, eldest daughter of J. Seymour Briscoe, of Penhill, Surrey, and succeeded his father in the baronetage August, 1820. Sir Robert first entered Parliament as member for Dundalk, which borough he represented until 1826. In that year he was returned for Ripon, and continued its representative until 1828, when the late Sir Robert Peel, having changed his opinions on Catholic Emancipation, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in order to give his constituents of the University of Oxford an opportunity of expressing their opinion upon his conduct. On that occasion, the Conservatives of the University, seeing the character which Sir Robert H. Inglis had even then achieved for himself, brought him forward to oppose their former representative, and returned him by a large majority. Never since that date, until his retirement from Parliament through ill health, about two years ago, was Sir Robert Inglis's seat contested. Throughout life a staunch upholder of "things as they are" in Church and State, he was still the model of an English gentleman, who, if sometimes prejudiced, never was carried by his prejudice into ill-feeling or personal rancour. He opposed Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, Jewish Emancipation, and the Ecclesiastical Commission of 1836. When Sir Robert Peel carried the abolition of the Corn-laws, Sir Robert Inglis was one of his most strenuous opponents, and joined in the vengeance which the Tory party soon afterwards inflicted on him. If we must deem that such a course argues an intellect not the broadest, yet few who knew him can doubt that it was redeemed by a generosity and goodness of heart, in comparison with which mere political cleverness is of small account. "In him," observed the *Times*, "a 'representative man' has disappeared from among us who, in all probability, can never be replaced. Destroy fifty 'able politicians,' and twice fifty able administrators, and t needs but five minutes' search to replace them; but we much question if there be any man in England who can take the place Sir Robert Inglis filled as representative of the University of Oxford. He belonged to Oxford as completely as the Bodleian. Passing from public to more private

considerations, it is but fair to his memory to add, that he was an elegant scholar, both in classic and English literature, and, what is far more important, in every private relation an upright, charitable, and benevolent man. It will be long indeed before his memory is forgotten, either by his private friends or the members of the Legislature. We seem to see him now strolling down to Westminster, or sauntering up to his place in the House, with the fresh flower at his button-hole, and with a genial smile and courteous word for every one. He will be regretted universally, for he deserved regret."

The Right Hon. J. C. HERRIES, for many years eminent for the ability and consistency with which he supported the policy of the Country Party, expired suddenly on the 24th April, in his seventy-seventh year, from a spasmodic attack of the heart. The deceased gentleman was educated at the University of Leipzig, and was private secretary to Mr. Perceval, during the greater part of his administration; and filled the office of Commissary-in-Chief and Auditor of the Civil List. He was Secretary to the Treasury from 1823 till September, 1827; Chancellor of the Exchequer from the latter date till January, 1828; was Master of the Mint from 1828 till 1830; and President of the Board of Trade from February to November, 1830; was Secretary at War from December, 1834, till April, 1835; and President of the Board of Control from March till December, 1852. He sat for Harwich from 1823 till 1841, when he was an unsuccessful candidate for Ipswich; and was returned for Stamford in 1847, from which he retired in 1853.

ROBERT WALLACE (a descendant of the Scottish hero), many years M.P. for Greenock, and best remembered as the originator of the Postal Reform which issued in Rowland Hill's penny postage scheme, died in retirement, in March, at the age of eighty-two years

The writer who undertakes to chronicle the deeds of the warrior, will find his task doubly difficult, inasmuch as here, much more than in other departments, it is necessary to separate between the man and his profession. We say not that a man, in all respects noble, is not

on that account the better soldier, much less that a brave soldier cannot be a good man, yet we must confess that high success in arms—not perhaps the very highest—has been achieved by men not in all respects estimable. The greatest only can mingle the tenderness of woman and the rectitude of the moralist with the bravery of the hero. It is well if the heavy hoof of war have not trampled out all that is fairest in the human heart; yet if, more or less, it be so, let us take the men for what they are. Too true of private life is it, also, that faults, which would have barred distinction in any other sphere, are little thought of here. For all that, let us be sure that here, as elsewhere, no man achieves lasting renown without, more or less, giving proof of some of the highest qualities of manhood. It may be the precious metal is mixed with more or less alloy, yet it is still gold, and to be prized accordingly. Let us remember, too, that men are to be judged rather by their chief aim, than by those sides of character which opportunity alone, perhaps, was needed to develop.

The period at which our chronicle commences is but a few weeks subsequent to the time when the horrors of actual conflict began to be felt on the plains of the Crimea. We have preferred, therefore, by a slight departure from our chronological limits, to include the names of all the more distinguished who have fallen during the present war. Of necessity our list must be almost confined to those whose rank has placed their courage in a more prominent light before the eyes of men—excluding many in less exalted grades, of as great intrinsic merit, or perchance greater. We look at those we have noticed, mainly as soldiers—not forgetting that the complete soldier must also be much more.

First in rank and almost first in the order of time, is the name of MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD—a soldier whose sword has been engaged in almost all causes. Jacques Leroy de St. Arnaud was born in Paris, the 20th August, 1801, of a family not distinguished by fortune. He was young when he entered the army, in 1816, and, like most of those youths who embraced the military profession during the tranquil reign of Louis XVIII., he gave full play to the love of pleasure and dissipation. During the reign of Charles X. he was for a short time in

the body guard of that monarch; but he soon after resigned his situation, for reasons never distinctly explained, but reflecting in some degree on his character, and came to England, where he resided some time. Soon after the Revolution of 1830, he returned to France, and once more entered the army. It was at this time, while the regiment to which he belonged was on duty at Fort de Blaze, where the Duchesse de Berri was imprisoned, that he obtained the favourable notice of Marshal Bugeaud, commandant of the citadel, by his intelligence and activity, and, not less, perhaps, by his readiness to execute without scruple whatever orders he might receive in connexion with so delicate a trust. But his military reputation rests chiefly on his exploits while serving with the *Légion étrangère* in Africa, the true military school of the French army. This legion he joined in 1837, passed with the rank of *chef de bataillon* into the Zouaves, and, in 1844, with the rank of colonel, was appointed to a regiment which was about to form part of the "army of operation" against El-Bou-Maza, the fanatical but gallant successor of Abd-el-Kader. This command was signalised by one event which the dire necessities of war cannot excuse—the destruction of 600 Arabs who had taken refuge in a cave, and who were deliberately suffocated by piling up lighted faggots at its mouth. The immediate perpetrator of this act was the then Colonel Pelissier, but St. Arnaud witnessed the fire from an elevation at no great distance. Not long after, the heroic El-Bou-Maza came alone to the camp, demanding to be led to St. Arnaud; and to him he surrendered his arms, as to the man to whose bravery he found himself compelled to submit. The captive was, for some few months afterwards, the amusement of the *salons* of Paris; and St. Arnaud received for this exploit the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour. In 1847, he commanded a regiment in the expedition headed in person by the Duc d'Aumale, in the centre of the countries forming the Ouanseries.

To the Revolutionary Government belongs the honour of first endeavouring to found the French empire in Africa on a peaceable and durable basis. Marshal Bugeaud was the first to associate the colonist with the soldier in that country,

and with the most successful results. In more than one province, however, the standard of insurrection had been raised, and St. Arnaud, who had already been engaged in organising the colonists, again took the field.

Having been appointed to the command of the province of Constantine, in 1849, he rapidly overran that immense territory, which had been disorganised by the revolt of the numerous tribes inhabiting it, re-established peace, and obtained the good-will and attachment of many chiefs whom no one had previously been able to subdue. The expedition which St. Arnaud undertook, in 1851, against the Kabyles, was one of the most glorious campaigns ever gained by the French army in Algeria. At the head of an army of little more than 6,000 men, he overran the whole of that large mountainous region, in spite of the resistance made by its warlike tribes.

In 1851, St. Arnaud returned to France, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. His energetic and determined character recommended him to the notice of Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, as one of the ablest supporters of his views; and in the month of October, 1851, the future Emperor confided to him the confidential post of Minister of War. In 1852, he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France, and soon after to that of Senator, which was followed by his appointment to the post of Grand Ecuyer to the Emperor.

His other dignities we may here mention. He was honoured with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, of that of the Order of Pius IX., of the Order de la Réunion (the Two Sicilies), and the Sardinian Orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. To all of these honours—most of them the reward of his participation in the deeds of the 2nd December—was at length added the command of the proudest army that France has sent forth during this century. His proclamation to the army is dated Marseilles, 20th April, 1854; and, on the following day, he embarked in the Berthollet for Constantinople. It was well known, both to himself and others, that he was labouring under a disease which could not possibly allow him to hope for a long tenure of life. It is said that he asked the physicians whether he might hope to live for a twelve-month—and, on being answered in the

affirmative, he sought and obtained the command, in the hope that a shorter period would be sufficient for the successful termination of the war. Alas! the result has not justified the too-sanguine hope, either as to the progress of the campaign or as regards the continuance of the Marshal's life. It was not till five months afterwards, that the Allied armies set foot on the actual scene of conflict. St. Arnaud lived to write the official description of the achievements of British and French soldiers at the Alma, on the 20th September. In a second despatch to the Minister of War, he writes: "My health is still the same; it holds up in the midst of suffering, crises, and the performance of my duty. All that does not prevent me from remaining on horseback twelve hours on battle-days; but will not my strength at last give way? Adieu, Monsieur le Ministre. I will write to your Excellency when I shall be under the walls of Sebastopol."

The illness thus mentioned with regretful foreboding proved fatal; the Marshal died on board the Berthollet, at sea, on the 29th. At sea, before landing in the Crimea, on the 12th of September, he wrote to the Minister of War, reporting how serious his illness had become; and, expressing a hope that he should be able to lead the army to Sebastopol, he begged that the Emperor would appoint his successor. In the battle on the 20th he kept the saddle for twelve hours. The *Journal des Débats* states, that when he was remonstrated with as to his great fatigue on horseback, he replied, "Un maréchal de France doit savoir mourir à cheval." And all but die on horseback he did. On the day of the battle, says the *Constitutionnel*, he never left his saddle, although in great suffering. At length, when the pain became so acute that without assistance he must have fallen off, he had two cavalry soldiers to hold him up. Two days after this, notwithstanding the sufferings that he endured, he was still engaged in the duties of his post, giving orders, receiving reports, and dictating despatches. But on the 26th he found that he could hold out no longer. From the bivouac at Tchernaya he again wrote to the Minister at War, to the effect that a choleraic attack had reduced him to such a state of weakness that he could command no longer; that he had surrendered his authority



to General Canrobert, "whom his Majesty's special orders" assigned for his successor; and that he had taken a farewell of the troops, in an order of the day.

The Berthollet, which had borne him to the scene of war, conveyed back his remains to be interred in the chapel of the Invalides, with such honours as could be bestowed on one who at least had served the ruling power faithfully and loyally. That he had many of the prime qualities of a soldier, it is not for us to question. None can refuse him the praise of indomitable firmness of will, the first requisite of command. The last days of his life would alone suffice as proof of this. He succeeded in retaining his place on horseback, notwithstanding mortal agonies that would have subdued the courage, or at least the physical endurance, of any other man. Many can meet death, numbers can sustain torture; but the power of holding up in action against the depressing and despairing misgivings of internal maladies, is a kind of resolution which nature confers upon very few indeed, and amongst those very few Marshal St. Arnaud will be ranked as one of the most distinguished. Of his skill in military dispositions, and in that rarer art which enables a commander to excite and direct the enthusiasm of vast and heterogeneous bodies of men, we have abundant evidence. The French commander-in-chief had succeeded in three achievements, each one of which would be sufficient to mark the great soldier. He had thrown his forces into the battle on the Alma with all the ardour of which his countrymen are capable, but with that perfect command which the great general alone retains. He had succeeded in exciting the soldierly fire of the French, and yet in preserving the friendliest feelings towards their rivals and allies, the English.

A certain chivalrous enthusiasm for the honour of France—an all-conquering passion for "*la gloire*," will not be too slightly regarded by the wise student of human nature. There is a higher moral enthusiasm springing out of a deep purpose and aiming at higher results, compared with which the soldier's ambition is small and selfish. Yet let us not forget that to a soldier, and most of all to a Frenchman, the land that gave him birth

stands as the representative of all that man holds dearest—of home, of friendship, of liberty. It is easier to bravely for these, than to live and nobly for them—yet, to die for one's fatherland is also a worthy achievement. At least, over the graves of those who thus die, let us not stint our praise of what good was in them; and let us not find faults—since, in duty to the living, it must not be wholly passed over-spoken of in whispers. Marshal Arnaud was twice married. The second Madame St. Arnaud accompanied her husband to the East, and returned with the corpse in the Berthollet. One incident may be named, as indicating that the late Marshal was not wholly wanting in the softer feelings. In his last communication to his daughter, he sent her a flower which he had plucked near the beach, and the stone which first put his foot on, on landing in China. He was accompanied by a letter containing genuine marks of affection. He pretended to hold himself faultless, let honour him for what he was, and what he showed himself capable of doing, had a less chequered career been appointed him.

Of those in our own army who claim mention in these pages our select must be but scanty, compared with the mass of names that deserve to be chronicled. If the mere lion-hearted courage which impels the soldier to run on death at the call of duty, be sufficient to make a hero, then our list would be co-extensive with the "returns of kill and wounded." But there is a high courage, and a breadth of character, above the conventional idea of a soldier which, perhaps, has been more strikingly displayed in the present war than any of which we have the records. The traits are the more precious, because they redeem the soldier's profession from the stigma of being the hangman—at best, the policeman—of society. They show that a man may work nobly for his race in this as in other spheres.

Three members of one family have fallen victims to the sword—all sons of the Hon. Henry Edward Butler. Captain JAMES ARNOLD BUTLER, the hero of Silistria, was born in 1826, and at sixteen years of age was gazetted an ensign as the reward of his proficiency at Sandhurst. He served in 1846 and 1847 against the Caffres, and from the last

period till 1853 he was at Columba with the Ceylon Rifles. In 1854, he returned to England on half-pay—only in time to learn of the prospect of war, and to volunteer his services in the East. On his way to the British camp, he was induced so far to alter his plan as to join the Turkish garrison at Silistria, in conjunction with another brave officer, now Major Nasmyth, who happily lives to receive the honour due to his services. How well these two served the cause they volunteered to defend, all men know. It was by the sheer force of personal character that the Turks, always brave, were inspired with that spirit of discipline and endurance before which the armies of Russia were compelled to retreat. By the Turks, Butler was looked upon as a superior being, in whose presence they dared not shrink from the performance of any duty, however severe—and in this spirit they conquered. But the preservation of Silistria was dearly purchased by the life of its best defender. A wound in the forehead, not in itself dangerous, but acting on a constitution worn out with fatigue and anxiety, caused his death on the 20th July, only a day or two before the siege was raised.

Captain Butler had the pain of witnessing, not long before his death, the loss of one of his ablest coadjutors, who must share with him the honour of that wonderful defence. MUSSA PASHA, the brave commander of the Turkish troops, was killed by a shell on the 2nd of June.

Two brothers of the hero of Silistria have died since his loss was recorded. The Hon. HENRY THOMAS BUTLER, an elder brother, Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, who fell at Inkermann, and a younger brother who died in India, in December last.

The disastrous cavalry charge of Balaklava, on the 25th October, deprived the country of the services of Captain LEWIS EDWARD NOLAN, at the early age of thirty-six. From his boyhood he seems to have had a passion for that branch of exercise in which he was afterwards so distinguished. Before he was seventeen, he was known for his daring feats of horsemanship, and for his skill in the use of the sword. In his eighteenth year he entered the Austrian Cavalry service, and in 1850

he was gazetted an Ensign in the 16th Hussars, which regiment he immediately joined in India; and here, while enjoying a fame already well earned, he laboured to perfect himself in the theory of his profession. In 1862 he left India, and in his route home he made a tour in Russia and Austria, for the sake of perfecting himself in the cavalry system of those countries. His work on this subject is the standard authority in the service. In the present war he acquitted himself as a *de Camp* to Lord Raglan, in a way worthy of his fame. On the 25th of October he was the bearer of the fatal order to Lord Lucan, which has since been the subject of so much discussion; then, though his commission was completed, yet, seeing the desperate nature of the service, he spurred on at the head of the first column, and ere he had ridden thirty yards, a shell struck him in the heart, and with a loud cry he yielded up his brave spirit. Captain Nolan was unmarried—his widowed mother now mourns the loss of three sons in the British service.

Of those who fell on the too memorable 5th November, 1864, at Inkermann, space forbids us to do more than name a few of the more prominent, in rank as well as in merit. Inkermann, as all military critics agree, was "a soldier's battle"—there was little scope for the exercise of military prescience or skilful manœuvring. The officer was as much, but he could be little more, than the private soldier. Six general officers were removed from active service by the casualties of that day—three of whom are among the slain; while of the other two, General Sir George Brown was soon able to resume his military duties, and General Torrens returned to England, suffering too severely from his wounds to permit the hope that he will be able speedily to serve again. Four Generals—STRANGEWAYS, CATHCART, ADAMS, and GOLDIE, were lost to the country.

Lieutenant-General Sir GEORGE CATHCART was the fourth son of the first Earl Cathcart, by the daughter of the late Andrew Elliot, Esq. (uncle of the first Earl of Minto). He was born in the year 1794, and entered the army in 1810, as cornet in the 2nd Life Guards. In 1813, he accompanied his father, then British Ambassador, to the Court of St.

Petersburg, as aide-de-camp, and assisted in the negotiations which were then proceeding, in conjunction with the *first* Emperor Alexander, for the purpose of forming a European league against Napoleon. From 1813, till the capitulation of Paris, young Cathcart was an actor in every engagement in which the Russians took part against Napoleon. He was engaged at Lützen, 3rd May; Bautzen, 20th and 21st May; Dresden, 23rd August; Leipsic, 16th, 18th, and 19th October, 1813; Brienne, 1st February; Bar-sur-Aube, Aries, 21st March; and Fère Champanoise, 25th March, 1814. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo he was on the staff of the Duke of Wellington—no inglorious or easy post. Yet, for three years after Waterloo, he remained a lieutenant. Rising by slow degrees through the various grades of the service, he was appointed, in the end of 1851, to the command in the Caffre war, in place of Sir Harry Smith, then only receiving his rank of Major-General. How he performed the service entrusted to him, is best shown by the fact, that, in February, 1853, the last of the rebel chiefs, Sandilli, was compelled to surrender at discretion, and received a pardon and grant of lands from the Crown. On his return to England, Sir George Cathcart was appointed Adjutant-General of the Forces; and suddenly, on the declaration of war, he received an appointment, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, to the command of the Fourth Division. This portion of the army was not engaged at the Alma, further than to protect, by its presence as a reserve, the left flank and rear against the enemy's cavalry; and although it was called out on the 25th, when the Russians attacked our position in front of Balaklava, it had no opportunity of distinguishing itself. It is stated that, from the first, General Cathcart had urged an immediate assault on Sebastopol, fearing the result of the reinforcements which the Russians, it was well known, were straining every effort to bring into the field. His fears were but too well justified; on the 5th of November the newly-arrived Russian troops attacked the British camp. His second in command, Brigadier-General Torrens, had fallen wounded at the head of the noble 68th. Cathcart, with the reserve of the same regiment, rushed on to the rescue at the bayonet's point, the enemy numbering twenty to one. The

Russians were routed; but, after fight, the body of the brave leader found, his sword pointing, even in the pass through which alone he hoped to save a man. A bullet in the head had deprived him of the brutal foe disfiguring his corpse no less than three bayonets. What honour could be done to memory was ungrudgingly paid to the Commander-in-Chief, in despatches all official formulas. Nor less honour is the tear which Lord Raglan is to have shed over that soldier's "Cathcart's Hill," close to the scene of battle, where, side by side Goldie and Strangways, he rests.

Brigadier-General THOMAS F. STRANGWAYS was born in 1790, and entered the Royal Artillery as second lieutenant in 1806. He commenced his career in active service in 1813, when he was attached to the Rocket Brigade, under the immediate command of Colonel Bogue, Royal Artillery, for the defence of Germany, as the force sent from England to be attached to the Prussian army during the campaign. At the end of the field duties, part of his brigade was detached under his command, and assisted in the successful issue of two actions and in the capture and reduction of a fortress in Northern Germany, previous to rejoining Colonel Bogue, then under the walls of Lützen. One of the first casualties in the campaign which ensued was the death of Colonel Bogue, the command of the brigade falling to Lieutenant Strangways. So praiseworthy were his conduct and so essentially did the distinguished services of his brigade contribute to the glorious victory of Leipsic, that at the field of battle, at the head of his troops, this gallant young officer received thanks of the allied sovereigns. He received the gold medal of Sweden for bravery and good conduct, the Order of St. Anne of Russia, and the Order of the Sword of Sweden, accompanied by the most flattering testimonials from the military commanders of the allied sovereigns present, expressing their approval of his conduct and conduct. According to the rules then in existence in the British service, he now superseded in the command of the brigade by an older officer sent from Woolwich, and again returned.

unnoticed subaltern position in a force he had shown himself so competent to command. At the battle of Waterloo Lieutenant Fox Strangways was most severely wounded in the hip and spine, while commanding his gun on the crest of the hill in the hotly-contested position behind La Haye Sainte; and it was at first supposed that he was mortally disabled. He was, however, conveyed to the village of Waterloo, but it was several days before he could be removed to Brussels, where the ball was extracted; and he remained in great danger and suffering for months, but ultimately returned with the army of occupation to England to take up the same undistinguished rank that was occupied by those of his brother officers who had remained at home. After more than forty years' service in the regular routine, Lieutenant-Colonel Fox Strangways was sent to command the Royal Artillery in the Dublin district. The regular term of the command having expired, he returned to head-quarters at Woolwich; and, as the senior officer, assumed the command of the Royal Horse Artillery. In September of 1853, he was sent, under the orders of the Earl of Lucan—his aides-de-camp, Lords Worcester and Bingham, and Colonel Harry D. Jones, Royal Engineers—to assist in the reception of Napoleon III., during his progress through the principal towns of the northern departments of France.

The English Government having determined on sending an army to the East, acting in conjunction with the Government of France, Lieutenant-Colonel Fox Strangways had the honour of being named by the Master-General of the Ordnance to the command of the Royal Horse Artillery attached to the expedition. Immediately upon his arrival on the destined shore, he was attached to the Light Division, under the command of General Sir George Brown, and, with his troops of Horse Artillery, proceeded from Scutari at once to Varna, thence to Devna, to the camp of Aladyn, and to Monastir; and while there, he was summoned to Varna and placed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern Army in command of the entire force of artillery in the British army of the East, vacant by the prolonged illness of Brigadier-General Cator. Strangways was thus placed in command of the largest and

most important portion of the British army in the East; and, with few exceptions, was the senior in age and length of services to any of the English officers in command of divisions, but still only with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The General Brevet made him a full Colonel, and the Commander-in-Chief, in token of his high approbation of his merits, applied in a most flattering manner to the Government for the bestowal on him of the rank of Brigadier-General—an honour at once granted, with distinguished mention of Colonel Fox Strangways' "brilliant services." This just tribute to a long course of gallant service reached him when actually embarked for the Crimea. How well he merited the distinction, he showed at the glorious and hard-fought battle of the Alma. In the gallant advance of the infantry against the Russian redoubts, the clear judgment of the English commander saw a great crisis in the battle, and that a moment might come when the noble courage and devotion of the regiments engaged might be overborne by the deadly fire from the Russian forts. "Is it possible to get artillery over such ground?" said the Commander-in-Chief. An immediate and gallant "yes" was the answer, and Strangways at once put himself at the head of the nearest battery, commanded by Captain Turner, of the Royal Artillery, and over every obstacle, and under the most withering fire from the Russian forts, the battery was brought into action, and so ably commanded and served that the infantry could resume their gallant onward career. The subsequent manœuvres on Balaklava brought Brigadier-General Fox Strangways again into action with the enemy.

It was to his ability in the management of the Artillery that the victory of Inkermann was mainly due. The battery, which was the principal object of attack, had been repeatedly taken and retaken, and General Strangways had left Lord Raglan to direct, in person, the disposition of some guns which were brought to bear upon it. A round shot (aimed, it is supposed at the Staff), took off his leg, when within sixty yards of the Commander-in-Chief. As the Staff rode up to his assistance, he smiled gently, and said, "Will some one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" The life-blood had flowed

copiously, during the brief period before help could reach him. It was too late to have recourse to amputation. There was just time to convey a few words of love to those who (now that duty was done, so far as human power could avail) were nearest his thoughts. His last words were, "I die at least a soldier's death." A few minutes afterwards he breathed his last. He lies buried beside his gallant friends, on Cathcart's Hill.

Brigadier-General THOMAS LEIGH GOLIG entered the service in 1825. He was thus too young to have had experience of actual war, but he had distinguished himself in the theoretical branch of his profession by several works on military tactics. Having risen through the various grades of the service in the usual course, on the breaking out of the war he was appointed Brigadier-General to Sir George Cathcart. With him he served through the first part of the campaign, rendering essential service at Alma, although not actively engaged on that memorable day. At Inkermann he charged with the gallant Cathcart, and was shot in the head almost at the same moment as Sir George was killed. His body lies on Cathcart's Hill, beside his two brothers in arms.

Major-General HENRY WM. ADAMS, C.B., was born in 1805. He entered the army in 1823, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1840. At that time he was in the 18th Royal Irish, which distinguished regiment he commanded through the operations in China—including the first capture of Chusan, the storming of the heights above Canton, the capture of Amoy, the second capture of Chusan, the storming of the fortified heights of Chinhsue, and the capture of Ningpo. The 49th Regiment, which was likewise serving in those operations, was shortly afterwards returning to England, and Lieutenant-Colonel Adams exchanged into it. He had since been with his regiment in this country, Ireland, and the Mediterranean. At the battle of the Alma he crossed the river with Sir De Lacy Evans, under a murderous fire, and received the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. At Inkermann, under General Parnell, he sustained the terrible combat for two hours; but was severely wounded, and died from

the effects of his injuries at Scutari, on the 19th December. His last hours were soothed by the affection of his wife, who arrived from England just in time to witness the closing scene. General Adams had been raised to his rank only on the 12th of December, for the distinguished gallantry which he displayed throughout the operations in the Crimea while in command of the brigade of the Second Division, composed of the 41st, 47th, and 49th Regiments—from the last-named of which he was taken to fill the post of Brigadier-General. Seldom has a commanding officer been more beloved as well as respected by his corps, both officers and men; or a man more beloved by the poor, to whom it was his delight, when on his estate in Warwickshire, to afford whatever aid misfortune or unforeseen circumstances might render useful.

Nor, since that day, has the fate of war spared our brave ones. Lieutenant TAYLOR, of the Naval Brigade, who fell in a gallant skirmish in the trenches, on the 20th November, and Major MULLER, killed in a sortie on the 20th December, have left honoured names for other qualities than mere martial courage.

SOLIM PASHA, the commander of the Egyptians, who was killed at Eupatoria on the 17th February, was the Mameluke who escaped from the massacre at Cairo, when Mehemet Ali, in 1811, ordered the indiscriminate destruction of all the members of that celebrated body who were then assembled in the town. Selim, who was very young at the time, seeing no other chance of escape, mounted his horse, and forced him to spring from the lofty wall of that town into the empty space. The animal was killed by the fall, but the rider escaped, though not without very grave contusions. Mehemet Ali, astonished alike at the young man's resolution and good fortune, ordered him to be spared, and in a short time he perfectly recovered. He owed his subsequent military career to the kindness of Colonel Selles, at present generalissimo of the Egyptian forces, and well known by the name of Soliman Pasha. Selim Pasha was an excellent commander, and enjoyed the confidence of his men to an extraordinary degree. In the attack at Eupatoria he was struck in the head by a Russian bullet, and

died instantaneously. He was only fifty-eight years old.

The French army has sustained recent losses, in addition to that of the Commander-in-Chief. M. St. LAURENT, Commandant of French Engineers in the right attack, was mortally wounded by a rifle ball, as he was on duty in the French battery over Inkermann. Active, able, and energetic, possessed of an extensive knowledge of his profession, to which he was thoroughly devoted, M. St. Laurent had rendered essential services to the allied forces during the later period of the siege, and was esteemed and respected by his brethren in both the English and French armies. One of the most important works over Inkermann bears his name, and he did much to place that portion of our attack and defence in a most efficient state. Another heavy loss has been sustained in the death of GENERAL BIZOT, who was wounded on the 11th, and died on the 15th of April, before Sebastopol. "General Bizot," says General Canrobert, in his despatch, "pushed his love of duty almost to fanaticism, and for six months we have seen him almost day and night at work, displaying in the midst of the most arduous difficulties the most extraordinary calmness, decision, tenacity, and serenity. All our soldiers knew him; they admired his zeal, and dashing courage, and they were surprised to see him return every day from the trenches, after confronting danger with a recklessness and gaiety which gave a peculiar stamp to his courage and character."

The havoc of war has been felt impartially by both the contending parties. Of seven Admirals who were in command at Sebastopol, no less than three have been killed—namely, Admirals KORNILOFF, ISTOMINE, and METLIN; and two more, PAMFILOFF and NACHIMOFF, have died of diseases.

One English seaman, whose deeds belong to the past rather than the present, must here be added to our list. REAR-ADMIRAL A. L. CORRY died, in Paris, on the 2nd of May, aged sixty-three. He entered the Navy on the 1st of August, 1805, as a first class volunteer, and, after assisting in the operations against the Cape of Good Hope and Buenos Ayres, returned to England

in May, 1807, as midshipman of the *Sampson*, 64. He then joined the *Leda*, 38, and assisted at the ensuing bombardment of Copenhagen, and was afterwards wrecked near the entrance of Milford Haven on the 31st of January, 1808. From that period until the receipt of his first commission (April 28, 1812) Mr. Corry served on the home and Mediterranean stations, on board the *Warspite*, 74, after which he was successively appointed to and served in the *Nereus*, 32, and *Montague*, 74, the *Impregnable* (in which he escorted to this country the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia), and the *Tay*. Having been promoted to the rank of Commander, he next sailed for the East Indies, where he became Flag Captain to the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, in the *Leander*, 60 (July 23, 1821), with whom he continued until February, 1822, when he invalidated home. On the 4th of April, 1825, he took command of the *Barham*, 50, and conveyed the Earl of Durham to Constantinople; and while subsequently stationed in charge of a squadron on the coast of Spain, he received the thanks of the Queen, her Ministers, and the Captains-General of the various provinces, for his exertions in landing with the ships' companies under his orders, and preserving to her Majesty the towns of Barcelona and Valencia. The *Barham* was paid off in 1830, and in 1844, Captain Corry commissioned at Portsmouth the new paddle frigate *Firebrand*, for the purpose of commanding an experimental squadron of new-class 12-gun brigs, and testing them with the old class. On concluding these trials, he was appointed, on the 13th of December, 1844, to the *Superb*, 80, and took an important part in other experimental squadrons of larger ships; he was subsequently Admiralty Superintendent of the Packet Service at Southampton; and lastly, second in command of the Baltic Fleet of 1854, under Sir Charles Napier, with his flag in the *Neptune*, 120, Captain Hutton. In this fleet he saw no likelihood of honour being gained; and early took a disgust at the inaction manifested, and the disunion but too apparent among the seniors; and therefore invalidated, with broken spirits and impaired health. He was an officer universally respected.

General LAMARE, who conducted the defence of Badajoz, died in the begin-

ning of May, at Fontainebleau, at the age of eighty. He was one of the most eminent engineering officers in France. After the peace he was successively appointed to the direction of Bayonne, Rochelle, and Havre. He was at one time a prisoner of war in England, and it is narrated that Napoleon I. showed his great attachment to him, by personally providing means for his escape. Napoleon III. appointed him in 1852 Governor of the Palace of Fontainebleau, which post he held up to the time of his death. General Lamare was known as the author of several military works, and amongst others the history of the sieges of Olivença, Badajoz, and Campo Mayor.

Although the world of LITERATURE has lost but one or two of the foremost and most familiar names, yet its ranks have been thinned by the loss of an unusual number of well-known and honoured writers. Of the life of MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, a separate notice will be found in the present volume; we need, therefore, here only, for the sake of completeness, record her death on the 10th January.

Who among the readers of books, and lovers of what is genial, human, and truthful, but felt a pang on learning that CURRER BELL was no more? It was as if we had lost a personal friend; and, indeed, who so true friends as those who teach us all we most long to know about our own natures, about this strange world we have to live in, and the human beings we have to live among? Of these Charlotte Brontë, more recently Mrs. Nicholls—but chiefly known and loved as Currer Bell, the author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette,"—was surely one of the foremost and most loveable in these days. We have not here to criticise her writings—for even these, as those who knew her can too well testify, form not a perfect mirror of what she was and could show herself, as occasion prompted. The last survivor of six children—three of whom are known to the public as "Currer," "Ellis," and "Acton," by the writings they have left behind them—she died at an age—only thirty-eight—when life was yet vigorous, but a few months after she had "changed her maiden name" for that of her father's curate, the Rev. A. B. Nicholl's, when all readers were anxiously looking for

some new work from her pen, with the hope of others in the years to come. She expired on the 31st of March, at her father's house, at Haworth, Yorkshire.

The father of this gifted woman, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, whose original family name, it is said, was Bronterre, corrupted into Prunty, was of Irish origin, being born in the county Down. His natural quickness and intelligence attracted the notice of a clergyman, who procured him a good education and started him in the profession of which, though aged, he is still an ornament. Studious, nervous, not easily called out of himself, we can imagine that his children—four of whom, at least, were remarkable—had inherited largely of his peculiarities. Of the mother, known to us only by the Grecian profile and sweet, womanly expression of her portrait, we can easily suppose that she was well fitted to have the care of such precious gifts, had she been spared to rear them. From a very interesting tribute to the memory of Charlotte Brontë, which has appeared in the *Daily News*, we make a few extracts. The writer, after alluding to her feeble constitution, her family trials, her secluded life and her morbid tendencies, speaks of her as exhibiting in her high vocation "in addition to the deep intuitions of a gifted woman, the strength of a man, the patience of a hero, and the conscientiousness of a saint."

"How admirable this strength is—how wonderful this force of integrity—can hardly be understood by any but the few who know the story of this remarkable woman's life. The account of the school in 'Jane Eyre' is only too true. The 'Helen' of that tale is—not precisely the eldest sister, who died there—but more like her than any other real person. She is that sister 'with a difference.' Another sister died at home soon after leaving the school, and in consequence of its hardships; and 'Currer Bell' (Charlotte Brontë) was never free while there (for a year and a half) from the gnawing sensation and consequent feebleness of down-right hunger; and she never grew an inch from that time. She was the smallest of women; and it was that school which stunted her growth. As she tells us in 'Jane Eyre,' the visitation of an epidemic caused a total change and radical reform in the establishment,

which was even removed to another site. But the reform came too late to reverse the destiny of the doomed family of the Brontës.

"When the reading world began to have an interest in their existence, there were three sisters and a brother living with their father at Haworth, near Keighley, Yorkshire. The girls had been out as governesses—Charlotte, at Brussels, as is no secret to the readers of 'Villette.' They rejoiced to meet again at home—Charlotte, Emily, and Ann ('Currer,' 'Ellis,' and 'Acton'). In her obituary notice of her two sisters, 'Currer' reveals something of their process of authorship, and their experience of failure and success. How terrible some of their experience of life was, in the midst of the domestic freedom and indulgence afforded them by their studious father, may be seen by the fearful representations of masculine nature and character found in the novels and tales of Emily and Ann . . . 'Jane Eyre' was naturally and universally supposed to be Charlotte herself; but she always denied it, calmly, cheerfully, and with the obvious sincerity which characterised all she said. She declared that there was no more ground for the assertion than this: she once told her sisters (who were also authors) that they were wrong—even morally wrong—in making their heroines beautiful as a matter of course. They replied, that it was impossible to make a heroine interesting on other terms. Her answer was, 'I'll prove to you that you are wrong. I will show you a heroine as small and as plain as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours.' 'Hence, "Jane Eyre,"' said she, in telling the anecdote; 'but she is not myself any further than that.' She could gratify her singular reserve in regard to the publication of this remarkable book. We all remember how long it was before we could learn who wrote it, and any particulars of the writer. When the name was revealed, she was living among the wild Yorkshire hills, with a father who was too much absorbed in his studies to notice her occupations; in a place where newspapers were never seen (or where she never saw any), and in a house where the servants knew nothing about books, manuscripts, proofs, or the post. When she told her secret to her father, she carried her book in one hand, and an adverse

review in the other, to save his simple and unworldly mind from rash expectations of a fame and fortune which she was determined should never be the aim of her life. That we have had only two novels since, shows how deeply grounded was this resolve.

"'Shirley' was conceived and wrought out in the midst of fearful domestic griefs. Her only brother (an artist), a young man of once splendid promise, which was early blighted, and both her remaining sisters, died in one year. There was something inexpressibly affecting in the aspect of the frail little creature who had done such wonderful things, and who was able to bear up, with so bright an eye and so composed a countenance, under such a weight of sorrow, and such a prospect of solitude. In her deep mourning-dress (neat as a Quaker's), with her beautiful hair smooth and brown, her fine eyes blazing with meaning, and her sensible face indicating a habit of self-control, if not of silence, she seemed a perfect household image—irresistibly recalling Wordsworth's description of that domestic treasure. And she was this. She was as able at the needle as the pen. The household knew the excellence of her cookery before they heard of that of her books. In so utter a seclusion as she lived in—in those dreary wilds, where she was not strong enough to roam over the hills; in that retreat where her studious father rarely broke the silence—and there was no one else to do it; in that forlorn house, planted on the very clay of the churchyard where the graves of her sisters were before her window; in such a living sepulchre, her mind could not but prey upon itself; and how it did suffer, we see in the more painful portions of her last novel—'Villette.' She said, with a change in her steady countenance, that she should feel very lonely when her aged father died. But she formed new ties after that. She married; and it is the old father who survives to mourn her."

The oldest member of the Académie Française died in March last. CHARLES JOSEPH DE LACRETTELLE, well known as a historian and *littérateur*, is one of the many Frenchmen who have achieved reputation in the columns of a newspaper. Born at Metz, Aug. 27, 1763, his name was associated with the most fearful incidents of the Revolution.



Lacretelle on two different occasions underwent imprisonment in consequence of some articles which savoured of opposition; but this was all. His talents and his opinions recommended him to the notice of the Emperor Napoleon. In 1810 he was appointed Dramatic Censor, and likewise Professor of Ancient History at the Sorbonne. In 1811 he succeeded Esménard as member of the French Academy. When the restoration of the Bourbons was accomplished, in 1814, Charles Lacretelle gave in his adhesion to the new Government; but his Royalist notions were tinged with an enlightened spirit of Liberalism which brought him once more into trouble. Strict laws on the press had been framed by the celebrated Minister, M. de Peyronnet, during the session of 1827. Lacretelle remonstrated, in the name of the Academy, and was punished by being dismissed from his office as Censor. He retained, however, at the Sorbonne, the lectureship he had so long and so ably filled. Lacretelle's works on the history of France at various periods (the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; the Revolution and Empire) are well known and held in just esteem.

Count ABEL HUGO, who died in Paris on the 10th of February, at the age of fifty-two, was the elder brother of the great French poet. Although he did not obtain, in literature, the celebrity which was reserved for him whom Chateaubriand called *l'enfant sublime*, yet he has affixed his name to a variety of publications still held in some estimation on the other side of the channel. The large works, *La France Pittoresque*, and *La France Militaire*, which he issued in 1834-1836, are far superior to the common run of illustrated compilations. M. Abel Hugo was, besides, the author of several vaudevilles, performed during the Restoration period. Those plays are now forgotten, but they obtained, when first brought out, extraordinary success as *pièces de circonstance*.

Amongst the literary leaders of *La Jeune France* who attempted to revolutionize literature about thirty years ago, GÉRARD DE NERVAL was one of the most promising. Born in the year 1808, he emerged from boyhood just at the time when Victor Hugo was giving the signal for the *romantique*

crusade; and he enlisted in the enthusiastic phalanx which acknowledged as its leader the author of "*Notre Dame de Paris*." Gérard de Nerval had thoroughly studied the German language; gifted too, as he was, with the three characteristics of a poet, no one could be better qualified to act amongst his countrymen as an interpreter on behalf of the Teutonic genius. Gérard de Nerval's first performance in literature was a translation of "*Faust*," which appeared in 1827, and was characterized by Goëthe, as a "real prodigy of style." It has already been more than once noticed that the *romantique* writers did not realise the reputation they had raised, because they acted without unity of purpose, and squandered their talents instead of concentrating them upon some great work. This was peculiarly the case with Gérard de Nerval; his productions, which are of the most various description, including dramas, lyrics, tales, critiques, and travels, evidence unquestionable talent, but they are hardly of sufficient importance to obtain for their author a permanent place in the Walhalla of his country. The *feuilleton* mania may truly be said to have been his ruin. There is, however, for the literary man, a far more important condition than the one we have just hinted at; Gérard de Nerval was remarkably deficient in moral purpose. This lamentable defect, combined with a highly excitable temperament, brought on, at various times, fits of insanity, under which he finally sunk. One morning in the month of March, a policeman found his dead body hanging in front of a shop in one of the lowest streets in Paris. An extraordinary assembly of literary men followed the body of their unhappy fellow-worker to the grave. The funeral was conducted by the Société des Gens de Lettres, with the concurrence of the Minister of State. The president of the society, in a speech over the coffin, said that Gérard de Nerval never issued to the public an ill-considered page, never, even when struggling with necessity, sacrificed his convictions or his innate good taste, and that his name would assuredly be honoured by posterity. There were at least 500 mourners present. M. de Nerval had been more than once in a lunatic asylum, and was doubtless deranged when he destroyed himself.

From Germany, we have tidings of the death of DR. ECKERMANN, at Weimar, in the early part of January. The "Boswell" of the great Goëthe—his constant and devoted attendant during the last years of his life—Eckermann has recorded, in the unpretending shape of "conversations," much matter that otherwise must have been lost to the world, yet which he gives as the key to not a few points in the poet's life and works. After Goëthe's death, in 1832, Eckermann became his literary executor. In fact, although he is known to us chiefly as the amanuensis of his great master, yet in his conversations we find that the latter occasionally delighted to make use of his scientific and practical knowledge to clear up any point which happened to be under investigation. While using him as an instrument, and a subservient and delighted one, Goëthe nevertheless loved the man, and failed not in various ways to testify his regard. Eckermann was born in 1792, at Winsen, near Hanover. At thirty years of age, after a youth of struggles, he entered the University of Göttingen—and not long afterwards became associated with Goëthe, in whom from that time all his affection and all his labour seems to have centred. After Goëthe's death, Eckermann resided alternately at Hanover and Weimar; his last days, it is sad to think, were darkened by ill health and social isolation.

Another German writer, whose youth gave promise that time was not allowed him to fulfil, died on the 20th of January. The Baron GEORGE SPILLER VON HANENSCHILD, better known by his literary name of "Max Waldau," was one of the most distinguished among the young poets of Germany. Of the works which he lived to accomplish, we may mention two novels, "Nach der Natur" and "Aus der Junkerwelt" (1851); a canzone, "O diese Zeit," and a poetical tale, "Cordula" (1851); his last work, "Rahab," and a translation of Sylvio Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini." These works, though not faultless, show enough of bold purpose, of deep thought, and a restless affection for everything that bore on human progress, to make us mourn that such a writer should be taken from us before he reached the age of thirty.

Italy has lost one whom, though no land can boast of braver sons, she could

ill spare. The name of AGOSTINO RUFFINI is probably known to few of those who have been delighted by the perusal of "Lorenzo Benoni"; or, *Passages in the Life of an Italian*, yet it deserves to be raised from the obscurity of the anonymous, for far higher merits than even that of a successful effort in literature. The family of the Ruffinis, one of the noblest in Genoa, were deeply implicated in the unsuccessful revolution of 1833, of which that city was the active centre. An exile from his country, Agostino spent some years in France and Switzerland, then came to London, and finally settled in Edinburgh, as a teacher of his native language. For seven years he lived there, and in that time won to himself the affection of a very large circle of friends. The revolution of 1848 saw his beloved Piedmont at the head of Italian progress. He returned, and was forthwith elected deputy to the Sardinian Parliament for his native city of Genoa. To enhance the honour, his elder and only surviving brother, Giovanni, was chosen as his colleague. But the anxiety of that terrible time brought on Agostino a dreadful illness, a kind of paralytic prostration, which condemned him henceforth to watch, from a bed of helplessness, the struggles of his fellow-patriots—the wars of Charles Albert, the defences of Rome and Venice, the fall and the restoration of the Pope, and at last the revival of the worst form of ancient tyranny in Naples. Removed for a while to Switzerland, his sufferings were tended by his mother, to whom he had been restored from exile only that she might witness his sufferings and death. His brother, too, was able to attend his last hours, which were spent at Taggia, a small seaport of Piedmont. His death took place on the 3rd January. He was not quite forty-four years of age.

Hungary has recently lost two of her distinguished sons. Count JOSEPH TEKELY, one of her most eminent literary men, died lately at Pesth. He was engaged in writing a historical work on the era of the Hunyades at the time of his death.—Count MAILATH, the historian, and his daughter, who had been residing at Munich for some time, were found dead in the Starnberg Lake. Both corpses were tied together with a shawl; and the circumstance, coupled with the contents of the papers found in the

pockets of the father, justifies the supposition that their death was the result of a double suicide.

Among the losses of the half-year, which must also be chronicled with all brevity, we may name Dr. ANDREW CRICHTON, who died in Edinburgh, in the latter part of January last. As an author and contributor to the periodical press, he had long been before the public. His "Lives of Converts from Infidelity," "Translation of Koch's History of Revolutions," published in *Constable's Miscellany*—his "History of Arabia," published in the *Cabinet Library*—his "Lives of Blackadder and Colonel Gardiner"—his edition of the "Life of John Knox;" and his "History of Scandinavia," may be taken as examples of his literary labours.

Dr. JOSEPH PHILLIMORE, Regius Professor of Civil Law, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Oxford, has been removed from his legal labours at the age of seventy-nine. His speeches at the presentation of Warren Hastings, at the installation of the Duke of Wellington, and on the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, in 1815, are considered as masterpieces of English style. In politics, Dr. Phillimore belonged to the Grenville party, and sat for many years in Parliament, where he was a frequent debater. During the Administration of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, he was a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, when he refused a Privy Councillorship, which would have obliged him to abandon his profession. He was afterwards chief commissioner of French claims, and chairman of the committee for the registration of Dissenters' marriages.

Two more friends of Sir Walter Scott have followed close in the train of his son-in-law and biographer—Lord ROBERTSON and Sir ADAM FERGUSON. The great novelist may now first be said to have gone from us, since there now remain, we believe, few or none of those who were his constant associates, who daily communed with the mind in which Waverleys and Marmions were constructing. Another name, memorable rather for the associations it recalls than for its own sake, is that of the Lady HUMPHREY DAVY, once a brilliant leader in the circles of fashion, who in that capa-

city captivated the heart of the philosopher.

The cause of physical SCIENCE could hardly have suffered a severer loss than that sustained in the death of Sir HENRY THOMAS DE LA BECHE, which took place on the 18th April, at the age of 59. The following notice of this great Geologist, described by the *Athenaeum* as a man "thoroughly practical before the commencement of this practical age," is abridged from the columns of that journal.—"Henry Thomas De la Beche was the eldest son of Col. De la Beche; his family being descendants from the Barons De la Beche, who settled at Aldworth, Berks, in the time of Edward the Second. He was born in London, in 1796; but his youth was passed amidst the lovely valleys of Devonshire, his first education having been received at the school of Ottery St. Mary. There is little doubt that the geological tendencies, which he subsequently developed, were due to the contemplation of nature in this locality, and in the scenes around Charmouth and Lyme Regis—rich in organic remains—which places were for some time the residences of his parents. In 1810, Mr. De la Beche entered the Royal Military College, then at Great Marlow, but afterwards removed to Sandhurst; on leaving which he entered the army; but in a little time he resigned the profession of arms for the pursuits of science. In 1817 he became a member of the Geological Society, then in the tenth year of its existence. The year 1819 was spent by Mr. De la Beche in an examination of the geological formations of Switzerland and Italy; and his zealous prosecution of similar inquiries led to his being elected, in that year, a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1820, a paper by Mr. De la Beche, 'On the Temperature and Depth of the Lake of Geneva,' the result of a most careful examination, was published in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. In his geological investigations of the British rocks, the Rev. Wm. Conybeare, now the Dean of Llandaff, was, to some extent, connected with Mr. De la Beche; and the first communication to the Geological Society was the joint production of these two geologists, announcing the discovery of a new fossil animal of the Saurian family in the *lias* limestone of

Bristol, which they named, as being distinctive of its species, the *Plesiosaurus*. From this time the name of De la Beche became closely connected with the science of the day. Mr. De la Beche possessed extensive estates in Jamaica. He now visited his property—Halse Town, in the neighbourhood of Spanish Town; and on his return, in 1825, he communicated to the Geological Society his remarks on the geology of that island, of which nothing had been known previously. Between 1827 and 1830, Mr. De la Beche published numerous important geological papers in the *Transactions* of the society, the *Philosophical Magazine*, and the *Annals of Philosophy*; also a tabular proportional view of the superior, supermedial, and the medial rocks. In 1830, his first book, 'Geological Notes,' appeared, and in the same year 'Sections and Views of Geological Phenomena.' Great skill in the use of the pencil enabled the author to furnish the whole of the drawings for these works, and to them all subsequent illustrators have been indebted. 'The Geological Manual' was published in 1831, and was speedily translated into French and German, becoming a text-book for geologists throughout Europe, and passing through several editions. In 1832, Mr. De la Beche proposed to the Government to supply the data for colouring geologically the maps, then in progress of publication, of the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey. This offer was accepted, and at the Land's End, in Cornwall, was commenced the great work of this eminent geologist's life. Mr. De la Beche, who bore himself the greater part of the expense of the geological survey of Cornwall, devoted several years to a careful investigation of all the conditions, lithological and mineralogical, of Western England; and he published a series of maps of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, which exhibited a correctness and detail such as had never before been attained. This survey was fairly established under the Ordnance. 'It was,' says Sir Henry de la Beche, in his inaugural discourse, delivered at the opening of the School of Mines, on the 6th of November, 1851, 'It was while (in 1835) conducting the geological survey then in progress, under the Ordnance, in Cornwall, that, being forcibly impressed that this survey presented an opportunity not

likely to recur of illustrating the useful applications of geology, I ventured to suggest to Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle), then Chancellor of the Exchequer, that a collection should be formed, and placed under the charge of the Office of Works, containing specimens of the various mineral substances used for roads, in constructing public works or buildings, employed for useful purposes, or from which useful metals were extracted, and that it should be arranged with every reference to instruction; as by the adoption of this course a large amount of information, which was scattered, might be condensed, and those interested be enabled to judge how far our known mineral wealth might be rendered available for any undertaking they are required to direct, or may be anxious to promote, for the good or ornament of their country.' Being supported in this recommendation, the nucleus of the Museum of Practical Geology was formed in an apartment in Craig's-court. This collection in a short time filled one house; and even when the Earl Marshal's office adjoining was added to it, the museum, by the exertions of its founder, was soon found to outgrow these buildings. A laboratory was added to the museum, and placed under the care of the late Richard Phillips. The business of the geological survey was greatly extended; and the palæontological department was superintended by the late Edward Forbes. The Mining Record-office was also, at the recommendation of the British Association, united to the museum. In 1839, the sanction of the Treasury was obtained for lectures on geology, and its associated sciences, in their application to the useful purposes of life. Owing to the deficiency of room, it was not possible to commence these lectures until 1851, when the building in Jermyn-street received the valuable collections of the museum, and furnished the theatre in which Sir Henry De la Beche delivered the inaugural address from which we have quoted.

"In 1848, the honour of knighthood was bestowed on the director of the geological survey; and in addition to this honour, in 1853, Sir Henry De la Beche was elected, by the suffrages of forty-seven members, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. The order of the Dannebrog was bestowed on him by the King of

Denmark; and he received the Order of Leopold from the King of the Belgians.

"Beyond the works and papers which we have enumerated, Sir Henry De la Beche published a voluminous report on the 'Geological Survey of Cornwall, Devonshire, and West Somerset,' 'Researches in Theoretical Geology,' and 'How to Observe.' In the various journals will be found forty papers and memoirs; and in 1851, Sir Henry De la Beche completed his last work, 'The Geological Observer,' founded upon his former work 'How to Observe.' In all these productions will be discerned a minuteness of detail and an excellence of illustration which mark the rare union of a skilful scientific observer and a finished illustrative draughtsman.

"Although paralysis was seen by his anxious friends to be slowly but surely spreading its fatal influences over his once energetic frame, Sir Henry De la Beche would not allow himself repose. The labours of the geological survey and the business of the museum engaged his attention daily—and even two days before his death he spent several hours in the museum, directing the business of that establishment with his usual acuteness, although then powerless to move himself."

A French labourer, in a kindred sphere to that of De la Beche, has been removed, at an age seldom reached by men who toil so hard as the votaries of science. The town of Montbéliard, which was Cuvier's birthplace, reckons also in the number of its children GEORGE LOUIS DUVERNOY, who died in March, 1855, nearly eighty years old. He was born August 6, 1777. Without entering here upon a detailed account of M. Duvernoy's career, we shall just mention that as an anatomist his skill and the extent of his learning were unrivalled. It is no mean honour for a man to say of him that he was considered the fittest person to succeed Baron Cuvier as a lecturer. M. Duvernoy was appointed to the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy, at the College de France, in 1837; five years afterwards, he received a similar nomination in connexion with the Museum of Natural History. In 1847 he had been elected a Member of the French Institute, and he belonged to most of the learned societies in Europe. M. Duvernoy's reputation as a writer is

equal to that which his oral teaching secured for him. Besides compiling, in 1803, with Frederic Cuvier's assistance, a Catalogue Raisonné of the Anatomical Collection at the Jardin du Roi, he published and annotated the greater part of Baron Cuvier's lectures on comparative anatomy; and his "Comptes-Rendus," or occasional reports on various points of scientific interest are likewise highly valued.

One of the patriarchs of ART, who has attained a name loved rather than, in the vulgar sense, celebrated, COPLEY FIELDING, died at Worthing, on the 3rd of March, aged sixty-three. The first among the water-colour painters of the day, he has left, perhaps, no imitator behind him. A quick eye to seize rapid and transient effects, with a loving, literal adherence to nature, are pre-eminent in all his works. His great power lay in the simple, truthful, and consequently forcible, representation of Down scenery, especially that of Sussex. Here he was original and inimitable. The still solemnity of these great wave-like Downs, the majestic shadows of the clouds overhead marching in order round them, the fitful rain-cloud in close masses darkening the whole landscape, and now opening into bright spots, disclosing groups of nibbling sheep, some huddled for shelter round the black fir or yew tree, others scattered into the smooth hollows, or in the lee of some stunted briar, and a hundred other effects, show how truly and warmly he observed and delineated our English scenery. In this he was a perfect master, like Cowper or John Clare. His descriptions came simply and clearly. A complete master of his materials, his work lies on the paper as though it had dropped there. His "compositions" are less truthful, when he aims at creating a "classical" performance by conventional rules, suppressing the first fresh impression of nature. Here he is invariably tame and weak. It must be observed, too, that there is want of substantiality in his rocky mountain drawings, especially in his foregrounds; a fault, indeed, more or less conspicuous in all his works. Perhaps he would have painted better, had he produced fewer works; yet a high authority remarks—"We do not remember a single slovenly or slighted drawing, among the score

which he annually contributed to the exhibition of the elder Water Colour Society, in which he held office." His works must ever be highly valued—his rare gifts gratefully acknowledged.

Amongst the painters of the modern French school, few have attained so much popularity as ISABEY—few have more certainly deserved it. Born at Nancy, April 11, 1767, he rose to distinction entirely through his own merit; and the talent he manifested as a portrait painter, was fostered by continual study and unremitting diligence. After a few years' instruction, received in his native town, Isabey went to Paris. He took lessons from the celebrated painter David, and, in 1790, we find him exhibiting for the first time some miniatures, which attracted the general notice. Greuze, more particularly—nor was this slight commendation—bestowed the highest praise on the young artist. From that time forward, Isabey might almost be called the portrait painter in ordinary to all the Governments that have ever ruled over France. During the Republic, he conveyed to canvass Barère, Saint Just, Mirabeau, Carrier, Collot d'Herbois, and other worthies of similar character. It is rather singular that the *coup d'état* of the 9th Thermidor prevented him from finishing the portraiture of Coulton, who had been outlawed with his colleagues of the *Mountain*. Most of the illustrious persons belonging to Napoleon's family and to the Imperial Court, sat to Isabey. He took, also, the likenesses of the Allied Sovereigns, in 1814. One of his best productions is a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, executed during that eventful year.

Isabey was a member of the Institute, and commander of the Legion of Honour. He died April 18, 1855. His numerous works have almost all been engraved, and are well known. The full-length portrait of Napoleon, as First Consul, in the grounds of *La Malmaison*, and the picture representing the Ministers Plenipotentiary assembled at the Congress of Vienna, are striking compositions, and deserve a special mention.

The sculptor's art has lost one of the most original, and in many respects not the least remarkable, of its professors. On March 17, died at Nantes, an artist whose genius has secured to him a high rank amongst the worthies of Breton

origin. NICOLAS SUC is a striking instance of what can be accomplished by labour, perseverance, and study to raise a man from the humble walks of society into high position and well-earned repute. Born at Lorient, in the year 1802, indebted to his mother for his training, both moral and intellectual, he richly repaid her care, whilst the whole tenor of his life notified to the power and influence of home education when conducted upon right principles. Nicolas Suc manifested, at an early age, his taste for drawing, and after a course of studies under the best masters, he sent to the Paris Exhibition several statues, which obtained at once the most favourable notice. Expression was his grand forte, but he never, like too many of his contemporaries, sacrificed to it either harmony of proportion or purity of outline. His two *chefs d'œuvre* are "a blind girl," and "a beggar girl," produced in 1838, and which certainly deserve all the praises that have been awarded to them. Nicolas Suc has left in an unfinished state, an "Eve," the plaster cast of which might be seen in the Paris Exhibition. The Municipal Council of Nantes lately passed a resolution to the effect that all the works of Nicolas Suc should be purchased at the expense of the city, and placed together in a museum set apart for that especial purpose.

One of the few MUSICIANS of whom England has reason to be proud—Sir HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP—expired on the 1st of May, at the age of sixty-eight. For the last twenty-five years of this period, Bishop has held his place at the head of the English composers. All listeners to concert music welcome the occurrence of "Bid me Discourse" in the programme, nor must it be said, despite our prejudices in favour of foreign musicians, that Bishop's merits were ill appreciated. If, however, any one is disposed to complain on his behalf, let it be said, that few men contributed more than himself to foster the mistakes of the general public, by his tampering with the scores of foreign musicians, in order to court a momentary popularity.

Bishop was a native of London; the date of his birth is understood to have been about the year 1786. "He pursued his musical studies"—we quote from

the *Daily News*—"under Bianchi, a favourite opera composer, from whom he seems to have acquired that Italian cast of melody which so agreeably blends with and softens his own English style. He became known as a composer about the year 1806, when he wrote the music of two or three ballets for the Italian Opera House. His first opera, *The Circassian Bride*, was produced at Drury-lane on the 23rd of February, 1809, the day before that theatre was burnt to the ground. Bishop's music perished in the flames, but it had been received with an enthusiasm which—from some fragments still extant, particularly the beautiful and yet favourite duet, 'I'll love thee'—appears to have been well deserved. His next opera, *The Maniac*, was produced the following year at the Lyceum; it never became popular, owing to the faults of the drama, but it contains some of the finest music he ever wrote. His reputation now obtained for him the post of composer and director of the music of Covent-garden Theatre—a post which he held from 1810 to 1824; a brilliant period of his career, during which he produced the long series of dramatic works to which he owes his fame. In that time he wrote no less than *fifty-eight* pieces; producing generally five or six—and once eight—in a year. Many of them, of course, were trifles—burlettas, melodramas, &c.—and almost all of them bore marks of the excessive haste with which, in compliance with the insatiable demand for novelty, they must have been composed. He thus certainly injured his own permanent reputation; for, though all his works contain marks of genius and passages worthy of a great artist, yet in many of them such passages are thinly scattered, and mixed up with much that is weak and commonplace. During that period, too, the music of the Italian and German schools was gaining a greater and greater ascendancy in our theatres; and to this ascendancy Bishop himself contributed. He adapted to the English stage some of the finest operas of Mozart, Rossini, and other foreign composers, and by thus strengthening the taste for German and Italian music, ultimately did prejudice to his own popularity. Unfortunately, too, in the later period of his career, he departed considerably from his own pure, simple, genuine English style; and by imitating these exotics—some-

times one, sometimes another—often divested his music of its and individual colour, clothed it in a cameleon-like, in the passing of the day. After the termination of his engagement at Covent-garden, Weber's 'Oberon' was produced at that theatre in 1826, and Bishop was persuaded to write an opera for a rival house. He accordingly composed 'Aladdin,' in which, while consulting with Weber, he copied his style and its minutest peculiarities. The result was disastrous; 'Aladdin,' though written with care and possessed of beauties, failed entirely, and Bishop abandoned the musical stage. In the thirty years which have elapsed, Bishop, though he never applied himself to dramatic composition, did not discontinue the practice of his art. He gave to the world beautiful music, consisting of chamber songs and other vocal pieces for concert or chamber performance; and in these detached compositions have as great a popularity as his music was given to the world through the medium of the stage. He also contributed to several valuable publications, particularly the 'Melodies of the Nations,' the latter volumes of 'My Irish Songs,' and the 'Scottish Songs,' published by the late Mr. Black, of Edinburgh. Bishop long held the office of director of the celebrated Concerts of Ancient Music, and was for a short time Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh; he resigned that office as incompatible with his other pursuits. He held the time of his death the ancient Chair of Music in the University of Oxford, and soon after the Queen's accession, received from Her Majesty the honour of knighthood." It might be added—and happily we may do it without reproach to the dead or reflection on the English public, that his last years were clouded both with disease, mental as well as bodily, and by peculiar difficulties. That the brain which teemed with delight for others should fail before the close of life, worn out, to speak, in the service of humanity, is sad; yet we are glad to record, in consequence to the other troubles which attended over the charmer's last days, that no sooner did they become known than they were removed, and those who had undertaken the direction of

stream of public generosity, had to request the grateful public to stay their gifts.

The world of THEOLOGY has lost one of its most truly representative men. The place of Archdeacon JULIUS CHARLES HARE will not easily be filled—and this, both as respects his personal gifts and tendencies, and the peculiar position in which the state of the Church of England placed a man of large heart and rich genius working within her pale. Archdeacon Hare was born in 1795, his father being the Rector of Hurstmonceux, in Sussex, and his grandfather Dr. Francis Hare, the celebrated critic. The Archdeacon graduated B.A. in 1816, M.A. 1819, and was formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1832, he was instituted to the rectory of Hurstmonceux (the advowson of which was in his family), and in this sphere he laboured till his death. The first production of his pen was "Guesses at Truth," a volume of miscellaneous essays and fragments published in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. Augustus William Hare. It is by this, of all his original writings, that he may be best appreciated by the general student. The "Guesses" are more pregnant, and give more of the fruit, without the ostentation, of deep thought, than other men's mature theories. Evidently, these writings were the first fruits of his intercourse with that little band who looked up to Samuel Taylor Coleridge as their guide and teacher—Arnold and the younger Coleridge need only be named. From the sources to which Coleridge pointed his disciples, Hare drew largely on his own account; and hence, perhaps, the inducement which led to his next undertaking—the translation of Niebuhr's great work, in conjunction with Dr. Connop Thirlwall. Their share of the work extends only to the first two volumes—the remainder being executed by Dr. Leonard Schmitz and Dr. William Smith. By this work, perhaps, Hare is best known—and that his office was more than that of a mere translator, we may judge from the fact that, in 1829, he published "A Vindication of Niebuhr's History of Rome from the charges of the *Quarterly Review*."

Henceforth, we must regard him chiefly as a clergyman, and the representative of the hopes and beliefs of a

large body in the Church. He was once designated as the leader of the "Broad Church." He would have been the first to deny that he was the leader of any party—he longed and laboured for the realisation of a true catholic Church, for a union of all noble livers and devout worshippers into one outward fellowship. Any sectional name or party banner he would have discarded; his faith was in the power of truth, rightly understood, to subdue, and thus to unite all minds. It may be, as some think, that he was wrong in hoping to see this ideal realised within what, after all, was but a section of the Church Universal. Yet, to his genial, calm, philosophical temperament, it was easy to see in the actual Church, a type, if no more, of the ideal; and, what is higher still, these same qualities helped to realise that picture, so far as human limitations allow. His works, subsequent to the two named above, may be said to be chiefly directed towards this object. "The Mission of the Comforter," a volume of sermons, with an appendix containing twice the bulk of the text, replete with minute learning classified by a master-hand, may be chiefly viewed as an attempt to lay down a form of belief on this subject, which might be more widely accepted than any hitherto propounded. The remainder, and when collected they will fill many volumes, consist chiefly of sermons and charges, which, it has been observed, form a complete history of the times, in their bearing on the interests of the Church. In 1848, he edited the "Remains of John Sterling," for seven months his curate at Hurstmonceux; and it is worthy of note, that, after their relationship had been in some measure changed, the Archdeacon's former attachment to his younger friend was never turned into bitterness. The only sectional movement in which Archdeacon Hare took an active part, was that for the revival of Convocation. In the Lower House he was a frequent speaker; and he was indefatigable, so long as health allowed, in the committees. Such a character as his might well be valued, in an atmosphere not always the most peaceful. Thus he continued to work until death removed him, on the 28rd January. As regards his specific aims, there may be varieties of opinion; but all serious men acknowledge that he has left behind him the record of an unblemished and beneficent life.



A missionary Bishop—one who laboured to spread the teachings of the English Church over the wide fields which her commerce has covered, must next be chronicled. The Right Rev. OWEN EMERIC VIDAL, D.D., Bishop of Sierra Leone, expired at sea on Christmas eve last, having been out visiting the churches in Yoruba. He was only thirty-five years of age when he died. The Right Rev. Owen Emeric Vidal, D.D., was the eldest son of Mr. Emeric Essex Vidal, R.N., by the daughter of the Rev. James Capper, late Vicar of Wilmington, Essex, and was born at East Hampstead, Berks, in 1819. He married, in 1852 the fourth daughter of the Rev. Henry Hoare, vicar of Framfield, Sussex, and was educated at St. Paul's school, Southsea, Hants, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Lady Margaret's scholarship, and was senior optime and second class in classics, 1842; he was appointed incumbent of Trinity Church, Dickercommon, Arlington, Sussex, by the present Lord Bishop of Chichester, in December, 1843; and held that appointment until he was created the first Bishop of Sierra Leone, in May, 1852. That the work of Foreign Missions had long been present to his thoughts, we may be assured by the fact of his having applied himself to the study of the Tamul language while at Cambridge, in order to correspond with the converts in the East Indies. The diocese of Sierra Leone comprises all British possessions on the west coast of Africa, between the 20th degree of south latitude and more especially the colonies of Sierra Leone, the Gambia, and the Gold Coast. His death is greatly deplored, and his loss will be severely felt by the church at Sierra Leone, which is only now in its infancy. It is said that thousands of all classes attended his funeral, demonstrating at once that he had been a highly revered and popular man in that district.

Another man of strong intellect and stern integrity, whose fame reached beyond his own sphere, has been swept off the stage in a manner peculiarly solemn. Dr. BEAUMONT, one of the most eminent among the preachers of the Wesleyan body, suddenly expired in the pulpit of Waltham-street Chapel, Hull, on the 21st of January,

just as he was about to commence his sermon.

Joseph E. Beaumont was born in the year 1794. His father was a Wesleyan preacher, and was also celebrated for some degree of musical talent. The son was educated at the school at Kingswood, and here was laid the foundation of many of the excellences which he afterwards displayed. On leaving Kingswood he was apprenticed to a chemist. Here, we are informed, his habits of persevering study were developed. At nineteen years of age he first devoted himself to the ministry. Some time later, when residing at Edinburgh, he resolved on a systematic pursuit of scientific studies, with a view to adopting the medical profession in case, as then seemed not unlikely, the state of his health should compel him to relinquish the calling he had chosen. It is not a little creditable—the more so when we consider the standard of literary excellence among his class in those days—that he should have so far devoted himself to medical science, as to obtain the diploma of Doctor of Medicine. From Edinburgh, Dr. Beaumont was transferred successively to Buxton, Hull, Nottingham, London, Liverpool, and North Bristol. His life was one which calls for less remark than many a less worthy one, inasmuch as all his endeavours, all his love, seem to have been bound up in the circle of his own denomination. Within the circle of his labours, he was the bold and sagacious advocate of increased freedom of thought and action. Of his personal character, those who knew him well speak warmly—as a wise, calm, trustworthy friend—as one who bound to himself all with whom he came in contact by the power of sympathy. An impulsive rugged force was part of his nature—sometimes, in public, overflowing its boundaries, and bearing all listeners irresistibly with it. His sudden death on the 21st of January, in the sixty-first year of his age, seemed a not unfit close for such a life.

The next name on our list claims a merit beyond that of faithful work in one peculiar sphere. BENJAMIN PARSONS, a humble Dissenting preacher, unknown, perhaps, even by name to most readers, was an original, wise, and vigorous promoter of all that he deemed

for the good of men, and especially of the toiling and sorrowing many. Born in 1797, he himself once said of his early days: "He believed that when he was born, no one welcomed him; his mother did not. All his friends were farmers, and his father's cows were sold off two days before he was born; his friends had prayed that he might be taken from them. When he was six years old, his father died: and about the same time he was sitting on the cold ground; and from the effects of that, he was partly paralysed, and he became lame; when his mother died, all his hopes were gone in the world." In 1826, he became the minister of a congregation at Ebley, in Gloucestershire. Here, from that time till his labours ceased, on the 10th of January last, he preached, lectured, travelled among the rustics, doing what good he could in all ways. In the Anti-Corn-law agitation he took a vigorous part. The Bible Society, the cause of unsectarian Education, the Anti-slavery cause, the "total abstinence" movement, all were objects of his untrifling zeal. He was a prominent mover in the agitation which preceded the Slavery Emancipation Act of 1834. With views oftentimes in advance of his age, he boldly risked the public censure by acts which, to say the least, were novel to a Stroud public. Asserting the justice of the "six points," he compromised his respectability with certain classes by daring to avow the equity of "Chartist" demands, and thereby largely increased his influence with the working men. It was little known at the time, but this saved the borough of Stroud from being the scene of a conflict between deluded fanatics and the authority of order. Allied with the working classes, he identified himself with his "order," and, when the Anti-Corn-law League invited a conference of ministers at Manchester, the deceased pastor of Ebley was one of the 600 who obeyed the call.

One who knew and loved him, writes: "He had the power of making himself understood by the most ignorant; he would study a sermon that was to be preached in a cottage as earnestly as the one that was to be delivered to a London audience. We ourselves have heard him deliver addresses to poor people, full of references to ancient literature, and teeming with philological criticism; but always in such a manner

as to carry the minds of his audience with him. And when we have questioned the utility of his speaking to villagers as he did to city folk, he has replied, 'They have souls; they only want to be taught.' That was the text from which Benjamin Parsons preached a life-long sermon."

Of the philanthropists whose attention has been chiefly turned to the material wants of their fellow men, there are few whose loss will be more lamented than that of Dr. HECTOR GAVIN, one of the three sanitary commissioners sent out to superintend the hospitals at the seat of war; and our sorrow is heightened by the fact, that his death was caused accidentally by his own brother, on the 20th of April. Dr. Gavin was a man of great talent, an indomitable perseverance and energy, and was described by Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, as one of the ablest men in the country. He was educated at Edinburgh, and carried off the prize offered by the Government for the best essay on simulated diseases. He was the author of many valuable works on sanitary improvements. He was one of the earliest and most zealous of sanitary reformers, was a leading member of the Health of Towns' Association, and the founder of the Metropolitan Sanitary Association. In 1849, during the cholera, he was employed as medical superintending inspector under the General Board of Health. On the epidemic proving so fatal in the West Indies, he was sent out by Lord Grey to institute preventive measures. He was in the West Indies for two years, and by his exertions induced the Colonial Governments of Barbadoes, Trinidad, and British Guiana to pass Public Health Acts, somewhat similar to the one in force in England. Soon after his return to this country, cholera broke out so fearfully at Newcastle. Dr. Gavin was sent down, and was there during the whole of that fatal period, and by his exertions and energy did much to stay the pestilence. During the epidemic of 1854, he was appointed by Lord Canning physician to the Post-office, which position he held until he was sent on his last and fatal mission.

Worthy also to hold a prominent place as a promoter of physical science, was Mr. WYNDHAM HARDING, for some

years Secretary to the South Western Railway Company. Mr. Harding, in his professional capacity, was well known as the strong advocate of the narrow gauge. He received a patent for a plan for stopping railway carriages. In a literary point of view, his production, read at the Royal British Association, Swansea, will long be remembered. The lecture delivered by him at the School of Design, on "The Lines of Beauty," was a masterly production and was universally admired. Several papers also have appeared on experiments made by Mr. Harding on "Electricity" and the "Electric Light," with various others relating to "Steam," "Mechanism," and "Chemistry." As a philanthropist, hundreds of hearts feel grateful for his exertions in assisting and advancing loans to emigrants, to secure a free passage for them to Australia. Mr. Harding built and fitted out two ships for this purpose, and emigrated a vast number of people on Mrs. Chisholm's plan. In every sense he was the working man's friend. The inhabitants of Southampton will long remember the day when Mr. Harding and Mrs. Chisholm met to witness the departure of emigrants, and when each of them addressed the vast assemblage congregated for that purpose. Mr. Harding was only in his thirty-seventh year when he died.

More worthy of note than many who are loudly talked of, is the name of an eminent actuary, Mr. GRIFFITH DAVIES,

F.R.S., a notable instance of self-advancement. He was born in 1788; his father was a small farmer in Wales. Mr. Davies began life as a quarryman, near Carnarvon; he was seventeen years old before he received any instruction. But he put himself to school, practised arithmetic with an iron pencil on the slate he quarried, and rapidly increased his knowledge. He soon set off for London; got more schooling; then himself became an usher, a schoolmaster, an author of arithmetical works, actuary to several life insurance companies, and a "great arithmetician," consulted and employed by the East India Company and the Bank of England. He died on the 28th March, aged sixty-seven.

The name of DANIEL GRANT may not unfitly close this obituary. A Manchester cotton-spinner, not unknown or unloved in his own circle, as a munificent patron of the arts, and the generous friend of the poor, he is chiefly interesting to us as one of the originals whence Dickens drew his portrait of the "Brothers Chuzzleby."

So, in a threefold sense, the noble and good, while dead, yet live. They are cherished in the hearts of those who knew them when living; the embalming of their memory is one of the highest ends of literature; and, what is yet more,

Great deeds never die,  
But with the sun and moon renew their light  
For ever, blessing those who look on them.







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